THE

WORKS

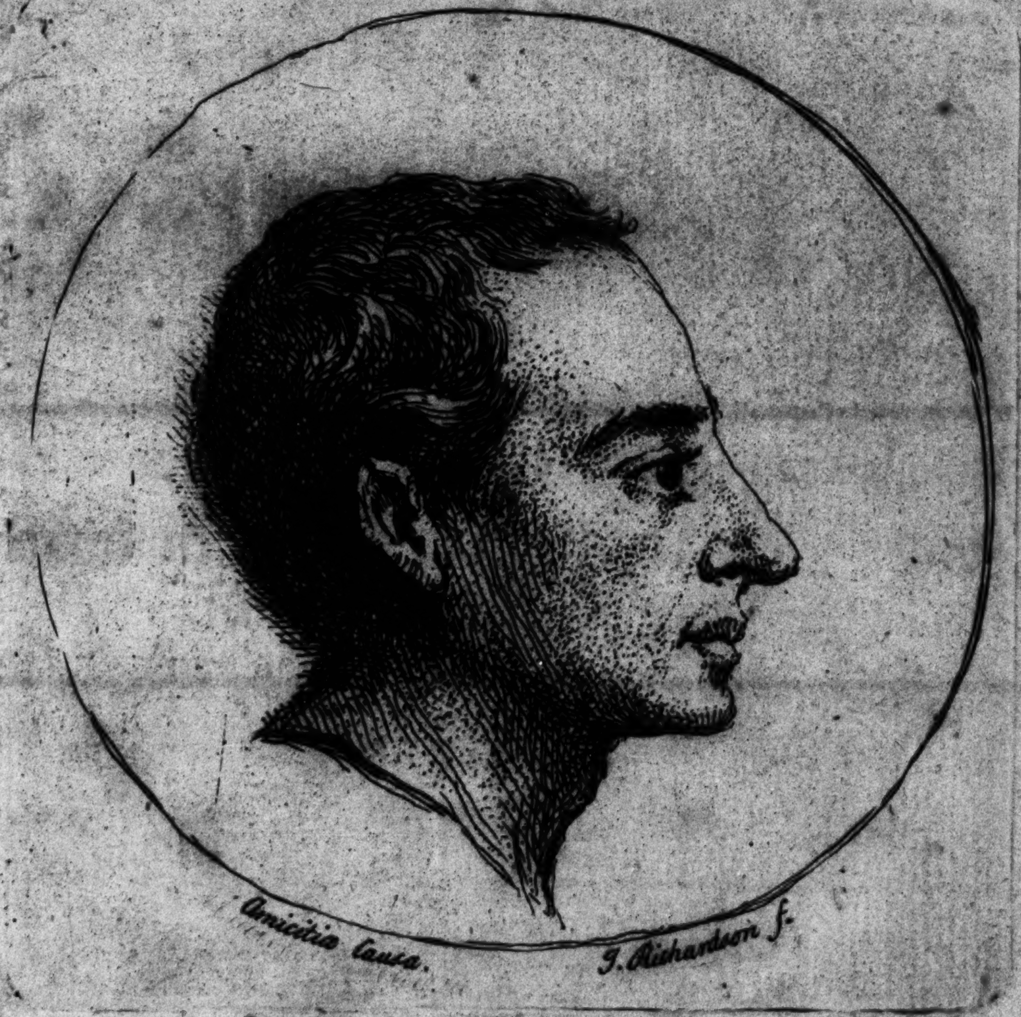
OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*:

Containing his

EPISTLES and SATIRES:

With ſome never before printed.


Amicitiæ causa.
J. Richardson f.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Wright for J. Knapton in *Ludgate ſtreet*,
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ETHIC EPISTLES,

TO

HENRY St. JOHN,

L. *BOLINGBROKE.*

Written in the Year 1732.

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING *propoſed to write ſome Pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord* Bacon's *expreſſion)* come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms, *I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering* Man *in the Abſtract, his* Nature *and his* State: *ſince to prove any moral Duty, to inforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what* Condition *and* Relation *it is placed in, and what is the proper* End *and* Purpoſe *of its* Being.

The Science of Humane Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear Points: *There are not* many certain Truths *in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more Good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels as will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The* Diſputes *are all upon theſe laſt; and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpen'd the* Wits *than the* Hearts *of Men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the Practiſe,*

The DESIGN.

more than advanced the Theory of Morality. If I could flatter my ſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt Doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all a temperate *yet not* inconſiſtent, *and a* ſhort *yet not* imperfect *Syſtem of Ethics.*

This I might have done in Proſe; but I choſe Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; That Principles, Maxims, or Precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd but is true: I found I could expreſs them more ſhortly *this way than in Proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain than that much of the* Force *as well as* Grace *of Arguments or Inſtructions depends on their* Conciſeneſs. *I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in* detail, *without becoming dry and tedious; or more* poetically, *without ſacrificing Perſpicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Preciſion, or breaking the Chain of Reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe, without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.*

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a general Map of MAN, *marking out no more than the* Greater Parts, *their* Extent, *their* Limits, *and their* Connection, *but leaving the Particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of Poetical Ornament. I am here only opening the* Fountains, *and clearing the paſſage; To deduce the* Rivers, *to follow them in their Courſe, and to obſerve their Effects, will be a task more agreeable.*

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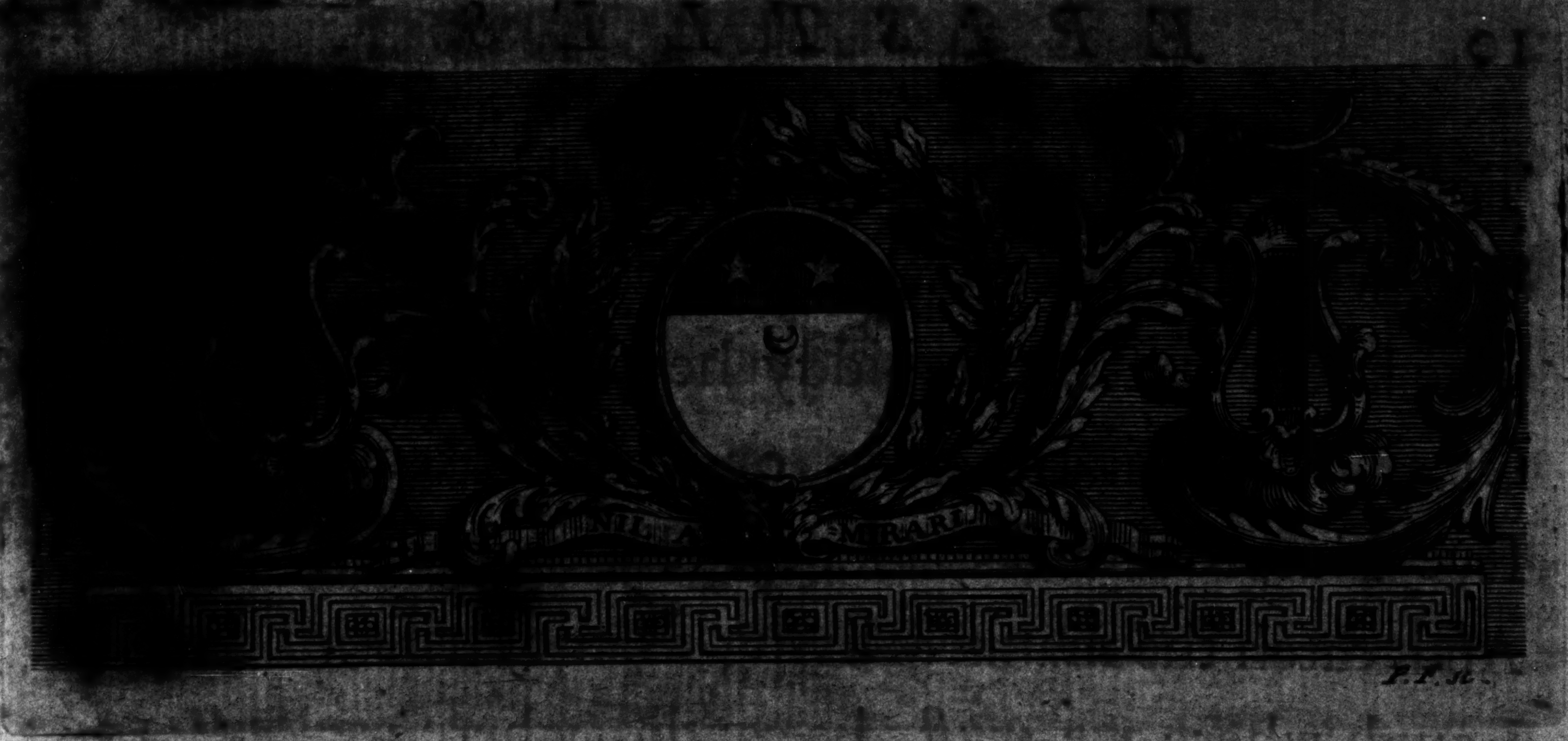

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let Us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free, o'er all this Scene of Man,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we *muſt*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we *reaſon*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt Immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one Univerſe,
Obſerve how Syſtem into Syſtem runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star?
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the Ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?
 Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Preſumptuous Man! the Reaſon would'ſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind? 36
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade? 40
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?
 Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full, or not coherent be, 45
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of life and ſenſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, ſome where, ſuch a rank as Man;

And all the queſtion (wrangle 'ere ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to All.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its End produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other Uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to a Sphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome gole;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud Steed ſhall know, why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an Ægyptian God;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and why
This hour a Slave, the next a Deity?

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault?
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought; 70
His being meaſur'd to his ſtate, and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could ſuffer Being here below? 76
The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood. 80
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of All,
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy bleſſing now. 90
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never is, but always to be bleſt;
The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a life to come.
Lo! the poor Indian, whoſe untutor'd mind 95
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, 100
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier Iſland in the watry waſte,
Where Slaves once more their native land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for Gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire, 105
He asks no Angel's wing, nor Seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog ſhall bear him company.

Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence:
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all Creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt,
If Man, alone, engroſs not Heav'ns high care,
Alone, made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the Balance and the Rod,
Re-judge his Juſtice, Be the GOD of GOD!
In reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the Skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebell:
And who but wiſhes to invert the Laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
Ask for what end the heav'nly Bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe; Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:

"For me, kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r; 130
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me the mine a thouſand treaſures brings,
"For me health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe, 135
"My footſtool earth, my canopy the skies.
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, or Nations to the deep? 140
No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by general Laws;
"Th' Exceptions few; ſome Change ſince all began;
"And what created, perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great End be human happineſs, 145
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do leſs?
As much that End a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of Man's deſires,

As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe. 150
If Plagues or Earthquakes break not heav'ns deſign,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit; 155
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind: 160
But *All* ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the Elements of life.
The gen'ral *Order*, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more; 166
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.

Made for his uſe all Creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all? 170
  Nature to theſe without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd,
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here, with degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate, 175
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each Beaſt, each Inſect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all? 180
  The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, beyond Mankind;
No pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye? 185
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.

VER. 174. *Here with degrees of Swiftneſs, there of Force.*] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for Strength their Swiftneſs is leſſen'd; or as they are form'd for Swiftneſs, their Strength is abated.

Say what the uſe, were finer opticks giv'n,
T' inſpect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
Or Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart, and agonize at ev'ry pore? 190
Or keen Effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a Roſe, in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the Spheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill 195
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The Scale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends; 200
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs!
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam:

Of ſmell, the headlong Lioneſs between,
And hound, ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the Life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How Inſtinct varies! in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant! with thine;
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near:
Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide:
And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt Gradation, could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?

VER. 205. — *the headlong Lioneſs* —] The manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Deſerts of Africa is this; at their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud Roar, and then liſten to the Noiſe made by the Beaſts in their Flight, purſuing them by the Ear, and not by the Noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occaſion'd by obſerving the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all thoſe pow'rs in one?
  See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All Matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go?
Around how wide? how deep extend below?
Vaſt Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures Ethereal, human, Angel, Man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect; what no Eye can ſee,
No Glaſs can reach: from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing!—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great Scale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's Chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the Chain alike.
  And if each Syſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole;
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That Syſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs thro' the ſky,
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd, 245
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'ns whole foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the Throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — For whom? for thee,
Vile Worm! — O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety! 250
What if the foot ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd, for any Part to claim 255
To be Another, in this gen'ral Frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the tasks, or pains,
The great directing *Mind* of *All* ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature is, and God the Soul; 260
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the Earth as in th' Æthereal frame,

Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent, 265
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns; 270
To Him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*: This kind, this due degree 275
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit — in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear;
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour. 280
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canſt not ſee;

All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And ſpight of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpight, 285
One truth is clear; "Whatever Is, is Right."

EPISTLE II.

KNow then thy-ſelf, preſume not God to ſcan;
The proper Study of mankind is *Man.*
Plac'd on this Iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for a Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or reſt,
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in ignorance, his Reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:

Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſ-abus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd;
The Glory, Jeſt, and Riddle of the World!
Go, wond'rous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure Earth, weigh Air, and ſtate the Tydes,
Shew by what Laws the wand'ring Planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' Empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt Good, firſt Perfect, and firſt Fair;
Or tread the mazy round his Follow'rs trod,
And quitting Senſe call Imitating God,
As Eaſtern Prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thy-ſelf, and be a Fool!
Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Admir'd ſuch Wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhow'd a NEWTON, as we ſhow an *Ape.*
Could He whoſe Rules the whirling Comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain, or his Beginning, or his End?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-Love, to urge; and *Reaſon*, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-Love, the Spring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing Balance rules the whole;
Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no *End.*

Fix'd like a Plant, on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or Meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void, 55
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
  Moſt ſtrength the *moving* Principle requires,
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the *comparing* lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe. 60
Self-Love yet ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance and in proſpect lye;
That ſees immediate Good, by preſent ſenſe,
Reaſon the future, and the conſequence;
Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng, 65
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend:
Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains. 70
  Let ſubtile Schoolmen teach theſe Friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,

And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of Wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a Name, 75
Have full as oft, no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower. 80
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt Evil, or our greateſt Good.
  Modes of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
'Tis real Good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry Good we can divide, 85
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide,
Paſſions tho' ſelfiſh, if their Means be fair,
Liſt under *Reaſon*, and deſerve her care:
Thoſe that, imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome *Virtue*'s name. 90
  In lazy *Apathy* let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Froſt,

Contracted all, retiring to the Breaſt;
But Strength of Mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing Tempeſt puts in act the ſoul, 95
Parts it my ravage, but preſerves the whole:
On Life's vaſt Ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the Card, but Paſſion is the Gale:
Nor GOD alone in the ſtill Calm we find,
He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the Wind.* 100
  Paſſions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road, 105
Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.
  Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind: 110
The Lights and Shades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the Strength and Colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands, or eyes,
And when in Act they ceaſe, in Proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of Body and of Mind:
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike,
On diff'rent Senſes diff'rent Objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one Maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's Serpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As Man perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of death,
The young Diſeaſe that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its *ruling Paſſion* came.
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul.
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
 Nature its Mother, Habit is its Nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'ns bleſt beam turns Vinegar more ſow'r.
The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak Queen, ſome Fav'rite ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not Arms as well as Rules,
What can ſhe more, than tell us we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp Accuſer, but a helpleſs Friend!
Or from a Judge turn Pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made?
Proud of imagin'd Conqueſts all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong;
So when ſmall Humours gather to a Gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, *Nature*'s Road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no Guide, but ſtill a Guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this Paſſion more as friend than foe:
A MIGHTIER POW'R the ſtrong Direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impells to ſev'ral Ends:
Like varying Winds, by other Paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the Love of eaſe,
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The Merchant's toil, the Sage's indolence,
The Monk's humility, the Hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
Grafts on this *Paſſion* our beſt *Principle*:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd,
The Droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt Body acts with Mind.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's care
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of Wit and Honeſty appear,
From Spleen, from Obſtinacy, Hate, or Fear!
See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n Av'rice Prudence; Sloth Philoſophy;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is Emulation in the Learn'd and Brave:
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle Love, and charms all Womankind:
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue neareſt to our Vice ally'd;
Reaſon the byas turns to Good from Ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.

The ſame Ambition can deſtroy, or ſave,
And makes a Patriot, as it makes a Knave.
  This Light and Darkneſs, in our Chaos join'd, 195
What ſhall divide? The GOD within the Mind.
  Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man, they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' oft ſo mix'd, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice,
Now this, now that, the other's bound invades,
As in ſome well-wrought Picture, lights and ſhades.
  Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, ſoften, and unite 205
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own Heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to *miſtake* them, coſts the time and pain.
  Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen; 210
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed;
Ask, where's the *North?* at York 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcades, and there 215
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it, in the firſt degree,
But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very Zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own; 220
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree!
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe, 225
And ev'n the beſt by fits what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it ſtill;
Each Individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is *One*, and that the *Whole!*
That counter-works each Folly and Caprice; 231
That diſappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice:

That happy Frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
Fear to the Stateſman, Raſhneſs to the Chief,
To Kings Preſumption, and to Crowds Belief:
That Virtue's Ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but Praiſe;
And builds on Wants, and on Defects of mind,
The Joy, the Peace, the Glory, of Mankind.
Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
A Maſter, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Paſſions, cloſer ſtill allye
The common int'reſt, or endear the tye:
To theſe we owe true Friendſhip, Love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that Life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere Decay,
To welcome Death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy, Nature to explore; 255
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple ſing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King, 260
The ſtarving Chymiſt in his golden views
Supreamly bleſt, the Poet in his Muſe.
See! ſome ſtrange Comfort ev'ry *State* attend,
And *Pride* beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See! ſome fit Paſſion ev'ry *Age* ſupply, 265
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
'Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of Senſe by Pride: 270
Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy,
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy,

One Proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain,
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean *Self-Love* becomes, by force divine,
The Scale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's* a *Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

HEre then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to *one End*, but acts by *various Laws*."
In all the Madneſs of ſuperfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great Truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we *preach*, or *pray*.

Look round our World: behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to this End,
The ſingle Atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd, and impell'd, its *Neighbour* to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one Centre ſtill, the Gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables Life ſuſtain,
See Life diſſolving vegetate again.
All Forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that Sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each Being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, and ſerving, nothing ſtands alone;
The Chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown!

Has GOD, thou Fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry Lawn.
Is it for thee the Lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, Joy elevates his wings:

Is it for thee the Linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding Steed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his Lord, the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The Birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain:
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving Steer.
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
  Know, Nature's Children all divide her care;
The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
While Man exclaims, "ſee all things for my uſe!
"See Man for mine," replies a pamper'd Gooſe;
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him;
And juſt as ſhort of Reaſon Man will fall,
Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.
  Grant, that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul,
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole.

Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows 55
And feels, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* ſings? 60
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his Luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay feaſts the Animal he dooms his feaſt,
And 'till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt: 70
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by Touch ætherial ſlain.

VER. 72.] Several of the Antients, and many of the more modern Orientals eſteem'd thoſe who were ſtruck by Lightning as ſacred Perſons, and the particular Favourites of Heaven.

The Creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
 To each unthinking being Heav'n a friend, 75
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near. 80
Great ſtanding Miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
 Whether with *Reaſon*, or with *Inſtinct* bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt;
To Bliſs, alike, by that direction tend, 85
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full *Inſtinct* is th' unerring Guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt, 90
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer.

This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One *muſt* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
See then the *acting* and *comparing* pow'rs 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct, as you can,
In this 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *Man*.
Who taught the Nations of the field and wood,
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food? 100
Preſcient, the Tydes or Tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels deſign,
Sure as *De-Moivre*, without rule or line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the way?
God, in the Nature of each being founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the whole to bleſs
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happineſs*:

So from the firſt Eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of Life all-quick'ning Æther keeps, 115
Or breathes thro' Air, or ſhoots beneath the Deeps,
Or pours profuſe on Earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves Itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each Sex deſires alike, till two are one:
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their Race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend, 125
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace, 130
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:

Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the Int'reſt, and the Love: 135
With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new Needs, new Helps, new Habits riſe,
That graft Benevolence on Charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe, 140
Theſe nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs Him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and Forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age; 145
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the Int'reſt, and preſerv'd the Kind.

Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD:
Self-love, and Social, at her birth began, 150
UNION the Bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with Beaſt, joint Tenant of the Shade;

The ſame his Table, and the ſame his Bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed. 155
In the ſame Temple, the reſounding Wood,
All vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
The Shrine with Gore unſtain'd, with Gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt.
Heav'ns Attribute was Univerſal Care, 160
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own. 165
But juſt Diſeaſe to Luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own Avenger breeds;
The Fury-Paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.
  See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy *Inſtinct* then was *Reaſon*'s part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go! from the Creatures thy inſtructions take;

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go! from the Creatures thy inſtructions take;
"Learn from the Birds, what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the Beaſts, the Phyſick of the field:
"Thy Arts of building from the Bee receive;
"Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;
"Learn of the little * Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all Forms of ſocial Union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
"Here ſubterranean Works and Cities ſee,
"There Towns aerial on the waving Tree.
"Learn each ſmall People's Genius, Policies,
"The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees;
"How thoſe in common all their ſtores beſtow,
"And Anarchy without confuſion know,

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. I. deſcribes this Fiſh in the following manner. It ſwims on the ſurface of the Sea, on the back of the Shell, which exactly reſembles the Hulk of a Ship; it raiſes two feet like Maſts, and extends a Membrane between, which ſerves as a Sail; the other two Feet are employ'd as Oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean.

“And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
“Their ſep'rate Cells and Properties maintain.
“Mark what unvary'd Laws preſerve their State,
“Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 191
“In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
“Entangle Juſtice in her Net of Law,
“And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,
“Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
“Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures ſway, 196
“Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey,
“And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
“Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.
Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd; 200
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little State; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.
Did here the Trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the Streams in purer rills deſcend? 205
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
'Till common Int'reſt plac'd the ſway in One. 211
Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made. 215
'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, Prieſt, and Parent of his growing State:
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law, his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue.
He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food, 220
Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
Draw forth the Monſters of th' Abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſickning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man. 225
Then, looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd
One great, firſt Father, and that *firſt* ador'd.

Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
The Workman from the Work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but One:
E're Wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw, that *all was right*,
To Virtue in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
LOVE all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men,
No Ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.
  Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone
Th' enormous Faith of Many made for One?
That proud Exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the World, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that Conqueſt, Law;
Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant Awe,

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midſt the Light'ning's blaze and Thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting skies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and Fiends infernal riſe, 255
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt:
Such as the ſouls of Cowards might conceive, 260
And form'd *like* Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on Spite, and Heav'n on Pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' Æthereal Vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore: 265
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food,
Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human blood;

With Heav'ns own Thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his foe.
 So drives *Self-love*, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt, 270
To One man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in All, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one Will when many Wills rebel? 275
How ſhall he keep, what ſleeping or awake
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence, 280
Ev'n Kings learn'd Juſtice and Benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public Good.
 'Twas then, the ſtudious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Follo'wer of God, or Friend of Humankind, 285
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew;
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, not to ſlack nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings;
The Leſs, and Greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too,
And jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the WORLD's great Harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of things!
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one point, and to one Centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
  For Forms of Government let fools conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs Zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whoſe Life is in the right:

All muſt be falſe, that thwart this *One*, *great End*,
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous Vine, ſupported lives,
The Strength he gains is from th' Embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent Motions act the ſoul,
And one regards *Itſelf*, and one the *Whole*.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade Self-Love and Social be the ſame.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That Something ſtill, which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool — and wiſe.
Plant of Cæleſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair-opening to ſome Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harveſts of the Field?

Where grows—where grows it not?—if vain our toil,
We ough to blame the Culture, not the Soil;
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind:
Some place the bliſs in Action, ſome in Eaſe;
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe:
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his Pleaſure is but Reſt from pain,
One doubts of All, one owns ev'n Virtue vain.
Take *Nature*'s path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common Senſe*, and *common Eaſe*.

Remember Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral Laws;
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the Good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſt ſelf-ſatisfy'd;
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink;
Each has his ſhare, and who wou'd more obtain
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt Law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are *happier*, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:

But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the thing; 55
Bliſs is the ſame, in Subject or in King;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common Bleſſing, as one common Soul: 60
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe, 65
And theſe be call'd unhappy, happy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
If while th' Unhappy hope, the Happy fear;
Not preſent Good or Ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views, of Better, or of Worſe. 70
Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies?

Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the Good that Individuals find, 75
Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,
All Reaſon's pleaſures, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, *Health, Peace,* and *Competence.*
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair *Virtue!* Peace is all thy own; 80
The gifts of Fortune good or bad may gain,
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of Profit or Delight,
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt, 85
Which meets Contempt, or which Compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good. 90
Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

Who ſee and follow that great Scheme the beſt,
Beſt know their bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call, 95
For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.
See FALKLAND falls, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of life? 100
Say was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the Grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeille's good Biſhop purer breath, 105
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and Me?
What makes all Phyſical or Moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
God ſends not Ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at eaſe, 115
When his lewd Father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we like ſome weak Prince th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverſe his Laws?
  Shall burning Ætna, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? 120
On Air or Sea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall Gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old Temple nodding to its fall, 125
For Chartres head reſerve the hanging Wall?
  But ſtill this World (ſo fitted for the Knave),
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A Kingdom of the Juſt then let it be!
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree? 130

The Good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us, who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of Hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's Bleſſing, or its Rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
"Whatever IS, is RIGHT."—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more *bleſt*? who chain'd his Country, ſay,
Or he, whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of Virtue, Bread?
That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil;
The Knave deſerves it when he tills the Soil,
The Knave deſerves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Folly fights for Kings, or dives for Gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No, ſhall the good want health, the good want pow'r?
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man an Angel, Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the Pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a Coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a Gown,
Or Publick Spirit, its great cure, a Crown?
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.

How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The Virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!
For *Riches*, can they give, but to the Juſt, 175
His own Contentment, or another's Truſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind, 180
Whoſe Life is healthful, and whoſe Conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!
Honour and *Shame* from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made, 185
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade,
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parſon gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: a Wiſe man and a Fool. 190
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cobler-like, the Parſon will be drunk,

Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
The reſt is all but Leather or Prunella.
  Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'ſt be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
Thy boaſted Blood, a thouſand years or ſo,
May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow;
But by your Father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Not own your Fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
  Look next on *Greatneſs*, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
" Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Suede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind!

I 2

Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks foreward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can *conquer*, theſe can *cheat*, 225
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain *great*:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave:
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in Chains, 230
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's *Fame?* that fancy'd Life in others breath!
A thing beyond us ev'n before our death:
Juſt what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown 235
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;

To all beſide, as much an empty Shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike, or when or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod*;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a Villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave,
When what t' Oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true Deſert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving Hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid Starers, and of loud huzza's;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.
  In *Parts* ſuperior what advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd in Buſineſs or in Arts to drudge
Without a Second, or without a Judge: 260
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking Land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.
Bring then theſe Bleſſings to a ſtrict account, 265
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they mount!
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt!
How inconſiſtent greater Goods with theſe;
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always Eaſe; 270
Think, and if ſtill the Things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for Ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow Dirt the paſſion of thy life? 275
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of Mankind:

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting Fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray:
Mark by what wretched ſteps their Glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each, how Guilt and Greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero ſunk the Man.
Now Europe's Lawrels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold;
Then ſee them broke with Toils, or loſt in Eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no Act of Fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,

The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd Halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous Shade.
Alas! not dazled with their Noontide ray,
Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day:
The whole Amount of that enormous Fame
A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame!
  Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)
VIRTUE alone is Happineſs below:
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only, Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very Tears.
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exerciſ'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain, 320
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
  See! the ſole Bliſs Heav'n could on *all* beſtow,
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find; 325
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As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful Lake;
The Centre mov'd, a Circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all Human-race,
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breaſt.
  Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low Paſſions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper riſe;
Form'd by thy Converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
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That *Virtue* only makes our *Bliſs below*;
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ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ

ETHIC EPISTLES,

THE
SECOND BOOK.
TO
SEVERAL PERSONS.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE

Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the Man to books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
The coxcomb Bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a Paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

And yet the fate of all Extremes are ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books too much.
To Obſervations which our ſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain;
Some unmark'd Fibre, or ſome varying Vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind, as *Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's Colours caſt on Life.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The Optics ſeeing, as the Objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown,
Or Fancy's beam inlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

* There are above 300 Sorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.

Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
Life's Stream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way.
In vain ſedate reflections we wou'd make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant, 'tis his Principle no more;
Like follo'wing Life thro' Creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.
Oft, in the Paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to our ſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yeild,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt Image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in Sleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our Dream is wrought:

Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of half we do.
  In vain the Grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant, to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that imbroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
*Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
  Not always *Actions* ſhow the Man: we find
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:

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* CHARLES V. and PHILIP II.

Who combates bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
  But grant that Actions beſt diſcover Man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each Character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them half, or call them Policy.
Muſt then at once (the Character to ſave)
The plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
  Ask how from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, Conduct; one, Heroic Love.

'Tis from *high life* high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will; 90
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In Life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like, 95
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame Sun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r. 100

'Tis *Education* forms the common mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a Lyer;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold and brave; 105
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:

Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r,
A Quaker? ſly; a Presbyterian? ſow'r;
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight,
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' Endearments of Courtine,
While *One* there is, that charms us with his Spleen.
But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind:
Or puzling Contraries confound the whole,
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul:

Or Falſhood ſerves the dull for Policy,
Or in the cunning, Truth itſelf's a Lye;
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in Inconſiſtencies.
  See the ſame man, in Vigour, in the Gout; 130
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Early at bus'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chace, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Acton, faithleſs at Whitehall. 135
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a Knave is next a Knave,
Save juſt at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.
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His comprehenſive head? all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in Picquette,
Newmarket-Fame, and judgment at a Bett. 145

Triumphant Leaders at an Army's head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer Cloth or Bread,
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a Groat.
What made (ſay Montagne or more ſage Charron!)
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A God-leſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The Throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit? 160
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And juſt her wiſeſt Monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game,
A Bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found, 165
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
Ask men's *Opinions*: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion by the ſetting-ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone. 170

Truſt their *Affections*: ſoon Affections end;
"In pow'r your Servant, out of pow'r your Friend."
Manners with Fortunes, *Humours* change with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'Tis in the *ruling Paſſion*: There, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This Clue once found unravels all the reſt,
The Proſpect clears, and Clodio ſtands confeſt.
Clodio, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the *Luſt of Praiſe*;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies;

Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him Maſter of the Joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully, and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores 190
With the ſame Spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart; 195
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun Contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
His conſtant Bounty no one friend has made; 200
His Angel Tongue no mortal can perſuade:
A Fool with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too quick for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves; 205

He dies, ſad out-caſt of each Church and State,
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!
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Were means, not ends; Ambition was the Vice.
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Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
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Had roaſted Turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' Obſerver eyes the Builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.
In this one Paſſion Man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy. 225

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
  Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of Grace 230
Has made the Father of a nameleſs Race,
Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own Sons, that paſs him by un-bleſs'd:
Still to his Wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he ſees. 235
  A Salmon's Belly, Helluo, was thy Fate.
The Doctor call'd declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my Soul!
Is there no hope? alas! — then bring the Jowl.
  "Odious! in Woollen! 'twou'd a Saint provoke, 240
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One wou'd not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead —
"And — Betty — give this Cheek a little Red. 245

Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in Bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely *out*,
As ſober La—w, dancing in the Gout.
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble Servant to all Human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue cou'd ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to Ned."
Your Money Sir? "My Money Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Mannor, Sir?—"The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And You! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling Paſſion ſtrong in Death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in All the paſt,
"Oh ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all:"
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs here in ermin'd pride,
There Paſtorella by a Fountain ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a Swan.

Let then the Fair one beautifully cry
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
When Folly grows romantic, we muſt paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
Chuſe a firm Cloud before it falls, and in it
Catch, e're ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho's ſelf in glue (her riſing task)
And iſſuing flagrant to an Evening Mask:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting-ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend,
The frail one's Advocate, and weak one's Friend:

To her, Caliſto prov'd her Conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her Advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.
  Papillia, wedded to her doating Spark,
Sighs for the Shades—how charming is a *Park!*
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—oh odious, odious *Trees!*
  Ladies like variegated Tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their changes that their charms they owe;
Their happy ſpots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypſo once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe:
Strange Graces ſtill, and ſtranger Flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;

Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a Waſh would hardly ſtew a Child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare,
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare, Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleaſure, and a ſlave to fame?
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres?
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns, 65
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to *pray*,
To *toaſt* our wants and wiſhes, is her way, 70

Nor asks of God but of her Stars to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live:"
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the Soul!
Lucretia's Dagger, Roſamonda's Bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind? 75
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with Pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,
With too much Spirit to be e'er at Eaſe!
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught!
With too much Thinking to have common Thought!
You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give, 81
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends 85
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends:
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r:
Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!

Or who in ſweet Viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne and nightly Draught
To kill thoſe Foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are *two* hard Things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
Pictures like theſe, (dear Madam) to deſign,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandring Touches, ſome reflected Light,
Some flying Stroke, alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
Camelions who can paint in White and Black?
In publick Stations Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your Virtues open faireſt in the Shade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Publick 'tis you hide;
Where none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
Each is a ſort of Virtue, and of Vice.

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral Paſſions find,
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind,
Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey;
The Love of Pleaſures, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the Leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, This; by Man's Oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake;
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to publick Strife,
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a Subject in their Age:
For foreign Glory, foreign Joy, they roam;
No thought of Peace, or Happineſs, at home.
But Wiſdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a Science to the Fair as Great!

Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown, 135
Yet hate Repoſe, and dread to be Alone;
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
  Pleaſures the Sex, as Children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view, 140
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt.
At laſt, to Follies Youth could ſcarce defend
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before, 145
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd. 150
  See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend,

A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot, 155
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
 Ah Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign,
To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing. 160
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light;
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.
 Oh bleſt with *Temper!* whoſe unclouded ray 165
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
That pleas'd can ſee a Younger charm, or hear
Sighs for a Siſter with unwounded ear;
That ne'er ſhall anſwer till a Husband cool,
Or, if you rule him, never ſhow you rule, 170
Pleaſe by receiving, by ſubmitting ſway,
Yet have your humour moſt, when you obey;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Deſpiſe all loſs of Tickets or Codille;

Spleen, Vapors, or Small-pox, above them all, 175
And Miſtreſs of yourſelf, tho' China fall.
  And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man; 180
Picks from each Sex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd, 185
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
  Ev'n ſuch is Woman's Fame! With this un-bleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt. 190
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the Year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the Sphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents ſimple Pray'r,

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf 195
Which buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
That gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Dutcheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet. 200

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN Lord *BATHURST*.

WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſ-agree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding Jeſt of Heav'n,
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)

Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining Miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious Labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.
  Like Doctors thus, when much Diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Charters, and the Devil.
  What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
And if we count among the Needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

Uſeful, we grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
Trade it may help, Society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.
Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſaps on from knave to knave.
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and ſquires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil,
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oyl;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred Oxen at your levee roar.
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all, in kind.

Aſtride his Cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying Coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd, 51
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colpeper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led, 55
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep? 60
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, Quadrille!"
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 65
From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."

Bleſt Paper-credit! that advanc'd ſo high,
Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf can waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A leaf like Sybil's, ſcatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.
What Riches give us, let us firſt enquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths. what more? meat, cloaths, and fire.
Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton waking found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, noſe and ears?

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below, 90
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might, (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that wou'd ſave the life 95
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife.
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate. 100

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love, (ſays Blunt, with lifted eyes) 105
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But rev'rend S**n with a ſofter air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, and equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a General Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt G *. 130
But nobler ſcenes Maria's Dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and Worlds of Gold.
Congenial Souls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A Wizard told him in theſe words our fate. 136
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all, and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun; 140
"Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
"Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
"The Judge ſhall job, the Biſhop bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms, 145
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's Arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:

But 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree, 150
And nobly wiſhing Party rage to ceaſe,
To buy *both ſides*, and give thy Country peace.
“All this is madneſs, cries a ſober Sage.
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his Rage?
“The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will, 155
“The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all. 160
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
”Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
”Extremes in Man concur to general uſe.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow? 165
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal Wheels to know their rounds.
  Riches, like Inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon, fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a County's thirſt,
And Men and Dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
  Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His Kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his Grot?
His Court with nettles, Moat with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſt his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?

Like ſome lone Chartreuſe ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall; 190
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs Tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling Steeds another way:
Benighted Wanderers, the foreſt o'er, 195
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt Maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the Begger whom he longs to eat.
  Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right: 200
For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.
What ſlaughter'd Hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!
No ſelfiſh motive this profuſion draws, 205
His Oxen periſh in his Country's cauſe:
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.

The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan — no matter — "for the Fleet:"
Next goes his wool — "to clothe our valiant bands:"
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his lands.
To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils?
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils.
Alas! at Court he vainly pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly perſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n. 230
Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and juſtifies her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd,
As Poyſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies, 235
But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that [cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240
Whoſe Table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean! 246
There Engliſh Bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honour linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate?
Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to riſe?
The MAN of ROSS, each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.

Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
"Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue 275
"What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.
"Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
"What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear, 279
This man poſſeſt — five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your
Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminiſh'd rays. [blaze.
"And what? no Monument, inſcription, ſtone?
"His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go ſearch it there *, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory:

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* The Pariſh-Regiſter.

Enough that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long Wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold! what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend,
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end!
In the worſt Inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flockbed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whym,
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove
The bow'r of wanton Sh * * * y and Love;

Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd ſtateſmen and the merry King. 310
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee, 315
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe?
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe: 320
Thy life, more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r, 325
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?
  Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
  That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a Tale? — A Tale — it follows thus.

  Where * London's Column pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes:
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth —
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.

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* The Monument built in Memory of the Fire of London, with an Inſcription importing that City to have been burn'd by the Papiſts.

Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
 The Dev'l was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
 Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
 Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your ſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
 Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the Rogue was bit:
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,

"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
"And am ſo clear too of all other Vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd,
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide, 370
And all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant Show'r of *Cent. per Cent*;
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole;
Then dubs *Director*, and ſecures his Soul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit, 375
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn,
His Compting-houſe imploy'd the Sunday-morn; 380
Seldom at church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his Family and Wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide,
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay commiſſion buys;
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P*x for life.
In Britain's Senate He a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to Play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Co**by harangues;
The Court forſakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His Wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown,
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P*x for life.
In Britain's Senate He a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to Play; ſo bad her chance, 395
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Co**by harangues;
The Court forſakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His Wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown: 400
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO
RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

'TIs ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ,
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats; 5
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Fountain Statues, and for Pembroke Coins;
Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloan. 10
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.

What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte? 15
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but R–pl–y with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward Pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide: 20
A ſtanding Sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
*YOU ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous Buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble Rules 25
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools:
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric State,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate, 30
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd Dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
And lac'd with bits of Ruſtic, 'tis a Front.

Shall

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* The Earl of Burlington had publiſh'd the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by Rules of Art.
  Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear: 40
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'Tis *Senſe*:
Good Senſe, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive; 45
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot. 50
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale,

Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades, 55
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, deſigns.
Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring Parts ſhall ſlide into a Whole, 60
Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike, from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at — perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy Glory falls, 65
And Nero's Terraces deſert their Walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake;
Or cut wide Views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your Hill or ſhelter'd Seat again. 70
Behold Villario's ten-years Toil compleat,
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet,
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the Parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;

His bloomy Beds a waving Glow diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright Diverſities of Day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring Rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
  Thro' his young woods, how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
And ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet.
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's Groves,
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful Family of Yews;
The thriving Plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Allies they were born to ſhade.
  At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "what Sums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous Air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.

Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny Inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze.
Lo, what huge heaps of Littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildeneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade.

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There * Gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping Sea-horſe mourn,
And Swallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
  My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft — by regular approach — not yet —
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat,
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
  His Study? with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Sueïl* has bound;
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Lock or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any Modern book.
  And now the Chappel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:

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* *The two Statues, of the* Gladiator pugnans, *and* Gladiator moriens.

Light Quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio, or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lye,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye:
To Reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to Dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb,
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate;
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine and *God bleſs the King*.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate, 155
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride, from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little skill,
And ſwear, no Day was ever paſs'd ſo ill. 160
  Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear 165
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre.
Deep Harveſts bury all his Pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
  Who then ſhall grace, or who improve, the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis *Uſe* alone that ſanctifies Expence, 171
And Splendor borrows all her Rays from *Senſe*.
  His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe;

Whoſe chearful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe wide Parterres are not aſham'd to feed
The milky Heifer and deſerving Steed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Natives, grow;
Let *His* Plantations ſtretch from Down to Down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new Wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till *Kings* call forth th' Idea's of your Mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,
Bid *Harbors* open, public *Ways* extend,
Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, aſcend,
Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject *Sea* command,
And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:

Theſe Honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial works, and worthy Kings.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. *ADDISON.*

[Occaſion'd by his Dialogues on MEDALS.]

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods;

Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they; 10
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage;
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame, 15
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
  Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt; 20
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin:
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps, 25
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judæa weeps,
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine,

A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore;
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams;
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd;
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine,
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage; 50
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
  Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;

"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend,
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

EPISTLE VI.

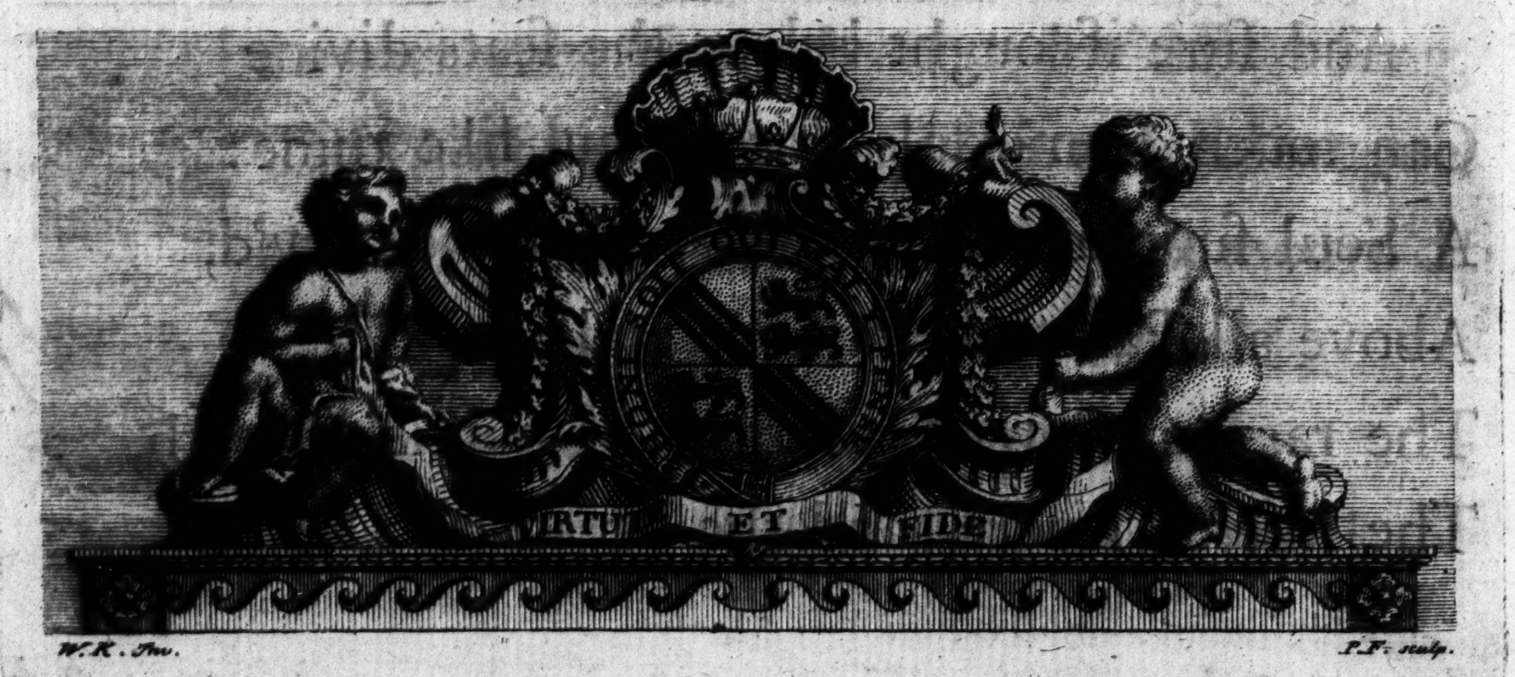
TO
ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,
AND
Earl MORTIMER.

With Dr. *PARNEL*'s POEMS.

SUCH were the Notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd & mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft' haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd eſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.
And ſure if ought below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of publick breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſarts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' Oblig'd deſert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he.



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EPISTLE VII.

TO

Dr. *ARBUTHNOT.*

SHUT, ſhut the door good *John!* fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dogſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in their eye, and Papers in their hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.

No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of Ryme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon much be-mus'd in beer?
A maudlin Poeteſs? a ryming Peer?
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who lock'd from pen and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy Son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic Wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope.*
Friend thro' my life, (which did'ſt not thou prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
Dear Doctor! tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their Anger, or their Friendſhip worſe?

A dire Dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
My Foes will write, my Friends will read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
I can't be ſilent, and I will not lye,
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of Grace, 35
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.
I ſit with ſad Civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aking head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane 41
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and Requeſt of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it, 45
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound;
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon greets me thus: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron — ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me — "but here's a Letter
"Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? *Curl* invites to dine,
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a Packet! — "Tis a ſtranger ſues, 55
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
Fir'd that the Houſe reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it
"And ſhame the Fools – your Int'reſt Sir with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.
"Not Sir if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurrs but double his attacks, 65
At laſt he whiſpers "Do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when *Midas'* Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred Perſon and a King) 70

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his * Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my Friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?
"Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things!
"I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
"Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let Aſſes prick,
"Tis nothing" – Nothing, if they bite and kick? 76
Out with it, *Dunciad!* let the ſecret paſs,
That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhou'd we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I. 80
  You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a Fool.
Let Peals of Laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty Crack;
Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd, 85
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting World.
Scriblers like Spiders, break one cobweb thro',
Still ſpin the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew;

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* The Story is told by ſome of his Barber, by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See the Wiſe of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

Thron'd in the centre of their thin deſigns!
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his Lord, and Whore?
His Butchers Henley, his Free-maſons Moor?
Does not one Table Arnall ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a Wit?
Still Sapho — "Hold! nay ſee you, you'll offend:
"Wit makes you foes, learn Prudence of a friend.
"I too could write — and ſure am twice as tall,
"But all theſe foes! — One Flatt'rer's worſe than all;
A Wit quite angry is quite innocent;
The only danger is, when they *repent*.
  One dedicates, in high Heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grubſtreet will my ſame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
For ſong, for ſilence, ſome expect a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe.

Time, Praiſe, or Money, is the leaſt they crave,
Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

There are, who to my Perſon pay their court,
I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am ſhort, 110
Ammon's great Son one ſhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's noſe, and "Sir! you have an *Eye*—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me:
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed, 115
"Juſt ſo immortal Maro held his head;
And when I die, be ſure you let me know,
"Great Homer dy'd three thouſand years ago.

Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in Ink? my Parent's, or my own? 120
As yet a Child, nor yet a fool to Fame,
I liſp'd in Numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſ-obey'd.

The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long Diſeaſe, my Life, 126
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
  But why then publiſh? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write; 130
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my Lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,
And St. John's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before) 135
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my Studies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of Men and Books,
Not from the * Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 140
  Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowry Theme,
A painted Miſtreſs, or a purling Stream.

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* Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret; 145
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt:
Hunger provok'd, or madneſs made them print;
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
  Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad?
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod. 150
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their Mite.
Yet ne'r one ſprig of Laurel grac'd theſe ribalds, 155
From daring Bentley down to pidling Tibalds.
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpear's name. 160
Pretty! in Amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;

Not that the things are either rich or rare,
But all the wonder is, how they got there?
Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight Pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilf'red Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian Tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year:
He, who ſtill wanting tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe Fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Proſe run mad:
All theſe my modeſt Satire bade tranſlate,
And own'd, that nine ſuch Poets made a Tate.

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chaſe?
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
  Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires, 186
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Shou'd ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, 190
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike, 195
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend,
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd, 200
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;

While Wits and Templers ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe. 205
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
  What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls?
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load, 210
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight;
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a Birth-day Song.
I ne'r with Wits or Witlings paſt my days, 216
To ſpread about the itch of Verſe and Praiſe;
Nor like a puppy dagled through the town,
To fetch and carry Sing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd, 220
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,
To Buſo left the whole Caſtalian State.

Proud, as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library, (where Buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of Wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment ask'd, and then a Place:
Much they extol'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He pay'd ſome Bards with Port, and ſome with Praiſe,
To ſome a dry Rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he pay'd in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury him he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice Patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!

So, when a Stateſman wants a Day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they leave me! For they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his Tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs Life the ſole return
My Verſe! and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy Urn!
  Oh let me live my own! and die ſo too!
("To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's Dignity and Eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe.
I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs,
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
  Why will the Town imagine ſtill I write?
Why aſk, when this or that ſhall ſee the light?

“ I found him cloſe with Swift — Indeed? no doubt
“ (Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out.”
’Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
“ No, ſuch a Genius never can lye ſtill,”
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev’ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?
  Curſt be the Verſe, how well ſoe’er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey’d Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he, who hurts a harmleſs neighbour’s peace,
Inſults fal’n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a lye, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop whoſe pride affects a Patron’s name,
Yet abſent, wounds an Author’s honeſt fame;
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhow the Senſe of it without the Love;

Who has the Vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the Honour injur'd to defend;
Who to the * Dean and ſilver Bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there; 275
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Let never honeſt Man my ſatire dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—"What? that thing of ſilk,
"Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk? 281
"Satire or ſenſe alas! he cannot feel,
"Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?"
Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 286
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys,
So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray, 290
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.

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* See the Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington.

Whether in florid Impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lyes,
Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blaſphemies.
His Wit all See-ſaw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now Maſter up, now Miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious Thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the Toilet, Flatt'rer at the Board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's Tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, Parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the duſt.
Oh keep me what I am! not Fortune's fool,
Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool:

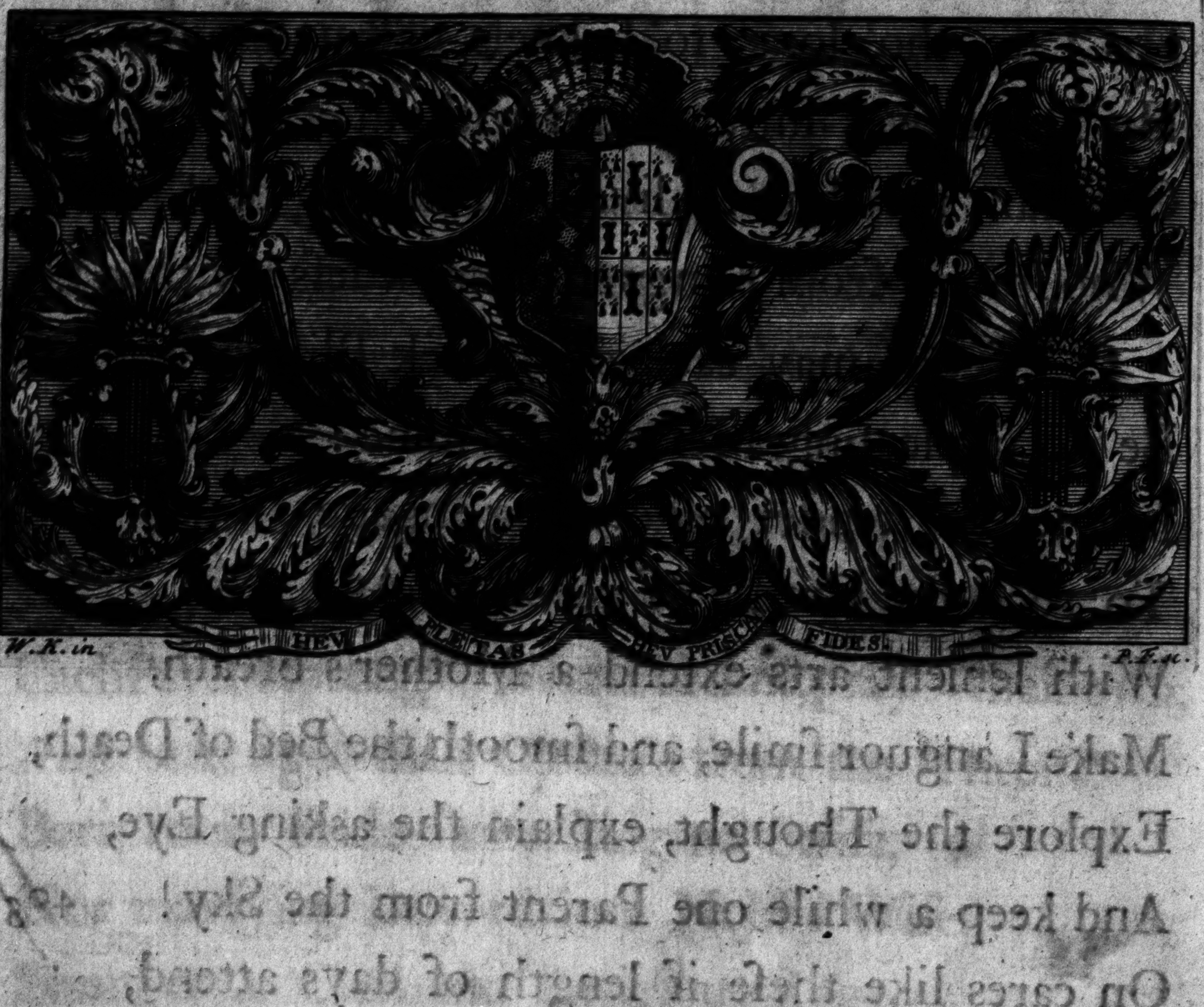
Not proud, nor ſervile, be one Poet's praiſe
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in Verſe or Proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong.
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious Foe, the timid Friend,
The damning Critic, half-approving Wit,
The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of Friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant Threats of Vengeance on his head,
The Blow unfelt, the Tear he never ſhed;
The Tale reviv'd, the Lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed Traſh, and Dulneſs not his own,
The Morals blacken'd when the Writings ſcape,
The libel'd Perſon, and the pictur'd Shape,
Th' Abuſe on all he lov'd or lov'd him ſpread,
A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead;

The Whiſper, that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's Ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt*!
"But why inſult the Poor, affront the Great?"
A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State,
Alike my ſcorn if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at Court, or Japhet in a Jayl,
A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,
Knight of the Poſt corrupt, or of the Shire,
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a Dupe than Wit,
Sapho can tell you how this Man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drank with Cibber, nay has rym'd for Moor:
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand Suns went down on Welſted's Lye:

To pleaſe a Miſtreſs, One aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his Wife:
Let Budgel charge low Grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his *Will*;
Let the two Curls of Town and Court, abuſe
His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule
It was a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool;
That harmleſs Mother thought no Wife a Whore,
Hear this! and ſpare his Family, James M *,
Unſpotted Names! and memorable long,
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle Blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)
Each Parent ſprung—"What Fortune, pray?—their own,
And better got than Clodio's from the Throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a Noble Wife,
Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage,
The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age:

No Courts he ſaw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
Un-learn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle Art,
No Language, but the Language of the Heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exerciſe,
His Life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His Death was inſtant, and without a groan.
Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
  O Friend! may each domeſtick Bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the Cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the Bed of Death,
Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,
And keep a while one Parent from the Sky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my Friend,

Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
Whether that Bleſſing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.


W.K. in
HEU PIETAS HEU PRISCA FIDES
P.F. sc.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

I.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord

II.

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood!
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this,—that Thou art Good,
And I my ſelf am blind:

III.

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left Conſcience free, and Will.

IV.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

V.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy, is to obey.

VI.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round.

VII.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

VIII.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better Way.

IX.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodneſs lent.

X.

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

XI.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo
Since quicken'd by thy Breath,
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life, or Death:

This

XII.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not;
And let Thy Will be done.

XIII.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

FINIS.

XII.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not;
And let Thy Will be done.

XIII.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

FINIS.

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?

'Tis all from *Horace*; *Horace* long before ye,
Said, Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;
And taught his *Romans*, in much better metre,
To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in *Peter*. 10
But *Horace*, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice*:
Horace would ſay, *Sir* Billy *ſerv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could do *Bus'neſs*, H—ggins *knew the Town*.
In *Sapho* touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15
In rev'rend *Su—n* note ſome *ſmall Neglects*,
And own, the *Spaniard* did a *waggiſh thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtile
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between 21
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.†
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—

---

† *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.
Perſ.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT—
P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come? 30
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r:
Seen him, un-cumber'd with the Venal Tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks Mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh He laughs, no doubt,
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out. 36
F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:

These nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man ſo near 45
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his Ear?
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe. 50
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends; and if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
To Vice and Folly to confine the Jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come harmleſs *Characters* that no one hit,
Come *Henley*'s Oratory, *Osborn*'s Wit!
The Honey dropping from *Ty—l*'s tongue,
The Flow'rs of *Bub—ton*, the Flow of *Y—ng*;
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was *H—vy*'s, *F—*'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then *H—vy*'s once agen.
O come, that eaſy *Ciceronian* ſtile,
So *Latin*, yet ſo *Engliſh* all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of *Middleton* and *Bland*,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt Offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation*'s *Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,

And

And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and All her Children bleſt!
So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
No *Gazeteer* more innocent than I.
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire know its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the Greateſt — in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal *S—k*, and grave *De—re!*
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe, may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet *Nepenthe* of a Court;

There,

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the ſenſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all Eyes;
No Cheek is known to bluſh, no Heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig-Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Mother, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall *Cibber*'s Son, without rebuke
Swear like a Lord? or *Rich* out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's *Porter* with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?

Shall *Ward* draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or *Japhet* pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for *Bond* or *Peter* (paltry Things!)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If * *Blount* diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the Man,
And ſo may'ſt Thou, Illuſtrious † *Paſſeran!*
But ſhall a *Printer*, weary of his life,
Learn from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do *L–d–ſſe*, in Doctrine — yea, in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

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* Author of a Book intitled, The Oracles of Reaſon.

† Author of another, call'd, A Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Death.

Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing. 240
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more:
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs:
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws;
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead. 250
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old *England*'s Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his Arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 255
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice All, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore.
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"*Nothing is ſacred now but Villany.*"
  Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

ONE

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'TIS all a Libel—*P-xt-n* (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhou'd I fret, to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n [*]*Guthry* ſaves half *Newgate* by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſowze on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts! *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Mother, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame- *F.* You mean- *P.* I don't. *F.* You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman— *F.* Hold! too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector– *F.* There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

---

[*] The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Muſt great Offenders once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires;
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure — you know what I mean —
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Land be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,
Or if a Court or Country's made a Job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs Pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?

---

* Jonathan Wild, *a famous Thief and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own Train, and hanged.*

Alas!

Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there — why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor *riſe*, nor *fall*?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogue at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now ſuch obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n *Peter* trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always *Peter*? *Peter* thinks you mad;
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence — 60
P. As *S—k*, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange ſpleen to *S—k*!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.

When

When I confeſs, there *is* who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65
Pleas'd let me own, in * *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM'S Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON'S calm Senſe, and STANHOPE'S noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:

---

* The Houſe and Gardens of *Eſher* in *Surrey*, deſign'd by Mr. *Kent*.

How

How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD, forget,
While *Roman* Spirit charms, and *Attic* Wit? 85
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay, No Follower, but a Friend.
  Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my Lays;
I follow *Virtue*, where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe, 95
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my † LORD MAY'R.

---

† *Sir John Barnard*, Lord Mayor of *London* in the Year 1738.

Some,

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt Man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
P. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe. 105
But random Praiſe—the Task can ne'er be done,
Each Mother asks it for her booby Son;
Each Widow asks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe:
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115
What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.

No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lye.
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call *Verres*, *Wolſey*, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine
Oh All-accompliſh'd St. JOHN! deck thy Shrine?
  What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When *Pax—n* gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
  It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake, where's th' Affront to you?

Againſt your Worſhip what has *S—k* writ?
When did *Ty—l* hurt you with his Wit?
Or grant, the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend,
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend.*]
To *W—le* guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt, whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame.
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame:
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of *Weſtphaly*;
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a Meſs almoſt as it came in;

The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouſe:
The laſt, full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*. 180
  P. This filthy Simile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—*P*. So does Flat'ry mine;
And all your Courtly Civet-Cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
  But hear me further—*Japhet*, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and *Chartres* ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of *Pindus* guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write:
And muſt no Egg in *Japhet*'s face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod, 195
Becauſe the Inſult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours;
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by *Ridicule* alone.
O ſacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains 220
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that make Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings;
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.
When black Ambition ſtains a Publick Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not *Waller*'s Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor *Boileau* turn the † Feather to a Star.

---

† See his Ode on *Namur*; where (to uſe his own words) *il a fait un Aſtre* de la Plume blanche *qui le Roy porte ordinairement a ſon Chapeau, & qui eſt en effet une eſpece de* Comete, *fatale a nos ennemis.*

Not

Not ſo, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to dye, [Shrine,
And ope's the Temple of Eternity.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as *Anſtis* caſts into the Grave;
Far other *Stars*, than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to *Mor—ton* from STAIR:
(Such, as on * HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY! from a Heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honours not confer'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſickening ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.
Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law:

---

* Dr. *Hough* Biſhop of *Worceſter*

Here, Laſt of *Britons!* let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line! 251
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.*

FINIS.

[illegible] divine,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the truly brave,
[illegible] into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR:
Such as on Hough's unsully'd Mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a Heart like thine.
Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honours not confer'd by Kings;
Let Flatt'ry sickening see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes Immortal, Verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law:

[illegible]

Here

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. I.

AD

MÆCENATEM.

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende Camenâ!
[2] Spectatum ſatis, & donatum jam rude, quæris
(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [3] Vejanius Armis

EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [2] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [3] Cibber now has left the Stage:

[4] *Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,*
Ne populum [5] *extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ.*

[6] *Eſt mihi, purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;*
"*Solve* [7] *ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne*
"*Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.*"

Nunc itaque, & [8] *Verſus &* cætera ludicra *pono,*
Quid [9] verum *atque* decens, *curo & rogo, &* omnis *in hoc ſum.*
[10] *Condo & compono quæ* mox *depromere poſſim.*

Ac ne forte roges, [11] *quo me* duce, *quo* Lare *tuter?*
Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magiſtri,
[12] *Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deſeror* Hoſpes.

Our Gen'rals now, [4] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool evening ſatiate of applauſe,
Nor [5] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
 [6] A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
“ Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [7] Muſe take breath,
“ And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
“ Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire, or force,
“ You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horſe.'
 Farewell then [8] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the Man or Boy,
What [9] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is All:
To lay this [10] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.
 But aſk not, to what [11] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [12] ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

Nunc agilis *fio*, *&* *merſor* [13] civilibus undis,

Virtutis veræ Cuſtos, [14] rigiduſque ſatelles.

*Nunc in * Ariſtippi* [15] furtim *præcepta* relabor,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubmittere conor.

[16] *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, dieſque*

Longa videtur opus debentibus, *ut piger annus*

Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:

Sic mihi tarda [17] *fluunt*, ingrataque *tempora, que ſpem*

Conſiliumque morantur *agendi gnaviter* [18] id, *quod*

Æque pauperibus *prodeſt*, locupletibus *æque*,

Æque neglectum pueris, ſenibuſque *nocebit*.

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* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.

Sometimes a [13] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [14] and as warm as true.
Sometimes, with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [15] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tyde.
[16] Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day;
Long as the Night to her whoſe love's away;
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' [17] unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from Myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [18] task, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe,
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

[19] Reſtat, *ut his ego me ipſe regam,* [20] *ſolerque,* Elementis.

[21] *Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,*
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Eſt quâdam prodire [22] *tenus, ſi non datur ultra.*

[23] *Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque Cupidine pectus?*
Sunt verba *&* voces, *quibus hunc lenire dolorem*
Poſſis, & [24] *magnam morbi deponere partem.*
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [25] *certa* piacula, *quæ te*
Ter *pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*
[26] *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus,* [27] Amator,
Nemo [28] *adeo* ferus *eſt ut non miteſcere poſſit,*
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

[29] *Virtus eſt vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruiſſe —— ——

[19] Late as it is, I put my ſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [20] comfort, not to be a fool.
[21] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [22] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [23] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
([24] Between the Fits) this Fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which ([25] freſh and freſh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [26] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad or drunk,
[27] Slave to a Wife or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [28] Bear —
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[29] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.

—Vides, quæ [30] *maxima credis*

Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,

Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore?

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,

Per [31] *mare* pauperiem *fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:*

Ne cures [32] *ea que* ſtulte *miraris & optas*

Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? **

" [33] *Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum*—

" [34] *O cives, cives! quærenda Pecunia primum eſt,*

" *Virtus poſt nummos*— *Hæc* [35] Janus ſummus *ab* imo

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata, ſeneſque,

[36] *Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*

But to the world, no [30] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty! 70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires, 75
And [32] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, Wiſdom calls: [33] "Seek Virtue firſt! be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [34] "Get Mony, Mony ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will." 80
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [35] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [36] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Weſtminſter.

Eſt [37] *animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque*—
Si quadringentis ſex, ſeptem millia deſint,
[38] Plebs *eris*.—
[39] *At pueri ludentes,* 'Rex *eris* (*aiunt*)
"*Si recte facies.*" *Hic* [40] murus aheneus *eſto,*
Nil conſcire *ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ!*
[41] *Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum*
Nœnia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et Maribus [42] Curiis, & *decantata* Camillis?
[43] *Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui* "*Rem facias, rem,*
"*Si poſſis, recte, ſi non, quocunque modo rem.*"

Barnard in [37] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds. 85
"Pray then what wants he?" fourſcore thouſand
A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave [pounds,
As Bug now has, and Beſtia fain would have.
Barnard, thou art a [38] Cit, with all thy worth;
Beſtia and Bug, Their Honours, and ſo-forth. 90
Yet every [39] child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [40] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs; 95
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[41] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [42] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[43] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but Great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with Grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.

Ut [44] *proprius ſpectes lacrymoſa Poemata Pupi!*

An, [45] *qui Fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ*

Liberum & erectum, [46] præſens *hortatur, & aptat?*

[47] *Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

Non, ut [48] *porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,*

Nec ſequar aut fugiam quos diligit ipſe, vel odit?

Olim quod [49] *Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni*

Reſpondit, referam: " *Quia me veſtigia terrent*

" *Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.*

[50] Bellua multorum *eſt* capitum, *nam quid ſequar,*
aut quem?

Pars hominum geſtit [51] *conducere* Publica. *Sunt qui*

For what? to have a [44] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [45] he, who bids thee face, with ſteddy view,
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [46] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [47] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S * take ſcandal at a ſpark,
That leſs admires the [48] Palace than the Park;
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [49] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, Dread Sir! your Royal Cave;
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the Tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to Virtue! if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her Grave.
  Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [50] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing, but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:

[52] *Cruſtis* & Pomis, *Viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittunt.

[53] Multis *occulto creſcit res fœnore* —

—[54] *Verum*

Eſto, aliis alios rebus, ſtudiiſque teneri:

Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

[55] " *Nullus in orbe locus* Baiis *prelucet amænis:*"

Si dixit Dives, [56] *lacus* & *mare* ſentit *amorem*

Feſtinantis *heri. Cui ſi* [57] *vitioſa* Libido

Fecerit auſpicium, *cras*, " *ferramenta* Teanum

Their [51] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main:
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews;
Some [52] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn; 130
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per Cent,
In Dirt and darkneſs [53] hundreds ſtink content.
  Of all theſe ways, if each [54] purſues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone. 135
But ſhow me one, who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [55] ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[56] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo! th' obedient baſe 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimzy, or that [57] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen; 145

"*Tolletis, fabri!* —

— [58] *Lectus genialis in aula eſt?*

Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cælibe vita:

[59] *Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.*

[60] *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*

Quid [61] pauper? *ride: mutat* [62] cænacula, lectos,

Balnea, [63] tonſores; conducto [64] navigio, *æque*

Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

[65] *Si curtatus* inæquali *tonſore capillos*

Occurro, rides; ſi forte ſubucula pexæ

Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar,

” Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
” For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town.”

At am'rous Flavio is the [58] Stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lye alone.
[59] The Fool whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial Solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [60] Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
” Well, but the [61] Poor – the Poor have the ſame itch:
They change their [63] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their Beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [64] hire their Sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the Climate — like a Lord.
[65] You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I ſtand,
My Wig all powder, and all ſnuff my Band;
You laugh, if Coat and Breeches ſtrangely vary,
White Gloves, and Linnen worthy Lady Mary!

Rides: quid? [66] *mea cum pugnat* Sententia *ſecum,*
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[67] *Æſtuat, & Vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;*
[68] *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*
[69] *Inſanire putas ſolennia me; neque rides,*
Nec [70] Medici *credis, nec* Curatoris *egere*
A Prætore *dati? rerum* [71] *Tutela mearum*
Cum ſis, & pravè ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te ſuſpicientis, *Amici.*

But when [66] no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind, 166
When (each Opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [67] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [68] plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[69] You never change one muſcle of your face, 171
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [70] once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree; 175
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [71] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own; 180
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd,
Rich [73] ev'n when plunder'd, [75] honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd [76] without youth, and follow'd without power,
At home tho' exil'd, [74] free, tho' in the Tower:

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* The Doctor of Bedlam.

Ad ſummam, Sapiens *uno*[72] *minor eſt* Jove! [73] *Dives!*
[74] *Liber!* [75] *honoratus!* [76] *pulcher!* —
— [77] *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue ſanus —
— [78] *Niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.*

W. Kent inv. P. Fourdrinier Sculp.

In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [72] leſs than Jove, and [77] much above a King,
Nay half in Heav'n — [78] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god.

NIL ADMIRARI
P.F. sc.

In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
Just [76] less than Jove, and [77] much above a King,
Nay half in Heav'n——[78] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god.

THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. VI. LIB. I.

AD

NUMICIUM.

NIL Admirari, *prope res eſt una, Numici!*
Solaque[1], *quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.*

[2] *Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis*
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [3] *formidiue nulla*
Imbuti, ſpectent. —

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK of *HORACE*.

"Not to Admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.]
[2] This Vault of air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centred Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [3] this dreadful All without a fear.

—[4] *Quid cenſes munera Terræ?*
Quid Maris, extremos Arabas [5] *ditantis, & Indos?*
Ludicra, quid, [6] *plauſus, & amici dona Quiritis,*
Quo ſpectanda modo, [7] *quo* ſenſu *credis, &* ore?
[8] *Qui* timet *his adverſa, fere miratur eodem*
Quo cupiens *pacto*; *pavor eſt* utriqueque *moleſtus*:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque.
[9] *Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatve, quid ad rem?*
Si, quicquid videt melius, pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
[10] *Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem *ſi petat ipſam.*
[11] *I nunc, argentum & marmor* [12] vetus, *æraque &* artes

Admire we then what [4] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold?
All the mad trade of [5] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [6] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [7] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [8] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [9] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [10] Vertue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[11] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a *Taſte* to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [12] Parian Charms with learned eyes:

Suſpice; cum gemmis [13] *Tyrios mirare colores:*

Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:

Gnavus [15] *mane forum, & veſpertinus pete tectum:*

[16] *Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*

Mucius. Indignum, quod ſit pejoribus ortus!

[17] *Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi?*

[18] *Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet Ætas,*

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [19] *Quum bene notum*

Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appi,

Ire tamen reſtat Numa [20] *quo devenit &* Ancus.

Be ſtruck with bright [13] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles ſplendid Livery:
If not ſo pleas'd, at [14] Council-board rejoyce,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
From [15] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [16] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [17] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd, 41
Sigh, while his Chloë, blind to Wit and Worth,
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [18] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGS's, and may darken thine: 45
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [19] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords;
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lye;

[21] *Si latus, aut renes morbo tententur acuto.*

Quere fugam morbi —

— [22] *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*

Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis

Hoc age deliciis ——

— [23] *Virtutem verba putas, ut*

Lucum ligna? [24] *cave ne portus occupet alter,*

Ne Cybiratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[21] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [22] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be Virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[23] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [24] then, on all the wings of wild deſire!
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:

[25] *Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera: porro*
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [26] *Uxorem* cum dote, fidemque, & [27] Amicos,
Et genus & formam *regina* [28] *Pecunia donat:*
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [29] Cappadocum rex;
Ne fueris hic tu —
— [30] *Chlamydes Lucullus (ut aiunt)*
Si poſſet centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,
Qui poſſum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habebo
Mittam. Poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[31] *Exilis domus eſt, ubi non & multa* ſuperſunt,

[25] Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [26] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [27] Friends — as cannot fail to laſt.
A [28] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [29] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [30] Timon gloriouſly confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[31] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for your ſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;

Et dominum fallunt, *&* proſunt furibus. [32] *Ergo,*
Si res ſola poteſt facere & ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
  [33] *Si Fortunatum ſpecies & gratia præſtat,*
[34] Mercemur *ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum*
Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere, [36] *Hic multum in* Fabia *valet, ille* Velina:
Cuilibet hic faſces dabit, eripietque curule
Cui volet importunus *ebur.* [37] *Frater, pater, adde:*
Ut cuique eſt ætas, ita quemque [38] facetus *adopta.*
  Si, [39] *bene qui cœnat, bene vivit;* " *lucet, eamus*
" *Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur:*" *ut* [40] *olim*

Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[32] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt, 95
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[33] But if to Pow'r and Place your Paſſion lye,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the Joy;
Then [34] hire a Slave, or (if you will, a Lord) 100
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [35] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [36] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair; 106
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [37] Son, or Cozen at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [38] laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [39] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum —
— [41] *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*
Quid deceat, *quid non, obliti: Cerite cera*
Digni, [42] remigium vitioſum *Ithacenſis Ulyſſei,*
Cui potior [43] patria *fuit interdicta voluptas.*
[44] *Si (Mimnermus uti cenſet) ſine* amore, jociſque,
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore, jociſque.
[45] *Vive, vale! ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

◆

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite — 115
So [40] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [41] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Charters, in each Vice out-do 121
[42] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or Foreign Flame, 125
Renounce our [43] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [44] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[45] Adieu – if this advice appear the worſt, 131
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE,

IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace *and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to* Auguſtus, *ſeem'd ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to His Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an* Abſolute Empire. *But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two ſuch, as contribute to the Happineſs of a* Free People, *and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of* our Neighbours.

This Epiſtle will ſhow the Learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general; *whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate:* Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri, &c. *The other to imagine this Piece to be a* general Diſcourſe of Poetry; *whereas it is an* Apology for the Poets, *in order to render* Auguſtus *more their Patron.* Horace *here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the Town, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt the Emperor himſelf, who had conceived them of little uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Ro-*

mans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece *had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors. that their* Morals *were much improved, and the Licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that* Satire *and* Comedy *were become more juſt and uſeful; that whateve extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taſte of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the* State; *and concludes, that it was upon them the* Emperor *himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.*

We may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that Horace *made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.*

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [1] *ſuſtineas & tanta negotia, ſolus,*

Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,

Legibus emendes; in [2] *publica commoda peccem,*

Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

Romulus

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE,

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

WHile You, great Patron of Mankind, [1] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[2] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal?

[3] Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,

Poſt ingentia facta, [4] Deorum in templa recepti,

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella

Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;

[5] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem

Speratum meritis. Dirum qui contudit Hydram,

Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,

Comperit [6] Invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

[7] Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes

Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

Præſenti Tibi maturos largimur honores;

[3] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [4] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[5] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue to its lateſt breath
[6] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[7] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each Star of meaner merit fades away;
Oppreſs'd we feel the Beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.

To Thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [8] but mature the Praiſe:

Great

[9] *Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*
[10] Nil oriturum *alias*, nil ortum tale *fatentes.*

Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
* Te noſtris Ducibus, Te Graiis *anteferendo,*
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; &, niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit & odit.
[11] *Sic fautor* Veterum, *ut tabulas peccare vetantes*
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina vatum,
[12] *Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.*

Si, quia [13] *Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque*
Scripta, vel optima; Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.

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10 Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green, a Ballad made by a King of Scotland.

11 Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a Volume of whoſe Verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of Ribaldry, Obſcenity, and Billingſgate language.

12. The Devil Tavern, where Ben. Johnſon held his Poetical Club.

Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[9] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[10] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.

Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt.
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for Folly dead and gone.
Authors, like Coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
[11] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of Houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for *Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[12] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the †Devil.

Tho' juſtly [13] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our Sires?

Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ; [14] *pingimus, atque*
Pſallimus, & [15] luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si [16] *meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;*
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

"*Eſt vetus atque probus,* [17] *centum qui perficit amos.*
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno;
Inter quos referendus erit? [18] *vetereſne poetas,*
An quos & præſens & poſtera reſpuet ætas?

"*Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur* [19] honeſtè,
"*Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.*
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut [20] *equinæ*
Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat eluſus, ratione [21] *ruentis acervi,*

In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell,
We build, we paint, [14] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [15] learned Athens to our Art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If [16] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t'Immortalize?
"Who laſts a [17] Century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Claſſick, good in law.
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [81] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By [19] Courteſy of England, he may do.
Then, by the rule that made the [20] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

Qui redit ad [22] faſtos, & *virtutem æſtimat annis,*
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [23] *Libitina ſacravit.*

[24] *Ennius*, (& ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut Critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur,
Quo [25] promiſſa *cadaut*, & ſomnia Pythagorea.

[26] *Nævius in manibus non eſt*; at [27] *mentibus hæret*
Pæne recens:
“ [28] *Adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema!*
“ *Ambigitur* [29] *quoties, uter utro ſit prior*; *aufert*
“ *Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti*:
“ *Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro*;
“ *Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi*;
“ *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.*

---

[24] Shakeſpear and Ben. Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of Immortal Fame, the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other in his Latter works in general, which Dryden calls his *Dotages*.

[27] — *Pindaric* art, which has much more merit than his *Epic*: but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

And [21] melt down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [22] Stowe,
And eſtimating Authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [23] Bier.

[24] Shakeſpear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[25] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [26] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [27] I love the language of his Heart.

"Yet ſurely, [28] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [29] debates where Criticks bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher
writ;

" *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte*
" *Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro*
" *Spectat Roma potens;* [30] *habet hos numeratque poetas*
" *Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.*

[31] *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.*
Si [32] *veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,*
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis [33] antiquè, *ſi pleraque* [34] durè
Dicere credit eos, [35] ignavè *multa; fatetur;*
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
[36] *Non equidem inſector,* delendaque carmina *Livî*
Eſſe reor, memini quæ [37] plagoſum, [38] mihi parvo,
Obilium *dictare* ——

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[29] *Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But this Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horaces's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his anſwer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.

[32] *Gammer Gurton*, a piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries.

[33] *Spenſer too much affects the Obſolete.*] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal Meaſures, as well as the Language, of Chaucer.

" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe,[31] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age.

[32] All this may be; the People's Voice is odd, 95
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [33] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Husband praiſe,
Or ſay our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then I ſay, the Publick is a fool. 100
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [33] obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [34] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound, 105
Now Serpent-like, in [35] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-Divine.
[36] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [37] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate Hook, 110

—Sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:

Inter quæ[39] verbum emicuit *ſi forte* decorum, &

Si[40] verſus *paulo* concinnior *unus & alter*;

Injuſte totum *ducit venditque poema.*

[41] *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſè*

Compoſitum illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;

Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.

[42] *Recti necne* crocum floreſque *perambulet* Attæ

Fabula, *ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem*

Cuncti pæne patres, *ea cum reprehendere coner,*

Quæ[43] gravis Æſopus, *quæ doctus* Roſcius *egit.*

130. *A muſter-roll of Names.*] An abſurd Cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with Emphaſis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected fool
At Court, who hates whate'er he [38] read at School.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen, who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling Stars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [39] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry Deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [40] lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole Poems for an Age.

[41] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new,
While if our Elders break all Reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not Pardon, but Applauſe.
[42] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which [43] Betterton's grave Action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)

Vel quia nil [44] *rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;*
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, &, quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes predenda fateri.

Jam [45] Saliare Numæ carmen *qui laudat, & illud,*
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos, noſtraque lividus odit.

[46] *Quod ſi tam Græcis* novitas *invita fuiſſet,*
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?

[47] *Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis*
Cæpit, & in Vitium fortuna labier æqua;

How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [44] no Fools diſgrac'd the former Reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his Father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extolls old Bards, [45] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[46] Had ancient Times conſpir'd to diſ-allow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Criticks, of the mighty Dead?

[47] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In every Taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the Kings Example, liv'd and lov'd."

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† *A Verſe of the Lord* Lanſdown.

Nunc Athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [48] equorum;
[49] *Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;*
Suſpendit [50] *picta vultum mentemque tabella;*
Nunc [51] *tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragædis:*
[52] *Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,*
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc [53] *Paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.*
[54] *Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſolenne, recluſa*
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

V. 154. — *In Horſemanſhip t'excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and all the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*.

V. *On each enervate ſtring*, &c.] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.

Then Peers grew proud in [48] Horſemanſhip t'excell,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell; 150
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [49] Marble ſoften'd into life grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [50] animated Canvas ſtole 155
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;
On [51] each enervate ſtring they taught the Note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat. 160
But [52] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws; 165
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
[53] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman wou'd knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five a clock,

Cautos [55] *nominibus certis expendere nummos,*
[54] Majores *audire, minori dicere, per quæ*
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [56] *& calet uno*
Scribendi *ſtudio; pueri, patreſque ſeveri*
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina *dictant.*
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior [57] *Parthis* mendacior, *& prius orto*
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.
[58] *Navem agere* ignarus *navis timet: abrotonum ægro*
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, *dare: quod* Medicorum *eſt,*

V. 190. Ward.] A famous Empirick, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of Writing and Converſation at this time.

Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to Church, his Son to ſchool.
To [54] worſhip like his Fathers was his care; 171
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [55] Security, his Gold.
Now Times are chang'd, and one [56] Poetick Itch 175
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, Poor and Rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the Bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at Table is a Song. 180
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [57] lye,
Not ——'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When, ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore
And promiſe our beſt Friends to ryme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging Fit, 185
And call for Pen and Ink to ſhow our Wit.

[58] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;

Promittunt [59] *Medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:*
[60] *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.*
[61] *Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania, quantas*
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: Vatis [62] avarus
Non temere eſt animus: [63] *verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;*
Detrimenta, [64] fugas *ſervorum,* incendia *ridet;*
Non [65] fraudem Socio, *puerove incogitat ullam*
Pupillo: *Vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo.* [66]

Ev'n [59] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But [60] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All ryme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet Sir, [61] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [62] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [63] Plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[64] Flight of Caſhiers, or Fires, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [65] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his Diet.

Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;

[67] Militiæ *quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi.*

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,

[68] *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:*

Torquet [69] *ab obſcenis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;*

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Aſperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.

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67. *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity; (*non bene relicta parmula;*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit ſiliquis & pane ſecundo* has a relation to his Epicuriſm; *Os tenerum pueri,* is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obſcænis — Mox etiam pectus — Rectè facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it

Yet let me ſhow, a Poet's of ſome weight,
And ([67] tho' no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
[68] What will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in publick with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome monſter of a King,
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or un-believing Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted Bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtrains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [69] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our Youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth;
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.

more due than to himſelf. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what deſerves to be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verſes.

Recte facta refert; [70] *orientia tempora notis*
Inſtruit exemplis: [71] inopem *ſolatur,* & *ægrum.*
Caſtis cum [72] *pueris ignara puella mariti*
Diſceret unde [73] preces, *vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?*
Poſcit opem Chorus, & præſentia numina *ſentit;*
Cæleſtes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [74] metuenda pericula *pellit;*
Impetrat & Pacem, & *locupletem frugibus annum.*
[75] *Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.*

[76] *Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,*

Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd.
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
Stretch'd to [71] relieve the Idiot and the Poor, †
Proud Vice to laſh, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [70] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with [72] Pſalms:
The [73] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains, 231
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [74] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work, 235
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [74] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his pray'r beſought in vain,
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [75] Heav'n is won by violence of Song. 240

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† A Foundation for the maintainance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[77] *Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;*
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [78] *donec jam ſævus apertam*
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [79]*quin etiam lex*
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. Vertere modum, formidine fuſtis

Our [76] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [77] Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
But Times corrupt, and [78] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm. 256
At length, by wholſom [79] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [80] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260

Ad [80] benedicendum, delectandumque *redacti.*
[81] *Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, & Artes*
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [82] numerus Saturnius, *& grave virus*
Munditiæ *pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum*
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [83] veſtigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [84] Punica bella *quietus, quærere cœpit,*
Quid [85] *Sophocles, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent:*
Tentavit quoque rem ſi digne vertere poſſet;
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis, & acer:
Nam [86] *ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet:*
Sed [87] *turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque* lituram.

V. 273. Mr. Waller about this time with the E. of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
[81] We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms:
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and [82] Numbers learn'd to flow.
*Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtic march, and energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [83] ruſtic vein 270
And ſplay-foot verſe, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd nation [84] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [85] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.
Not but the [86] Tragic ſpirit was our own, 276
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [87] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.

Creditur, ex [88] medio *quia res arceſſit, habere*
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia *tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [89] *Aſpice Plautus*
Quo pacto [90] partes tutetur *amantis ephebi,*
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [91] edacibus in paraſitis!
Quam [92] non aſtricto *percurrat pulpita* ſocco!
Geſtit enim [93] *nummum in loculos demittere, poſt hoc*
Securus, cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam [94] *ventoſo gloria curru,*
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inſtat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit. [95] *valeat res ludicra, ſi me*
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

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[92]. Aſtræa Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, &c.

Some doubt, if equal pains or equal fire
The [88] humbler Muſe of Comedy require?
But in known Images of life I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs.[89]
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [90] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [92] looſely does Aſtræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed:
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [91] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [93] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [94] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praiſe;
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply;
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows!

[96] *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;*
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, & [97] *depugnare parati*
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [98] urſum *aut* pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.*
Verum [99] Equitis *quoque jam migravit ab* aure *voluptas*
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, *& gaudia vana.*
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [100] equitum *turmæ, peditumque catervæ:*
Mox trahitur manibus Regum *fortuna retortis;*
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[101] *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu*
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,

V. 319. The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes tried with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

[95] Farewel the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the Play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[96] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſe-leſs, worth-leſs, and un-honour'd crowd;
Who [97] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks, before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, the [98] Bear, or the Black-joke.
For Farce the people's true delight affords,
Farce, long the taſte of Mobs, but now of [99] Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [100] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt!
With [101] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.

Sive [102] elephas albus *vulgi converteret ora:*
Spectaret populum *ludis attentius ipſis,*
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem [103] *narrare putaret* aſello
Fabellam *ſurdo. Nam quæ* [104] *pervincere voces*
Evaluere ſonum referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[105] Garganum mugire *putes* nemus, *aut* mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
[106] Divitiæque peregrinæ, *quibus* [107] oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
"*Dixit adhuc aliquid?*" *Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?*
[108] *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur

---

[105] [*Orcas' ſtormy ſteep.*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades.

Let Bear or [102] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [103] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [104] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [105] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [106] petticoat,
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd
Sinks the [107] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the Univerſal peal!
“But has he ſpoken?” Not a ſyllable.
“What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare;
[108] Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
  Yet leſt you think I railly more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t'inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rymes:

Ire Poeta, [110] *meum qui pectus inaniter angit,*
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[111] *Verum age, & his, qui ſe* lectori *credere malunt,*
Quam ſpectatoris *faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,*
Curam redde brevem; ſi [112] *munus Apolline dignum*
Vis complere libris, *& vatibus addere calcar,*
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.

[113] *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,*
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum

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112. *Munus Apolline dignum,*] The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus.

362. *Merlin's Cave,*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books.

'Tis He,[110] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns,
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[111] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their Mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [112] a Library with Wit,
When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet? 355
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [113] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [114] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know; 361

[114] Sollicito *damus aut* fesso: *cum lædimur,* [115] unum
Si quis amicorum *eſt auſus reprendere* verſum:
Cum loca jam [116] *recitata revolvimus* irrevocati:
Cum [117] *lamentamur non* apparere *labores*
Noſtros, & tenui *deducta poemata* filo:
Cum [118] *ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque*
Carmina *reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro*
Arceſſas, & *egere vetes,* & ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt [119] operæ precium *cognoſcere,* quales
Ædituos *habeat belli ſpectata domique*
Virtus, [120] indigno *non committenda* poetæ.

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt our ſelves, when to defend
A [115] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat [116] unask'd; lament, the [117] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [118] from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a Place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land;
Be call'd to Court, to plan ſome work divine,
As once for LOÜIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet [119] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [120] Laureat's weighty place.

[121] *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille*
Chærilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe, *præter Apellem,*
Pingeret, *aut alius Lyſippo duceret* æra
Fortis [122] Alexandri vultum ſimulantia: *quod ſi*
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
[123] *Bæotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.*
[At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera quæ, multa dantis cum laude, tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ:]
Nec magis expreſſi [124] *vultus per ahenea ſigna,*
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [125] *quam* res *componere* geſtas;
Terrarumque [126] *ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces*
Montibus impoſitas; & [127] barbara regna, *tuiſque*
Auſpiciis totum [128] confecta duella *per* orbem,

[121] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair, 380
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [122] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed:
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning ſpirit. 385
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [123] Ruſſian Bear."

Not with ſuch [124] Majeſty, ſuch bold relief, 390
The Forms auguſt of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on Marble; as in Verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [125] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing! 395
What [126] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [127] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!

Clauſtraque [128] *Cuſtodem* Pacis *cohibentia Janum,*
Et [129] *formidatam* Parthis, *te Principe, Romam.*
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: ſed neque parvum
[130] *Carmen* Majeſtas *recipit* tua, *nec meus audet*
Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recuſant.
Sedulitas autem [131] ſtultè *quem* diligit, *urget,*
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris *commendat & arte.*
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis [132] deridet, *quam quod probat & veneratur.*
Nil moror [133] *officium quod me gravat; ac neque* ficto
In [134] pejus *vultu proponi cereus uſquam,*
Nec pravè factis decorari verſibus, opto:
Ne [135] *rubeam* pingui *donatus* munere; *& una*
Cum [136] *ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,*
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[128] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till Earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [129] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [130] Verſe alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of [131] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [132] I bite.
A vile [133] Encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools;
If true, a [134] woful likeneſs, and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [135] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [136] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

EPISTOLA II.

AD

JULIUM FLORUM.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, & tecum ſic agat: "Hic &
" Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,
" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
" Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles,
" Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti

THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*.

Dear Col'nel! COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[2] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins.—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd! 5
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the World:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall hear—
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.

“ *Cuilibet: argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ:*
“ *Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.*
“ *Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo*
“ *Ludat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.*
“ *Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære.*
“ *Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere à me*
“ *Quivis ferret idem. ſemel hic ceſſavit; &, ut fit,*
“ *In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.*
“ *Des nummos, exepta nihil te ſi* fuga *lædat.*
[3] *Ille ferat precium, pœna ſecurus, opinor.*
Prudens emiſti vicioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.
Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.

"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe.
"A perfect genius at an Opera-ſong—
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong:
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
"But Sir, to you, with what wou'd I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear 'twill break his Mother's heart.
"Once, (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
"(Cou'd you o'erlook but that)—it is, to ſteal.

[3] If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfry ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief who ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.

Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis
Ærumnis laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit & bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum *evertere prætor*
Neſcio quod *cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem*
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,

You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhime?
 [5] In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor Dog! and loſt it to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leapt the Trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next pleas'd his excellence a Town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave"—
Don't you remember what reply he gave?

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit,
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo *dignoſcere* rectum,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere *verum.*
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti *non reſponſura lacertis.*
Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris *& fundi, paupertas impulit audax*
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,

" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a Sot? 50
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[6] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd as ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt, 60
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thundring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind 65
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,

Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quàm ſcribere verſus?

Singula de nobis anni prædantur *euntes;*
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes; hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, & ſale nigro.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multùm diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſanè eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.

Sure I ſhould want the care of ten *Monroes, 70
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
[7] Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from our ſelves away;
In one our Frolicks, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend: 75
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhime?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill
That turn'd ten thouſand Verſes, now ſtands ſtill.
[8] But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroicks only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindarick lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg; 85
Hard task! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dar---n--f deteſts.
[9] But grant I may relapſe, for want of Grace,
Again to rhime, can London be the place?

---

* *Dr.* Monroe, *Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.*

Præter cætera, me Romæne *poemata cenſes*

Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humanè commoda! "Verum

"*Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.*"

Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemtor;

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:

Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.

Who there his muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends?
In crouds and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Palace-Yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-Square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A Hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a Thought,
And then a nodding beam, or Pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen at Guild-hall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Carr?
[10] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous Verſe—but not aloud.

---

* Two Villages within a few miles of London.

I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi ſomno gaudentis & umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, & contacta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem *dedit, inſenuitque*
Libris & curis, ſtatuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, & riſu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, & tempeſtatibus Urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at * Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhime in this eternal roar?
How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat
To Books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the Sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
"The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;

---

* *Two Villages within a few miles of London.*

Frater erat Romæ Conſulti Rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mucius illi.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
Carmina *compono, hic* elegos; " *mirabile viſu!*
" *Cælatumque novem Muſis opus!*" *aſpice primum,*
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, & procul *audi,*
Quid ferat, & quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.

With equal Talents, theſe congenial Souls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity wou'd make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at M—y, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir your law"–and "Sir, your eloquence"–
"Yours Cooper's manner–and yours Talbot's Senſe."
[12] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the nine
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you.
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains, 145
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhiming race;

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum.
Cùm ſcribo, & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, & mentè receptâ,
Obturem *patulas* impunè legentibus *aures.*
Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro,
Si taceas, laudant quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum *cupiet feciſſe poema,*
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita *recedant,*
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
Obſcurata diu populo bonus *eruet, atque*
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,

And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To ſeek applauſe by printing what I write: 150
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
[14] In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue, 155
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears, 165
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Such as wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;

Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet nova, *quæ* genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis *ſpeciem dabit,* & torquebitur; *ut qui*
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.

Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent *mala me, vel denique* fallant,
Quàm ſapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis *Argis,*
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo *lætus ſeſſor plauſorque* theatro:

Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For uſe will father what's begot by ſenſe) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign Tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line; 175
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance,
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
[15] If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool; 181
Call, if you will, bad rhiming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall Fool, a Lord; 185
Who, tho' the houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:

Cæterea qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis *hoſpes,*
Comis *in uxorem,* poſſet *qui ignoſcere ſervis,*
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire *lagenæ:*
Poſſet qui rupem, & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: "Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris *concedere ludum;*
Ac non verba ſequi ſidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque *ediſcere* vitæ.

In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wiſe,
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well:
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends? he cry'd, p--x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
[17] Well, on the whole, then Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave Verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
[18] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;

Quocirca mecum *loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:*

Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice vel herbâ

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ

Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui

Rem Dì donarent, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam; & cùm ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo

Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iiſdem?

Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in my penſive Grott.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
[19] If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe? 215
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
[20] When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D---! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach. 225
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,

At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.
Si proprium *eſt, quod quis librâ mercatus & ære eſt,*
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis*) mancipat* uſus:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; & villicus Orbi,
Cum ſegetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum ſentit. das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, *an* olim?
Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis, & arvi,
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, quà populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam

The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[21] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
Rich He—te's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[22] H—te himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men, 240
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln Town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land, 246
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:

Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,

Nunc prece, nunc precio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſupremâ,

Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia perpetuus *nulli datur* uſus, *& heres*

Heredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;

Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,

Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curet habere.

Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[23] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour;
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave:
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my **Bathurst**! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwold hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and Pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of Oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[24] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not--and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives & importunus, *ad umbram lucis ab ortu*
Silveſtrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum,
Scit Genius, *natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,*
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, *mortalis in unum-*
    Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.

Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poſcet acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,
Quod non plura datis *invenerit. & tamen idem*
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, & quantum diſcordet parcus avaro,

[25] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by ſtrong benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame
[27] Yes Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor wou'd live without a place:

Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque *fruaris tempore* raptim.
Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit. ego, utrùm
Nave ferar magnâ *an* parvâ; *ferar* unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare, 290
Divided between careleſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore,
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away. 295
[27] What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The Ship it ſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
[28] "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales gratè numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior & melior ſis accedente ſenectâ?
Quid te exemta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?
Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatìs, ediſti ſatìs, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largiùs æquo
Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas.

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[29] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

◆

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L.

THE

FIRST ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI
ODARUM
LIB. IV. ODE. I.

AD VENEREM.

INTER *miſſa Venus diu*
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non ſum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: Deſine, dulcium
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

THE
FIRST ODE
OF THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
HORACE:

To Venus.

AGain? new Tumults in my Breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen *Anne*.
Ah ſound no more the ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing Hearts your wanton fires.

Tempeſtivius in domo
Paulli, *purpureis ales oloribus,*
Comeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis & decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Latè ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream, ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyræque & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.

To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round M**y all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
hall ſtretch thy Conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Græcian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial Life and ſocial Love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary Scene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding Lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the Dance, or animate the Song;

Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero :
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
——Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo : jam volucrem ſequor
Te, per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

There, Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal Garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
—But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe at one glance of Thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream,
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt, (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver Ray,
And now, on rolling Waters ſnatch'd away.

* * *

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* * *

SATIRES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

To which are added,

SATIRES of Dr. *JOHN DONNE*

Verſify'd by the ſame Hand.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Occaſion of publiſhing theſe* Imitations *was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my* Epiſtles. *An Anſwer from* Horace *was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I cou'd have made in my own perſon; and the Example of ſo much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr.* Donne, *ſeem'd a proof with what Indignation and Contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high, a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Miniſters under whom they lived: The Satires of Dr.* Donne *I verſify'd at the Deſire of the Earl of* Oxford *while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of* Shrewsbury *who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater Error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to incourage, the miſtaking a* Satyriſt *for a* Libeller; *whereas to a* true Satyriſt *nothing is ſo odious as a* Libeller, *for the ſame reaſon as to a man* truly Virtuous *nothing is ſo hateful as a* Hypocrite.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HOR.[1] SUNT *quibus in Satyra videar nimis*
acer, & ultra
Legem tendere opus; [2] *ſine nervis altera quicquid*
Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci *poſſe,* [3] *Trebati!*
Quid faciam? Præſcribe.

SATIRE I.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[1] There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[2] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[3] I come to Council learned in the Law.
You'll give me, like a Friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.

TREB. [4] *Quieſcas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*
Omnino verſus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male ſi non*
Optimum erat: [5] *verum nequeo dormire,*

TREB. [6] *Ter uncti*
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto,
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[7] *Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere,* [8] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
Deficiunt: [9] *neque enim quivis* horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo *deſcribat vulnera Parthi.*

F. [4] I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[5] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in Company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious — take a Wife:
[6] Or rather truly, if your point be Reſt,
Lettuce and Cowſlip wine: *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus may adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[7] Or if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe:
[8] You'll gain at leaſt a Knighthood, or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir [9] Richard, rumbling, rough & fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous Sound our ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs & Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?

TREB. [10] *Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,*
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.
HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*
Cum res ipſa feret. [11] *Niſi* dextro tempore *Flacci*
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem;
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
TREB. [12] *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[13] *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, & odit.*
HOR. [14] *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto*
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis:

F. [10] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. [11] Alas! few Verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a year:
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to Hiſtory he truſts for Praiſe.
F. [12] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good Men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[13] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail 'em?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. [14] Each mortal has his Pleaſure: None deny
Sc*le his Bottle, D*ty his Ham-Pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;

[15] *Caſtor gaudet equis*; ovo prognatus eodem
Pugnis: *quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum*
Millia: [16] *me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*
Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.
Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus, olim
Credebat libris; neque ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc, [17] *Lucanus an Appulus anceps*:
[*Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,*
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis,
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania, bellum
Incuteret violenta.]

[15] F—loves the Senate, Hockly-hole his Brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[16] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen, 55
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends; 60
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[17] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between, 67
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In Moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory. 70

[18] Sed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro

Quenquam animantem; & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis

Vagina tectus, quem cur diſtringere coner,

[19] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? [20] O Pater & Rex

Jupiter! ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

Nec quiſquam noceat [21] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)

[22] Flebit, & inſignis tota contabitur urbe.

[23] Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;

Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;

Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:

[24] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque

Imperet hoc natura potens; ſic collige mecum.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus

Monſtratum?

[18] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[19] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[20] Save but our *Army*! and let Jove incruſt
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
[21] Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Who'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[22] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry Song.
[23] Slander or Poyſon dread from *Delia*'s rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *
From furious *Sappho* ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[24] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug:

[25] *Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti*
Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[26] *Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus*
Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops, Romæ, ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,
[27] *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*
Treb. [28] *O puer, ut ſis*
Vitalis, metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
Hor. [29] *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*

[25] So drink with Waters or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poyſon you, they'll only cheat.
[26] Then learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint, but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd
To wrap me in the Univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[27] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [28] Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [29] What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs, guilty men,
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a Star;

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[30] Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quiſque per ora*
'*Cederet*, introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui
Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;
Scilicet [31] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[32] *Quin ubi ſe a* Vulgo *&* Scena, *in* Secreta *remorant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, *& mitis* Sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.

Can there be wanting, to defend her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [30] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, unpenſion'd, no Man's heir, or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Here this, and tremble! you, who ſcape the Laws.
Know, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World in quiet to his grave.
[31] To VIRTUE ONLY AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[32] There, my retreat the beſt companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly Bowl,
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of Soul:

— Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniumque, tamen me
[34] *Cum* magnis vixiſſe *invita fatebitur uſque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido; —
[35] — *Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,
Diſſentis. TREBAT.
[36] *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum.
[37] "Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
Judiciumque."

And * He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn Plain,
Almoſt as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.
[34] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleaſure, and no Spy of State,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread Friendſhips, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[35] What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?
F. [36] Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
[37] Conſult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*

---

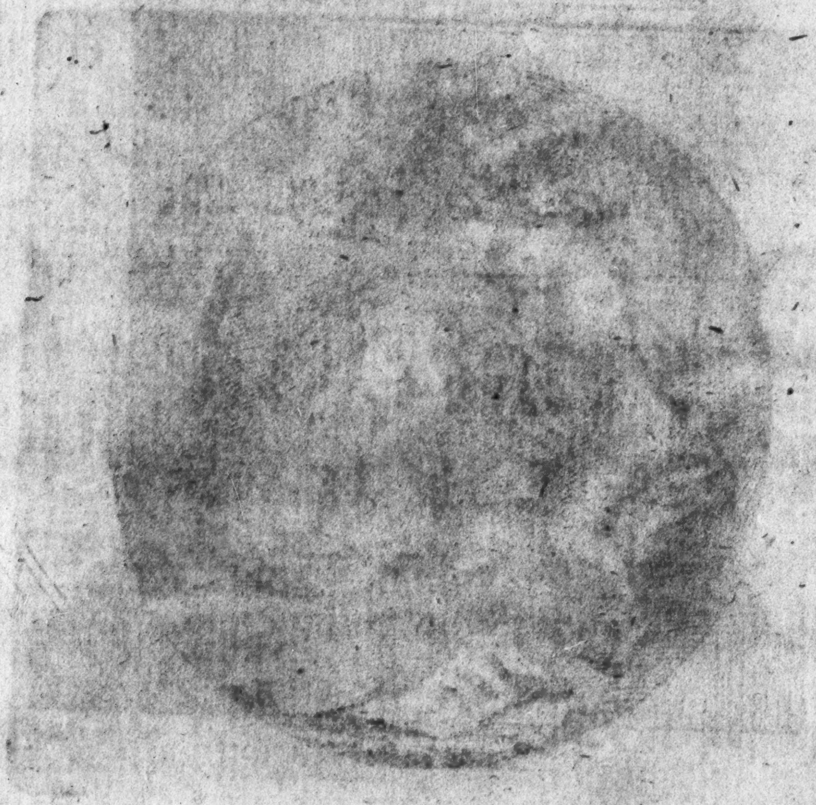
* Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the Year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the Winter following with only 280 Horſe and 900 Foot enterprized, and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia.

Hor. *Eſto, ſiquis* [38] mala; *ſed* bona *ſiquis*
Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare: *ſiquis*
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe,
[39] *Solventur riſu tabulæ; tu miſſus abibis.*

W. K. inv. P. F. sc.

See *Libels*, *Satires* — there you have it — read.
  P. [38] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert wou'd approve —
                    F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd — you may then proceed;
[39] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

See *Libels*, *Satires* — there you have it — read.
P. [38] *Libels* and *Satires*! lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert wou'd approve — 155
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd — you may then proceed.
[39] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.



THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE
PARAPHRASED.

SATIRE II.da.

[1] *Quæ virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,*
(Nec meus hic Sermo, ſed quem præcepit Ofellus
Ruſticus, [4] abnormis *ſapiens*, craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite [5] *non inter lanceis*, menſaſque nitenteis,
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, *& cum*
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat ;
[3] *Verum hic* impranſi *mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?*
Dicam ſi potero ——

SATIRE II.

[1] WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart,
[2] (A Doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Lets talk, my friends, but talk [3] before we dine:
[5] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
  Hear *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[4] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.

— — [8] *Leporem ſectatus, equove Laſſus* —
Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. — [9] *Foris eſt Promus, & atrum*
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo *eſt* ***

[10] *Vix tamen eripiam, poſito* pavone, *velis quin*
Hoc potius quam gallina, *tergere palatum* —
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta
Quam laudas, pluma? — [11] *Laudas inſane,* trilibrem
Mullum, *in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.*
Ducit te ſpecies video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros *odiſſe* lupos? *quia ſcilicet illis*
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

[12] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem (*ait* Harpyiis *gula digna rapacibus*) *at vos*
Præſentes Auſtri! coquite horum opſonia: Quamvis

[8] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.
[9] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or kept from fiſh, (the River yet un-thaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, not in the meat.
[10] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a Pheaſant ſtill before a Hen;
Yet Hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[11] Of Carps and Mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[12] Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "ſend me, Gods! a whole Hog † barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [13] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a Rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?

---

† A *Weſt-Indian* Term of Gluttony, a Hog roaſted whole, ſtuff'd with Spice, and baſted with *Madera* Wine.

Putet aper, rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum, cum rapula *plenus*
Atque acidas mavult inulas. [15] *Necdum* omnis *abacta*
Pauperies *epulis regum: nam* vilibus ovis
Nigriſque eſt oleis *hodie locus.*—
[16] *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque* ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. [17] *Ergo*
Siquis nunc mergos *ſuaves edixerit* aſſos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.
[18] *Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello*
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravum detorſeris. Avidienus
[19] *(Cui* Canis *ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)*

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
He'll find no reliſh in the ſweeteſt Meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[15] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee,
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[16] The *Robin-red-breaſt* till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a *Martin*'s neſt,
Till *Becca-ficos* ſold ſo dev'liſh dear,
To one that was, or would have been a Peer.
[17] Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oyſters fed,
I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfiſh* recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[18] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not ſordid, tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[19] *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [20] dog, and her a bitch)

Quinquennes oleas eſt, & ſylveſtria corna.
[21] *Ac niſi* mutatum *parcit defundere* vinum, &
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (*licebit*
Ille repotia, natales, *alioſque dierum*
[22] Feſtus *albatus celebret*) *cornu ipſe bilibri*
Caulibus *inſtillat*; [23] veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[24] *Mundus erit qui non offendat ſordibus, atque*
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [25] *Hic neque* ſervis
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus *erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex* [26] *Nævius*, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: *vitium hoc quoque magnum.*
[27] *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*
Afferat. [28] *In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res*

Sell their preſented Partridges, and Fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[21] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [22] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [23] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear,
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the Cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[24] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, or on that:
Nor [25] ſtops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away;
Nor lets, like [26] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs,
[27] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: [28] The ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh,

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex [29] olim *tibi ſederat; at ſimul aſſis*
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertunt, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [30] *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*
Cæna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum *quoque prægravat una,*
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
[31] *Alter ubi dicto citius curata ſopori*
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[32] *Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:*
Sive diem feſtum *rediens advexerit annus,*
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: *ubique*
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla *volet.* [33] *Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam*
Quam puer & validus præ-ſumis mollitiem, ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?

When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the Man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [29] the School-boys ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[30] How pale, each Worſhipful and rev'rend Gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City, feaſt! 71
What life in all that ample Body, ſay,
What heav'nly Particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines. 75
[31] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind.
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[32] Not but we may exceed, ſome Holy time, 80
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill Health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sickneſs of long Life, Old-age;
[33] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Veſſel drains? 85

[34] Rancidum aprum *antiqui laudabant, non quia naſus*
Illis nullus erat, ſed (credo) *hac mente, quod hoſpes*
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [35] *Hos utinam inter*
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet!
[36] *Das aliquid* Famæ? (*quæ* carmine gratior *aurem*
Occupat humanam) *Grandes rhombi, patinæque*
Grande ferent una [37] *cum* damno dedecus. *Adde*
[38] *Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[39] *As,* laquei *pretium.*

[34] Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no noſe?
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt:
Better to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[35] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
([36] That ſweeteſt Muſick to an honeſt ear;
For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The World's good word is better than a Song)
Who has not learn'd, [37] freſh Sturgeon and Ham pye
Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [38] Neighbours, thy Truſtees, thy ſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how Poſterity will treat thy name;
And [39] buy a Rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

—[40] *Jure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis*
Jurgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [41] *Ergo*
Quod ſuperat, *non eſt* melius quo *inſumere poſſis?*
Cur eget indignus quiſquam *te divite? quare*
[42] Templa *ruunt* antiqua *Deum? cur* improbe! *caræ*
Non aliquid patriæ *tanto emetiris acervo?*
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
[43] *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*
[44] *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*
Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

[40] " Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a Rogue in need
" To have a Taſte, is Inſolence indeed:
" In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [41] Bounty ſpread her ray, 115
And ſhine that Superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [42] new-built Churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 120
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per Cent*.
[43] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jeſt for all mankind!
And [44] who ſtands ſafeſt, tell me? is it he 125
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In Peace provides fit arms againſt a War?
[45] Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

[45] *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus* Ofellum
Integris *opibus novi non latius uſum,*
Quam nunc [46] acciſis. *Videas,* metato *in agello,*
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam præter [47] olus, *fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.*
At mihi cum [48] longum poſt tempus *venerit hoſpes,*
Sive operum vacuo, *&c.*—*bene erit, non* piſcibus *urbe petitis,*
Sed pullo *atque* hædo; *tum* [50] penſilis uva *ſecundas*
Et nux *ornabit menſas, cum* duplice ficu.
Poſthac ludus erit [51] *Cuppa potare Magiſtra,*
Ac venerata Ceres, *ut culmo ſurgeret alto,*
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In *South-ſea* days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than ev'n now [46] *Excis'd*;
In Foreſts planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [47] Broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But [48] ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [49] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[50] From yon old wallnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
And figs, from ſtandard and Eſpalier join:
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then [51] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay *Grace*.

Sæviat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego *parcius, aut* vos,

O pueri nituiſtis, ut huc [52] novus Incola *venit?*

[53] *Nam* propriæ telluris *herum natura neque illum*

Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut [54] Nequities, *aut* [55] vafri inſcitia juris,

Poſtremo expellit certe [56] vivacior hæres,

[57] *Nunc ager* Umbreni ſub nomine, *nuper* Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedet in uſum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [58] *Quocirca vivite fortes!*

Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [52] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my Father's houſe is gone; 160
I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.) 165
"Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."—
Well, if the Uſe be mine, can it concern one, 170
Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [53] *Property*? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [54] Peter Walter,
Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's ſhare,
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the Heir, 175

Or in pure [55] Equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [56] ungracious ſon,
That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
[57] Shades, that to Ba**n could retreat afford,
Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley, once proud * Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
[58] Let lands and houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own Maſters ſtill

---

* Villers Duke of Buckingham.

W. K. in
Cuppa potare magistra
P. F. sc.

SATIRES

OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St. PAUL's.

Quid vetat, ut noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius? HOR.

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beneath one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sa**, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:

Though like the Peſtilence, and old faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out, yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate;
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by his labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move Love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſts is the Poets ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves ſome Rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded Puppets dance and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring Bellows blow;
Th' inſpiring Bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair; but Songs no longer move,
No Rat is rhym'd to death, nor Maid to love:
In Love's, in Nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the Fleſh, the Dev'l, and all but Gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy Beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worſt, who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
The meat was mine, th' excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
To out-doe Dildoes, and out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, to out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make:
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandments large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus, *only, breeds my juſt offence,*
Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd indeed from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more;
Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame,
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Charters,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his Heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act Sins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears:
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom Crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a Clap to Pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a Calf an Ox,

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Then are new benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets, or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady: Speak Coſcus. I have been
In love ever ſince triceſimo *of the Queen:*
Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got
To ſtay my rival's ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed; ſpare me: in Hillary term I went,
You ſaid, if I return'd next ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in Remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters ſhould take place
Of Affidavits. words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maids ſoft ear;
More, more then ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
When ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe

And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the Fop to do,
But turn a Wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per Cent.* and that *per Year*?
To court a Wife, and ſpread his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts?
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
 Curs'd be the Wretch! ſo venal and ſo vain;
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If Coſcus deigns to help you to your *own*:
What thanks, what praiſe, if Coſcus but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!

Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings Favorite — or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots *to* Wight, *from* Mount *to* Dover *ſtrand,*
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins, as he;
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe

Grave, as when Priſ'ners ſhake the head, and ſwear
'Twas only Suretyſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment-Fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the Fire;
For you, he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots Coſcus puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the Laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your Cauſe,
And lyes to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.
  Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked W**rs ev'n to godly ——
Not more of Simony beneath black Gowns,
Nor more of Baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal,
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover ſtrand.
Oh! when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to J**n punts at White's,

Of waſting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes Wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as Maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length, (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When Luther *was profeſt, he did deſire*
Short Pater noſters, *ſaying as a Fryer*
Each day his beads, but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſts prayer, the power and glory clauſe.)
But when he ſells or changes land, h'impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ſes heires,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.

Or City heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this Acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole Eſtate:
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw;
Large as the Fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their gloſſes, are:
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for You, each Rogue impairs
The Deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes Heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in Quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
  So Luther thought the Paternoſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his Beads and Evenſong;
But having caſt his Cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Pow'r and Glory* clauſe.

Where are thoſe ſpred woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within doore.
Where the old Landlords Troops, and Almes? In Halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hecatombs,
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we' allow
Good works, as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th'huge Statutes jawes.

The Lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient Woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built Palaces aſpire,
No Kitchens emulate the Veſtal Fire.
Where are thoſe Troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old Landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs,
That both Extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe, as good works 'tis true we all allow;
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old Wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
  Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt without offence;
Let no Court-Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

* * *

THE
FOURTH SATIRE
OF
Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

WELL; *I may now receive, and die. My ſin*
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,

THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

WELL, if it be my time to quit the Stage,
Adieu to all the Follies of the Age!
I die in Charity with fool and knave,
Secure of Peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhymes.

I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; But as Glare *which did go*
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to disburſe
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap't; So't pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going,) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwel in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I ſuffer'd this; Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Niles ſlime, the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's *Ark came:*
A thing which would have pos'd Adam *to name:*
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africks Monſters, Guianaes rarities,

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh Pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain Itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no Commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no Benefice, I begg'd no Place;
Had no new Verſes, or new Suit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court! — the Dev'l wou'd have it ſo.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Wou'd go to Maſs in jeſt, (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his Fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
Such was my fate; whom heav'n adjudg'd as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came
A Thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the race of Reptiles might embark:

Stranger than ſtrangers: One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentices 'gainſt Strangers riſe.
One whom the Watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?

His cloaths were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black though bare,
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain Raſh a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and ſaith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe.
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But Pedants motly tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,

A verier Monſter than on Africk's ſhore
The Sun e're got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane, or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain;
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
The Watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night, wou'd ſwear him dropt out of the moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take; 35
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
  Such was the Wight: Th' apparel on his back
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Beſs,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
  This Thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue exotic and refin'd.

Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter Favorites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.

Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; M*tt**x I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgell too:
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of G**ſ*n's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling bar;
Theſe I cou'd bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will complement you to the devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt Whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.
He ſpies me out. I whiſper, gracious God!
What ſin of mine cou'd merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if —'s your name.
What Speech eſteem you moſt? – "The King's, ſaid I.
But the beſt Words? — "O Sir, the Dictionary.

Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named: here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo Panurgus was;
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.

He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;

You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker? — "Onſlow, paſt diſpute.
But Sir, of writers? — "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"And Ho*y for a period of a mile.
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs;
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth, th'Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſoft tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove your ſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the tow'r had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever buried in the ſhade?
"Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhou'd be ſeen,
"The King would ſmile on you — at leaſt the Queen?"

No more can Princes Courts, though there be ſew
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.

He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O ſir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price, doth with who ever comes
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your eares ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is Kings ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, courſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajol us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus*:
And as for Courts, forgive me if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies:
"Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then happy man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He, ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
"Lord! Sir, a meer mechanick! ſtrangely low,
"And courſe of phraſe— your Engliſh all are ſo.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grown'd
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And asks, what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly,

"How elegant your Frenchman?—Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me dye,
"Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not Sir my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my Diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe Iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And Itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
  He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He asks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears; and as a Still, with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute;
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.

More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle States-man may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poyſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
Who waſts in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shels to tranſport; ſhortly, boyes ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer then all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale, and ſickly, like a Patient, yet

Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollingſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; & what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that?
Who ſins with whom? who got his penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a reverſion by a drug?
Whoſe Place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore?
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government?
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th'unknowing Widow, and the Poor?
Who makes a Truſt, or Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?
Why Turnpikes roſe, and why no cit, nor clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town?
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'ſquire his lands, what citizen his wife?

He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came, to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He ſaith, our wars thrive ill, becauſe delai'd;
That Offices are intail'd and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards *ſhare, and* Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt my ſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,

And laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall?
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,— yet he thruſts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks gazettes and poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, I ſweat.
Then, as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.

To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſignes of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but the' hower
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a Fine to 'ſcape his torturing,
And ſayes, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;
Nay, Sir, Can you ſpare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as Fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me:
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.

I fear'd th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw!
In that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again—
Then cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty Train;
Not Fannius ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid to ſee
All the court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Run out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
There Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings.
There ſober Thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

At home in wholeſom ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a Trance
Like his, who dream't he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o're me: Such men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, Thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our Court? I
*Think he which made your * Waxen garden, and*
Tranſported it, from Italy, to ſtand

---

* A Show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the Firſt.

A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And force ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dantè dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee,
For huffing, braggart, puſt Nobility?
Thou who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, O ſun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a Court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a * *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:

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* A famous Show of the Court of France in Waxwork.

With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paſt; all whom the Mues,
Baloun, or Tennis, Diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the Preſence, *and I, (God pardon me)*
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as Court; All are players. Who e'r looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide Books,

Such painted Puppets, ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dreſs and Face,
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's or White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court! and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the Drawing-room:
In hues as gay, and odours as divine
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to Fools-coats and to Fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,

Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As Pirats, which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel,
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'r wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoo, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſch: and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's *rules ſurvey the ſtate*

Sail in the Ladies: How each Pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him.
"Dear Countes! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And "ſweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!
Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the Beauty and the Wit are bought. 235
'Twou'd burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe Anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The Moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all Beau-kind the beſt proportion'd Fools!
Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
What Terrors wou'd diſtract each conſcious ſoul,
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe Monkey-tails that wagd behind their head!

Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition;
And whiſpers by Jeſu *ſo oft, that a*
Purſevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Ladies Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius *that will plague them both,*
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,

Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
With Band of Lilly, and with Cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt;
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt, proteſt*:
Peace, Fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another. 260
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe Air cries Arm! whoſe very Look's an Oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his Soul's Bullet, and his Body Buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before 265
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;

He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols t' execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flagons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie — Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, for as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be

And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe;
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd Fool, commands like Law.
Frighted I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jayls to Execution go;
For hung with * deadly Sins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an † Aſcapart, of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs:
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd Spy.
Courts are no match for wits ſo weak as mine;
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satyr's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:

---

* The Room hung with Tapeſtry, now very antient, repreſenting the Seven Deadly Sins.

† A Giant famous in divers Romances.

To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With Maccabees *modeſty) the known merit*
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

'Tis mine to waſh a few ſlight ſtains, but theirs
To deluge Sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

EPITAPHS

BY

Mr. *POPE.*

His ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

EPITAPHS.

I.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. *who having reſigned his place, dyed in his Retirement at* Eaſthamſted *in* Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing form; a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:

An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

II.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET,

In the Church of Knolle *in* Kent.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd!
The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:

Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

III.

On the Hon^{ble} SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT: *at the Church of* Stanton-Harcourt *in* Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near.
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If POPE muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

In Weſtminſter-Abby.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair ſhrine we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:
Beneath a * rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!

---

* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this Hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph.

This Sheffield *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was Dryden *once: The reſt who does not know?*

Which the Author ſince chang'd into the plain Inſcription now on it, being only the Name of that Great Poet,

J. DRYDEN.
Natus Aug. 9, 1631.
Mortuus Maij 1, 1701.
Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamienſis, fecit.

One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong yet ſo refin'd,
Heav'n, as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VI.

On the Monument of the Honble ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of* Sherborne *in* Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacifick truth:
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Go live! for heav'ns Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!

Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known,
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.
Yet take theſe tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief;
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Weſtminſter-Abby, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
Reſts crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.

*Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

VIII.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abby, 1729.

HEre WITHERS reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!

---

* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*
—— Raphael, timuit quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

IX.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſted *in* Berks, 1730.

THis modeſt Stone what few vain Marbles can
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt Man.
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;

From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

X.

On Mr. GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

SEvere of Morals, but of Nature mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child;
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great;
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honors! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt,
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms — *Here* lies GAY.

XI.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Natures Laws lay hid in Night.
God ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and All was *Light.*

THE DUNCIAD,

IN

THREE BOOKS,

Written in the Year 1727.

WITH

Notes Variorum,

AND THE

PROLEGOMENA of *SCRIBLERUS.*

THE
DUNCIAD,
IN
THREE BOOKS,

Written in the Year 1727.

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A
LETTER to the PUBLISHER,
Occaſioned by the firſt correct
Edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear that you have procured a correct Copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary, and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work ſo neceſſary, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approv'd of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurr'd to me I herewith ſend you; you will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others: ſince not only the Author's friends, but even ſtrangers, appear ingag'd by humanity, to take ſome care of an orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its Parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſh'd, that my great regard to a Perſon whoſe friendſhip I ſhall ever eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to Truth than to him or any man living, ingag'd me in enquiries, of which the inclos'd Notes are the fruit.

I perceiv'd, that moſt of theſe authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt Aggreſſors: they had try'd till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other; no body was either concern'd, or ſurpriz'd, if this or that Scribler was prov'd a Dunce; but every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. *Pope* one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery: A ſtratagem which wou'd they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his friends. They had call'd men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had leiſure or inclination to call them bad Writers: and ſome had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons, as well as their ſlanders, till they were pleas'd to revive them.

Now what had Mr. *Pope* done before to incenſe them? he had publiſh'd thoſe works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made of any of them: And what has he done ſince? he has laugh'd and written the *Dunciad*. What has that ſaid of them? a very ſerious truth which the publick had ſaid before, that they were dull; and what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure or even purchaſe room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only attack'd his writings: ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his tryal by his country. But when his moral character was attack'd, and in a manner from which neither Truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent, in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſer, (I mean by authors without names:) then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the Authors not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame, who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt Names in Church and State, expos'd to the world the private misfortunes of families, abus'd all even to Women, and whoſe proſtituted papers for one or other Party, in the unhappy diviſions of their Country, have inſulted the Fallen, the Friendleſs, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a publick concern, I have already confeſs'd I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long lov'd and eſteem'd Mr. *Pope*, and had often declared it was not only as a Writer (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character) but as an honeſt, open, and beneficent Man, that we eſteem'd and lov'd him. Now if what theſe people ſay were believ'd, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave, either impos'd on my ſelf, or impoſing on them: So that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no Author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight; and as for their writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procur'd me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them, which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure prevent it, by preſerving at leaſt their * Titles, and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the conceal'd authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the perſons are too *obſcure* for Satyr. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the Satyr; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors and of domeſticks within, moſt wrongfully chaſtized, if the Meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts, Morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no publick puniſhment left but what a good writer inflicts.

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* Which we have done in a Liſt in the Appendix.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are *Poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Bailey for leſſer crimes than defamation, for 'tis the caſe of almoſt all who are try'd there; but ſure it can be no excuſe here, ſince no man will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf. I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But Poverty here is the accident, not the ſubject: he who deſcribes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt paleneſs or leanneſs, but againſt malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo* and *Juliet* is poor, but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatyr, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it encreaſes the publick burden, fills the ſtreets and high-ways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journaliſts.

But admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their Morals, than in their writings; muſt Poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors would be much better taken care of than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been call'd by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get 'em out of it: For men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for Satyr, and the publick objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it muſt be allow'd that our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given 'em a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections (ſuppoſing them good) and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company. But if without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embark'd; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them?

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his *Friends*; ſurely they are their enemies who ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I can't perſuade my ſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal Averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his *Admirers*, I wou'd gladly ask, if it lays him under any perſonal obligation? at that rate he would be the moſt oblig'd humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear as to theſe in particular, he never deſir'd them to be his Admirers, nor promis'd in return to be theirs; that had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance: But wou'd not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the Author of the *Eſſay on Criticiſm?* Be it as it will, the reaſons of their

Admiration and of his Diſlike are equally ſubſiſting; for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One therefore of their accuſations I believe may be juſt, "That he has a Contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be ſooner allow'd by himſelf, than by any good judge beſide, "That his own have found too much ſucceſs with the publick." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the publick, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might ſeem a better plea for theſe people, than any they have made uſe of. If Obſcurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from ſatyr, much more ſhould Folly or Dulneſs, which are ſtill more involuntary, nay as much ſo as perſonal deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes the object of ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt Dulneſs when he ſets up for a Wit. They are not ridicul'd becauſe Ridicule in it ſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition, becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topicks of the moſt candid Satyriſts, from the *Codrus* of *Juvenal* to the *Damon* of *Boileau*.

Having mention'd *Boileau*, the greateſt and moſt judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt Him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn to them by their Superiors, in the general eſteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fortune, having had for his Tranſlators Perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective Nations[*]. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What *Boileau* has done in almoſt all his Poems, our Author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on his principle of attacking few but who had ſlander'd him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confin'd from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhall give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of 'em treated as gently (on their repentance or better merit) as *Perault* and *Quinault* were at laſt by *Boileau*.

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[*] Eſſay on Criticiſm in *French* Verſe by General *Antony Hamilton*. The ſame in Verſe alſo by Monſieur *Roboton*, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King *George* I. After by the Abbe *Reſnel*, in Verſe, with Notes, *Paris* 1730.

Rape of the Lock, in *French*, *Paris* 1728. In *Italian* Verſe, by the Abbe *Conti*, a Noble *Venetian*; and by the Marqueſs *Rangoni*, Envoy Extraordinary from *Modena* to King *George* II.

Others of his Works by *Salvini* of *Florence*, &c.

His Eſſays and Diſſertations on *Homer*, in *French*, *Paris* 1728.

In one Point I muſt be allow'd to think the character of our *Engliſh* Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or ſucceſs: he has liv'd with the Great without Flattery, been a friend to Men in power without Penſions, from whom as he ask'd, ſo he receiv'd no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satyrs were the more juſt for being delay'd, ſo were his Panegyricks; beſtow'd only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerv'd in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of Power, or out of

Faſhion †. A Satyr therefore on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practiſe became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none (it is plain) was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abus'd, namely the Greateſt and Beſt of all Parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that tho' ingag'd in their friendſhips, he never eſpous'd their animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' variety of Fortune, or change of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

I ſhall conclude with remarking what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of humanity, to ſee all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own Ill nature, but only puniſhing that of others. To his Poem thoſe alone are capable to do juſtice, who, to uſe the Words of a great Writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his Subject and his Manner) *Vetuſtis dare novitatem, obſoletis nitorem, obſcuris lucem, faſtiditis gratiam.* I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND.

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† As Mr. *Wycherley*, at the time the Town declaim'd againſt his Book of Poems: Mr. *Walſh*, after his death: Sir *William Trumbull*, when he had reſign'd the Office of Secretary of State; Lord *Bolingbroke* at his leaving *England* after the Queen's death: Lord *Oxford* in his laſt decline of Life: Mr. Secretary *Craggs* at the end of the South-Sea Year, and after his death: Others, only in *Epitaphs*.

DENNIS, *Rem. on Pr.* Arth.

I Cannot but think it the moſt *reaſonable* thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh Good writers, by diſcouraging the Bad. Nor is it an *ill-natur'd* thing, in relation even to the very *perſons* upon whom the Reflections are made: It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a *ſhort Profit* and a *tranſitory Reputation:* But then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very *unfit*, and to have recourſe to ſomething in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

The *Perſons* whom *Boileau* has attack'd in his writings, have been for the moſt part *Authors*, and moſt of thoſe Authors, *Poets:* And the cenſures he hath paſs'd upon them have been *confirm'd by all Europe.* [Character of Mr. *P.* 1716.]

GILDON, *Preface to his* New Rehearſ.

It is the common cry of the *Poetaſters* of the Town, and their Fautors, that it is an *Ill-natur'd thing* to expoſe the *Pretenders* to Wit and Poetry. The Judges and Magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproach'd with *Ill-nature*, for putting the Laws in execution againſt a Thief or Impoſtor — The ſame will hold in the Republick of Letters, if the Criticks and Judges will let every *Ignorant Pretender* to Scribling, paſs on the World.

THEOBALD, *Lett. to* Miſt, *Jun.* 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either againſt *Failures* in *Genius*, or againſt the *Pretenſions* of *writing without one.*

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the* Auth. *of the* Dunc.

A *Satyre* upon *Dulneſs*, is a thing, that has been *uſed* and *allowed* in *All Ages:*

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler!

ARGUMENTS to the BOOKS.

BOOK the FIRST.

THE Propoſition of the ſubject. The Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of *Dulneſs*, and cauſe of its long continuance. The beloved ſeat of the Goddeſs is deſcribed, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the poem haſts into *the midſt of things*, preſenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the glories paſt, and to come. She fixes her eye on *Tibbald* to be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject of the poem. He is deſcribed penſive in his ſtudy, giving up the cauſe, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the preſent monarch *Settle*. Wherefore debating whether to betake himſelf to Law or Politicks, he raiſes an altar of *proper books*, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pyle is kindled, the Goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies in perſon and puts it out, by caſting upon it the poem of *Thule.* She forthwith reveals her ſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds all her arts, and initiates him into her myſteries; then announcing the death of *Settle* that night, anoints and proclaims him Succeſſor.

Book the Second.

THE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with publick Games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by *Æneas* in *Virgil,* but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon; (in like manner as the games *Pythia, Iſthmia,* &c. were anciently ſaid to be by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herſelf appearing according to *Homer* Odyſſ. 24, propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon *Achilles.)* Hither flock the *Poets* and *Criticks,* attended (as is but juſt) with their *Patrons* and *Book-ſellers.* The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed to propoſe games to the *Book-ſellers,* and ſets up the phantom of a Poet which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents: Next, the Game for a Poeteſs: Afterward the exerciſes for the *Poets,* of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving; the firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of noiſy Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of profund, dark, and dirty authors. Laſtly, for the *Criticks,* the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an exerciſe not of their parts but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verſe and the other in proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here moſt lively ſet forth: Till the whole number, not of criticks only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent fall faſt aſleep, which naturally and neceſſarily ends the Games.

BOOK the THIRD.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſes all the viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamorato's, caſtle-builders, chymiſts and poets. He is immediately carry'd on the wings of fancy to the *Elizian* ſhade, where on the banks of *Lethe* the Souls of the dull are dip'd by *Bavius*, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he is himſelf deſtin'd to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Viſion*, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future. How ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by *Science*, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtop'd, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of *Great Britain*, ſhews by what aids, and by what perſons, it ſhall be forthwith brought to her empire. Theſe he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurprizing and unknown to the

King himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject *Settle* breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the ſhadow of theſe; He prophecies how firſt the Nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, Opera's, and ſhows; and the throne of Dulneſs advanced over both the Theatres: Then how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of Arts and Sciences, till in concluſion all ſhall return to their original Chaos: A ſcene, of which the preſent Action of the Dunciad is but a Type or Foretaſte, giving a Glimpſe or *Piſgah-ſight* of the promis'd Fulneſs of her Glory; the Accompliſhment whereof, will in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater Dunciads.

NEMO ME IMPVNE LACESSIT

W. K. inv.
P. F. sculp.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FIRST.

BOOKS and the MAN I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings.
Say great Patricians! ſince your ſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous Works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say from what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt?

In eldeſt time, 'ere mortals writ or read,
'Ere Pallas iſſued from the Thund'rers head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Groſs as her Sire, and as her Mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.
Still her old Empire to confirm, ſhe tries,
For born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
O thou! whatever Title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais eaſy Chair,
Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bæotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires:
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age, of Lead.

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning Ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs: 30
Here in one bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters lye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls, 35
And deſtin'd here th' imperial ſeat of Fools.
Hence ſprings each weekly Muſe, the living boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's day, 40
Sepulchral lyes, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubſtreet race.
'Twas here in clouded majeſty ſhe ſhone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, ſupport her Throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears 45
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:

Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger, and who thirſt, for ſcribling ſake:
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jayl:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale; 50
Where in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.

Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs ſomethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day 55
Call forth each maſs, a poem or a play.
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet. 60
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance, 65
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance:

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to land. 70
Here gay Deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhowers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, 75
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
All theſe and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the ſcene:
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views, 80
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces, 85
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now May'rs and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat in dreams the cuſtard of the day; 90
While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City-Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe, 95
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw with joy the line immortal run,
Each ſire impreſt and glaring in his ſon;
So watchful Bruin forms with plaſtic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear. 100
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;
She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.
  In each ſhe marks her image full expreſt, 105
But chief, in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt,

Sees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate; 110
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay, 115
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild,
Or where by ſculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own. 120
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines compleat;
Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome 125
Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

But high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſicks of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkin at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide. 130
There ſav'd by ſpice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philoſophy appear.
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize 135
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure, unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the baſe; 140
Quarto's, Octavo's, ſhape the leſs'ning pyre,
And laſt, a little Ajax tips the ſpire.
Then he. Great Tamer of all Wit and Art!
Firſt in my care, and neareſt at my heart:
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend, 145
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end!

O thou, of buſineſs the directing ſoul,
To human heads like byaſs to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous, makes their aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view. 150
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who ſpread a healing miſt before the mind,
And leſt we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand, 155
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land:
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhew her coward face and dies.
There thy good Scholiaſts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains: 160
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a week.
For thee I dim theſe eyes, and ſtuff this head, 165
With all ſuch reading as was never read;

For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it;
So ſpins the ſilkworm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours, 'till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity, and Fire.
Had heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grubſtreet-ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!

Cou'd Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
That gray-gooſe-weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
But what can I? my Flaccus caſt aſide,
Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide? 190
Or rob the Roman geeſe of all their glories,
And ſave the ſtate by cackling to the Tories?
Yes, to my Country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine,
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal, 195
O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
Adieu my children! better thus expire
Un-ſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire
Fair without ſpot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or ſhipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands, 200
Or waſting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit alehouſe where ye firſt begun.
With that, he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he drop'd it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes; 205
The rowling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.

The opening clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire. 210
Then guſh'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the skies.
Rowz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre: 215
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.
Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face;
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes her ſelf into their airs. 220
She bids him wait her to the ſacred Dome;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his Home:
So Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their native place.
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat, 225
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

  Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, Verſe loitring into proſe.
How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind.
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away.
How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the Eel of ſcience by the Tail.
How, with leſs reading than makes Felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an Ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Johnſon, or Ozell.
  The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed;
And lo! her Bird (a monſter of a fowl!
Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd Land expects thy reign.

Know Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,
Safe, where no Criticks damn, no Duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt. 250
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands, that flow with clenches and with puns:
'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own,
'Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my Throne!
I ſee! I ſee! — Then rapt, ſhe ſpoke no more. 255
God ſave King Tibbald! Grubſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's Block deſcended from on high,
(As ſings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

P. F. sculp.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK the SECOND.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far outſhone
Henley's gilt Tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh Throne,
Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden ſhow'rs;
Great Tibbald ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,

Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
At him, and crowds grow fooliſh as they gaze.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſev'n hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.
To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
She ſummons all her ſons: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots.
All, who true dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe dunces to reward.
Amid that Area wide ſhe took her ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand;
But now, (ſo Anne and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a field for all.
Glory, and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize.
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe skin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert, flat eyes, ſhe window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! Idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool, ſo juſt a copy of a Wit;
So like, that Criticks ſaid and Courtiers ſwore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, More.

All gaze with ardour: ſome, a Poet's name,
Others, a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes: 50
"With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke, and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curl, "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won; 55
"So take the hindmoſt Hell." He ſaid, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copſe,
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops; 60
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure ſpread,
With legs expanded, Bernard urg'd the race,
And ſeem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a Lake, 65
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make,

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Lintot! Lintot! rings thro' all the Strand
Obſcene with filth the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had lay'd;
Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
  Hear Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
  A place there is, betwixt earth, air and ſeas,
Where from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe:
There in his ſeat two ſpacious Vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various Vows of fond mankind,
Some for an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind;
Whoſe vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply:

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtills.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt Hands;
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft, as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddeſs favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along,
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the Victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade! it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air:

Songs, ſonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd Suit, at leaſt, he deem'd his prey;
That ſuit, an unpay'd Taylor ſnatch'd away! 110
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
  Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grubſtreet choir 115
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: Deluſive thought!
Breval, Beſaleel, Bond, the Varlets caught.
Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John: 120
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became when ſeiz'd, a Puppy, or an Ape.
  To him the Goddeſs. Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illuſion on the town.
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade, 125
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd jade,

(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Ducheſſes and Lady Mary's)
Be thine, my ſtationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift; 130
So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.
 With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his ruful length of face)
A ſhaggy Tap'ſtry, worthy to be ſpread 135
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.
Ear-leſs on high, ſtood un-abaſh'd Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge, below: 140
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view;
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue:
Himſelf among the ſtoried Chiefs he ſpies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows? 146

In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
  See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd;
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waſte; 150
Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far-ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize, 155
"With cow-like-udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not ingloriouſly, at home.
  Chapman and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Tho' one his ſon diſſuades, and one his wife) 160
This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigor and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Chapman lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt:
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its watry round, 165
(Sure ſign, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd)

A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Mæander waſh'd the artiſt's face;
Thus the ſmall jett which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock. 170
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl: impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoaking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns,
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn; 175
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.
 Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away. 180
Chapman, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
 But now for Authors nobler palms remain:
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair; 185
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.

His honour'd meaning, Dulneſs thus expreſt;
"He wins this Patron who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And inſtant, fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:
B-----y his mouth with Claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd Orator burſts out in tropes.
But Welſted moſt, the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.
  While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in Heav'n and Pray'r.

What force have pious vows? the Queen of Love
His Siſter ſends, her vot'reſs, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
  Now turn to diff'rent ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh ev'ry heart,
With Shakeſpear's nature, or with Johnſon's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell.
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the Monkey tribe;
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.

Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimicks ruſh diſcordant in.
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe, and Norton, Brangling, and Breval, 230
Dennis and Diſſonance; and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Catcall each ſhall win,
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end, 235
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake, 240
Sore ſighs Sir G** ſtarting at the bray
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
So ſwells each Windpipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs:
Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſound, attemp'red to the vocal noſe. 246

But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain,
Walls, ſteeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze; 250
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round:
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-ecchoes, bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of Song, 255
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.
This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-pray'r and flagellation end.)
To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames, 260
The King of Dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in!
"Here prove who beſt can daſh thro' thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel, 265
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.

" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals, bound;
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt:
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt. 270
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands,
Then ſighing, thus. " And am I now threeſcore?
" Ah why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded Lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd down-right. 276
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and ope'd no more. 280
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Then P** eſſay'd: ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light;
He bears no token of the ſabler ſtreams, 285
And mounts far off, among the ſwans of Thames.

True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep.
If Perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies. 290
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion can'ſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious flood ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Not ſo bold Arnall: with a weight of ſcull,
Furious he ſinks, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt, 295
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No Crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, or backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead. 300
Sudden, a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood.
Lo Smedley roſe, in majeſty of mud!
Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares; 305
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown, 310
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how ſhown him by the nutbrown Maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams, 315
And wafting vapours from the Land of Dreams,
(As under ſeas Alphæus' ſacred ſluice
Bears Piſa's offerings to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: Each city-bowl is full
Of the mix'd wave, and all who drink, grow dull. 320
How to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him ſoft; how all the bards aroſe;
Taylor, ſweet Swan of Thames, majeſtic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows:
While Milbourn there, deputed by the reſt, 325
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt;

And "take (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound Divine.
He ceas'd, and ſhow'd the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs. 330
Slow moves the Goddeſs from the ſable flood,
(Her Prieſt preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.
Her Critics there ſhe ſummons, and proclames
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
Hear you! in whoſe grave heads, as equal ſcales,
I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails, 336
Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
My H*en*ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers?
Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
If there be man who o'er ſuch works can wake, 340
Sleep's all-ſubduing charm who dares defy,
And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our ample pow'rs to ſit
Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit,
To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong, 345
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three Cambridge Sophs and three pert Templers
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame, [came,
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy, and Prate. 350
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes ſit; the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
'Till all tun'd equal, ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks; and in one lazy tone 355
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;
Soft, creeping words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line, they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow; 360
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this ſide, now to that, they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt 365
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at Prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to Chriſt's No kingdom here.
Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome
Slept firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum. 370
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons, impreſt 375
Like motion, from one circle to the reſt;
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads,
Round, and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale, 380
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Kelſey talk'd, nor Naſo whiſper'd more;
Norton, from Daniel and Oſtræa ſprung,
Bleſt with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Ev'n Arnall, hung the never-bluſhing head; 385
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews, 390
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate!
How Laurus lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink?
While others timely to the neighbouring Fleet 395
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

NEMO ME IMPVNE LACESSIT

THE DUNCIAD.

Book the Third.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs incloſ'd,
On Dulneſs lap th' Anointed head repoſ'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtain'd round with vapors blue,
And ſoft beſprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the ſeat of ſenſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reaſon know.

Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods.
Hence the Fool's paradiſe, the Stateſman's ſcheme,
The air-built caſtle, and the golden dream, 10
The Maid's romantic wiſh, the Chymiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcended to th' Elyzian ſhade.
There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls, 15
Old Bavius ſits, to dip Poetic Souls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſcull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull.
Inſtant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light, 20
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly, 25
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore,
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before: 30
All as the veſt appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old, in new ſtate; another, yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake! 35
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er:
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate? 40
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages thro' old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in mild benighted days, 45
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.

As Man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again;
All nonſenſe thus of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall firſt recall'd run forward to thy mind;
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt, and future, fire thy brain.
  Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs Empire over ſeas and lands.
See round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extreams) her ſable flag diſplay'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!
  Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.

One man immortal all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.
Heav'ns! what a pyle? whole ages periſh there;
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

  Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes,
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſick of the Soul.

  How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall.
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd thick what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waſte of Snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric, and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!

See, where the Morning gilds the palmy ſhore,
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws. 90
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern World believe and ſleep!
  Lo Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of Arts, but thund'ring againſt Heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread, 95
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head;
Padua with ſighs beholds her Livy burn;
And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls! th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods!
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn, 101
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;
See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
  Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, 105
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,

Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-woolſey brothers,
Grave mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain — Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.
And ſee my ſon, the hour is on its way
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway:
This fav'rite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the bleſt abode
A hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a God:

Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take thro' Grubſtreet her triumphant round,
And her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred ſons, and each a dunce. 130
  Mark firſt the youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
  A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known, 135
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone:
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.
For thee each Ale-houſe, thee each Gill-houſe mourn,
And anſw'ring Gin-ſhops ſowrer ſighs return. 140
  Lo next two ſlip-ſhod Muſes traipſe along,
In lofty madneſs, meditating ſong,
With treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams:
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race! 145
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face;

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law. 150
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme, the Muſes on their racks
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check, 155
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curl.
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous — Anſwer him, ye Owls! 160
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris may be read.
Flow Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull; 165
Heady, not ſtrong, and foaming tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critic's gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Fam'd for good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket, for pious paſſion to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
"But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
"Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!

There, dim in clouds, the poreing Scholiaſts mark,
Wits who like Owls ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read. 190
But, where each Science lifts its modern Type,
Hiſt'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 196
How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Kennet, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain. 200
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent Prieſt, where Monkeys were the Gods!
But fate with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly Stall, 205
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.
  Yet oh my ſons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears ye lend) 210
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's Genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with one, immortal One diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe:
Content, each Emanation of his fires 215
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each charm he can create,
What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for You to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man un-aw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God. 220
  Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half thro' the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd — and thus the Sire:
See now what Dulneſs and her ſons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart 225
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

He look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war; 230
Hell riſes, heav'n deſcends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſick, rage, and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide Conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own: 236
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns;
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the skies; 240
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought:
"What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?
Son! what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee. Look, and find 245
Each monſter meet his likeneſs in thy mind.

Yet would'ſt thou more? In yonder cloud, behold!
Whoſe ſarcenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! His nod theſe worlds controlls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls. 450
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:
Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe 455
Mid ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And proud his miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards riſe: here Booth, and Cibber there: 260
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raiſe, 265
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? theſe wonders are thy own.
For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell
"None but thy ſelf can be thy parallel." 270
Theſe, Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays, 275
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for burning Popes; 280
(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the ſame rope at ſeveral ends they twiſt,
To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on, 285
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.

Avert it, heav'n! that thou or Cibber e'er
Should wag two ſerpent tails in Smithfield fair.
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets, 290
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill may lumber on,
Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray; 295
And lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, Magiſtrates and Peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhow riſe duller than the laſt.
'Till rais'd from Booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial, Dulneſs ſhall tranſport. 300
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway.
To aid her cauſe, if heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move, for Fauſtus is thy friend;
Pluto with Cato thou for her ſhalt join, 305
And link the Mourning-Bride to Proſerpine.

Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant Fair!
In flames, like Semeles, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
  Now Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Auguſtus, born to bring Saturnian times:
Beneath his reign ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord-Chancellor of Plays,
Benſon ſole Judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit.
While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies un-penſion'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian Politicks, O Swift, thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome.

Proceed great days! till Learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
Till Thames ſee Eton's ſons for ever play,
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday; 330
Till Iſis' Elders reel, their Pupils ſport;
And Alma Mater lye diſſolv'd in Port!
Signs following ſigns lead on the Mighty Year;
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold! 335
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
Lo the great Anarch's ancient reign reſtor'd;
Light dies before her uncreating word:
As one by one, at dread Medæa's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning ſtars fade off th' Ethereal plain; 340
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
See ſculking Truth in her old cavern lye, 345
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd Caſuiſtry:

Philoſophy, that touch'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more!
See Phyſic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphyſic call for aid on Sence!
See Myſtery to Mathematicks fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulneſs! lets the curtain fall,
And univerſal Darkneſs buries all.
 Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Viſion flies.

By the Author

A
DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers of Points and Particles being inſtigated by the Spirit of Pride, and aſſuming to themſelves the Name of Criticks and Reſtorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current Senſe of our Glorious Anceſtors, Poets of this Realme; by clipping, coyning, defacing the Images, or mixing their own baſe Allay, or otherwiſe falſifying the ſame, which they publiſh, utter, and vend as genuine: The ſaid Haberdaſhers having no Right thereto, as neither Heirs, Executors, Adminiſtrators, Aſſigns, or in any ſort Related to ſuch Poets, to all, or any of Them: Now We, having carefully reviſed this our Dunciad, beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies, containing the entire Sum of one thouſand and twelve Lines; do declare every Word, Figure, Point, and Comma of this Impreſſion to be Authentic: And do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid any Perſon or Perſons whatſoever, to eraſe, reverſe, put between Hooks, or by any other means directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our Brethren to follow This our Example, which we heartily wiſh our Great Predeceſſors had heretofore ſet, as a Remedy and Prevention of all ſuch Abuſes. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration ſhall be conſtrued to limit the lawful and undoubted Right of every Subject of this Realme, to judge, cenſure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatſoever.

Given under our hand at *London*, this third day of *January*, in the Year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me. **JOHN BARBER, Mayor.**

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
HIS
PROLEGOMENA,
AND
Notes Variorum
ON THE
DUNCIAD.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE

POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulneſs, ſo is it of the moſt grave and antient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the Form, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the Meaſure, to Heroic Poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the Antients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the learned Archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. κ. And accordingly Ariſtotle in his Poetic, chap. 4. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt Idæa.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhou'd ſeem, that the Hero or chief perſonage of it was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors in our poem. MARGITES was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the Firſt; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which tho' now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by *Homer* himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now foraſmuch as our Poet had tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left; he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: And was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame Form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title alſo framed after the antient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! Since in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and Oil, than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo that on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and Dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, a Fleckno, or a Tibbald.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the Sins of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, and Printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honeſt Unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of of his Applauſe, yea of his Money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one, or deſerve the other: At the ſame time, the Liberty of the Preſs was ſo unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either; For they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſh'd, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publiſhers thereof lay ſculking under the wings of an Act of Parliament, aſſuredly intended for better purpoſes.

[a] Now our author living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt Satyriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the malicious, the only way that was left. In that publick-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the Cauſes creative of ſuch Authors, namely Dulneſs and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth up in an Allegory,[b] (as the conſtruction of Epic poeſy requires) and feigns, that one of theſe Goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpir'd all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He proceedeth to ſhew the Qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the Effects they produce: [d] Then the materials or ſtock with which they furniſh them, [e] and (above all) that Self-opinion [f] which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly more than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandize. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Induſtry, ſo is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplify'd in ſome "one, great and remarkable action[g]." And none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen, the Introduction of the loweſt diverſions of the rabble in Smithfield to be the entertainment of

[a] Vid. Boſſu, du poeme Epique, ch. 8. [b] Ibid. ch 7. [c] Book 1. Verſe 32. &c. [d] Verſe 45 to 52. [e] Verſe 57 to 75. [f] Verſe 80. [g] Boſſu, ch. 7. 8.

the Court and Town; or in other words, the Action of the Dunciad is the [h] Removal of the Imperial ſeat of Dulneſs from the City to the polite world, as that of the Æneid is the Removal of the Empire of Troy to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the Wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this ſingle action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children. To this end ſhe is repreſented at the very [i] Opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are diſtinguiſh'd into theſe three kinds, Party-writers, dull Poets, and wild Critics.

A *Perſon* muſt next be fix'd upon to ſupport this Action, who (to agree with the ſaid deſign) muſt be ſuch an one as is capable of being all three. This Phantom in the Poet's mind, muſt have a Name: [k] He ſeeks for one who hath been concerned in the Politic Journals, written bad Plays or Poems, and publiſh'd low Criticiſms: He finds his name to be *Tibbald*, and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the poem.

The Fable being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contain'd in the propoſition; the Machinery is a continued chain of Allegories, ſetting forth the whole Power, Miniſtry, and Empire of Dulneſs, extended thro' her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into Epiſodes, each of which hath its Moral apart, tho' all conducive to the main end. The crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad Poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſider'd, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: The firſt concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More: the ſecond the libellous Novelliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third the flattering Dedicator; the fourth the bawling Critic or noiſy Poet; the fifth the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he cou'd find.

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[h] Verſe 1, 2. [i] Verſe 95 to 104. [k] Boſſu, ch. 8. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. c. 9.

As for the Characters, the publick hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The Manners are ſo depicted, and the Sentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other, or wiſer perſonages, wou'd be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted.

The Deſcriptions are ſingular; the Compariſons very quaint; the Narration various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of Diction is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the words, but only the images have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by antient and claſſical authority (tho', as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea and commented upon by moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby ſubject to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Antient; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo alter'd and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection: at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminiſhing the imagination; which by good Critics is held to be punctually at forty. For, at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very Acme and pitch of life for Epic poeſy: tho' ſince he hath altered it to ſixty, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred[1]. True it is, that the talents for Criticiſm, namely Smartneſs, quick cenſure, Vivacity of remark, Certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but Acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age: But it is far otherwiſe in Poetry; witneſs the works of Mr. *Rymer* and Mr. *Dennis*, who beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch Poets as no age hath parallel'd. With good reaſon therefore did our author chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

TESTIMONIES
OF
AUTHORS
Concerning our POET and his WORKS.

NOW before we preſent thee with our Exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our Adverſaria on modern Authors) we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of Editors, collect the various Judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent Wits as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe with incredible labour ſeek out for divers others, which but for this our diligence, could never at the diſtance of a few months appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou may'ſt not only receive the delectation of Variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the Witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but of a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the perſon as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: In which, if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him, I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true Critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves if to none other. Forgive me therefore gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the ſame pain to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another whether his Author were fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock?

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[1] See his Eſſays.

We preſuppoſed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: but as to theſe, even his Cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith, he was educated at home;[a] another that he was bred abroad at St. Omer's by Jeſuits;[b] a third not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford;[c] a fourth, that he had no Univerſity education at all[d]. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One ſaith, he was kept by his Father on purpoſe;[e] a ſecond that he was an itinerant

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[a] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. 2. in his Life. [b] Dennis reflect. on the Eſſay on Crit. [c] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [d] Guardian, N° 40. [e] Jacob. ib.

Prieſt; [f] a third, that he was a Parſon; [g] one calleth him a ſecular Clergyman of the church of Rome, [h] another a Monk [i]. As little agree they about his Father; whom one ſuppoſeth, like the father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant [k], another a husbandman [l], another an hatter [m]. *&c.* Nor has an author been wanting to give to our Poet ſuch a Father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Iamblicus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer; namely, a Dæmon. For thus Mr. Gildon [n]. "Certain it is, that his Original "is not from Adam but the Devil, and that he wanteth nothing "but horns and tail to be the exact reſemblance of his infernal "father." Finding therefore ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy; we ſhall defer writing the Life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themſelves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all?

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho' not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them: beginning with his Eſſay on Criticiſm, of which hear firſt the moſt Ancient of Criticks,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are falſe, or trivial, or both; his thoughts are "crude, and abortive, his expreſſions abſurd, his numbers harſh "and unmuſical without cadence or variety, his rhymes trivial "and common --- inſtead of majeſty we have ſomething that "is very boyiſh, and inſtead of perſpicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obſcurity and confuſion." And in another place. --- "What rare Numbers are here? would not

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[f] Dunc. diſſ. ibid. [g] Farmer P. and his ſon, ibid. verſe 32. [h] Dunc. diſſected. [i] Characters of the Times, p. 45. [k] Female Dunciad, pag. ult. [l] Dunc. diſſect. [m] Roome's Paraphraſe on the 4th Chapt. of Geneſis, 1729.

[n] Character of Mr P. and his writings, in a Letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping 1716, p. 10. Curl in his Key to the Dunciad, (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dod) in the tenth page declared Gildon to be the author of that Libel, tho' in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirm'd (in the Curliad. p. 4. and 8.) that it was writ by Dennis only.

"one ſwear this youngſter had eſpouſed ſome antiquated muſe, "who had ſued out a divorce from ſome ſuperannuated ſinner, "upon account of impotence, and who being poxt by her former ſpouſe, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes "her hobble ſo damnably.[o]" No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical Hiſtorian,

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criticiſm in verſe; "but if any more curious reader has diſcover'd in it ſomething "new, which is not in *Dryden*'s prefaces, dedications, and his "eſſay on dramatick poetry, not to mention the *French* critics, I "ſhould be very glad to have the benefit of the diſcovery.[p]"

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED;

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay together with the Duke of *Buckingham*'s, and the Criticiſms of *Dryden* and of *Horace*, which he more openly taxeth. "[q]As to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, &c. both "in verſe and proſe, that have been written by the moderns on "this ground-work, they do but hackney the ſame thoughts over "again, making them ſtill more trite. Moſt of their pieces are "nothing but a pert, inſipid heap of common-place. Horace has "even in his Art of poetry thrown out ſeveral things which plainly ſhew, he thought an art of poetry was of no uſe, even while "he was writing one." To all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe that of

Mr. ADDISON.

[r] "The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was publiſhed ſome

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[o] Reflections critical and ſatyrical, on a Rhapſody call'd an Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, 8°

[p] Eſſay on Criticiſm in Proſe, 8° 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

[q] Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

[r] Spectator, N° 253.

“ months ſince, is a maſter-piece in its kind. The obſervations
“ follow one another, like thoſe in Horace's art of poetry, with-
“ out that methodical regularity which would have been requiſite
“ in a proſe-writer. They are ſome of them uncommon, but
“ ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explain'd
“ with that eaſe and perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As
“ for thoſe which are the moſt known and the moſt receiv'd, they
“ are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch
“ apt alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of novel-
“ ty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with
“ them, ſtill more convinc'd of their truth, and ſolidity. And
“ here give me leave to mention what Monſieur *Boileau* has ſo well
“ enlarged upon in the preface to his works: That wit and fine
“ writing, doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that are
“ new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It
“ is impoſſible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to
“ make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or any art or ſcience,
“ which have not been touch'd upon by others; we have little
“ elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in
“ more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If
“ a reader examines Horace's art of poetry, he will find but few
“ precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and
“ which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Au-
“ guſtan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying them, not
“ his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus in his reflections has given us the ſame kind of Sub-
“ lime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned
“ them. I cannot but take notice that our Engliſh Author, has
“ after the ſame manner exemplify'd ſeveral of the precepts in the
“ very precepts themſelves.” He then produces ſome inſtances
of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with ſay-
ing, that “ there are three poems in our tongue of the ſame na-
“ ture, and each a maſter-piece in its kind; The Eſſay on tranſ-

“lated Verſe; The Eſſay on the Art of Poetry; and the Eſſay “on Criticiſm.

Of Windſor Foreſt, poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

[s] “That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: The Author of “it is obſcure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.[t]” But the Author of the Diſpenſary

Dr. GARTH,

In the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: “Thoſe who have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of “Cooper's Hill, and Windſor Foreſt, the one writ by Sir John “Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of this.”

Of his Epiſtle of Eloiſa, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, “That becauſe Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the fineſt taſtes, our author writ his Eloiſe, in “oppoſition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take “away her tender thoughts, and her fierce deſires, all the reſt is “of no value.” In which, methinks, his judgment reſembleth that of a French taylor on a Villa and gardens by the Thames: “All this is very fine, but take away the River, and it is good for “nothing.” But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his Alma,[u]

> O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
> Thy tale will juſtify this truth.

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[s] Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

[t] Printed 1728. pag. 12.

[u] Alma, Cant. 2.

But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, &c.

Come we now to his Tranſlation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtileth this a "laudable tranſlation.[w]" That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

In his fore-mentioned Eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it, [x] "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all through this " tranſlation. ---- I am in doubt, whether I ſhould moſt admire " the juſtneſs to the original, or the force, and beauty of the language, or the ſounding variety of the numbers? But when I " find all theſe meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet ſays of " one of his heroes: That he alone rais'd and flung with eaſe, a " weighty ſtone, that two common men could not lift from the " ground; juſt ſo, one ſingle perſon has performed in this tranſlation, what I once deſpaired to have ſeen done by the force of " ſeveral maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have chang'd his ſentiment, in his Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in reputation, (printed in Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he ſays thus: "In order to ſink in reputation, let him take it into "his head to deſcend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it "will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into "Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in

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[w] In his Eſſays, vol. 1, printed for E. Curl.

[x] Cenſor, vol. 2. Nº 33.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this Tranſlation of the Iliad, was not in all reſpects con-"formable to the fine taſte of his friend Mr. Addiſon: Inſomuch, "that he employ'd a younger muſe, in an undertaking of this "kind, which he ſupervis'd himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words,

Mr. ADDISON, Freeholder, Nº 40.

"When I conſider my ſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, I am in a "particular manner pleaſed with the labours of thoſe who have "improved our language, with the tranſlation of old Greek and "Latin authors: --- We have already moſt of their Hiſtorians in "our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our lan-"guage, it has been taught to expreſs with elegance the greateſt "of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own "countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil, of the "moſt perfect Epic performance. And thoſe parts of Homer "which have been publiſh'd already by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon "to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh with as little diſad-"vantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake, for this younger Muſe was elder: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ'd by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it after him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it before [z]. Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon ingaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome years before his death, and by his own letters of Oct. 26, and Nov. 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other perſon was equal to it.

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[z] Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickel's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad, 4to.

Next comes his Shakeſpear on the ſtage. Let him (quoth one whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD) Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728,

" publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and forget to diſ-" charge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him " lend the bookſeller his name (for a competent ſum of money " tho') to promote the credit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, be pleas'd but to caſt thine eye on the Propoſal below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8. "The book-" ſeller propos'd the book by ſubſcription, and rais'd ſome thou-" ſands of pounds for the ſame: I believe the gentleman did not " ſhare in the profits of this extravagant Subſcription.

" After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, ibid.)

" the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey: and having ſecur'd the " ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he imployed ſome Under-" lings to perform what, according to his propoſals, ſhould come " from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.) " I take this occaſion to " declare that the Subſcription for Shakeſpear belongs wholly to " Mr. Tonſon: And that the benefit of this Propoſal is not ſolely " for my own uſe, but for that of Two of my friends, who have " aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himſelf, by another of Miſt's Journals, March 30, 1728, ſaying, "That he would not adviſe Mr. Pope "to try the experiment again, of getting a great part of a book "done by Aſſiſtants, leaſt thoſe extraneous parts ſhould unhappi-"ly aſcend to the ſublime, and retard the declenſion of the "whole." Behold! theſe Underlings are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid propoſals were printed, the Subſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch Aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as their term is) ſecur'd it, to wit the right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Harcourt, were he living would teſtify, and the right Honourable the Lord Bathurſt now living doth teſtify, the ſame is a Falſhood.

Sorry, I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of Authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addiſon rais'd this Author from obſcurity, obtain'd him "the acquaintance and friendſhip of the whole body of our no-"bility, and transferr'd his powerful intereſts with thoſe great men "to this riſing Bard, who frequently levied by that means unu-"ſual contributions on the publick." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of Dunciad diſſected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley "had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the "greateſt Peers and brighteſt Wits then living."

"No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his body lifeleſs, but "this author, reviving his reſentment, libell'd the memory of his "departed friend, and what was ſtill more heinous, made the "ſcandal publick." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in his own cauſe, the perſon in whoſe regard accus'd, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon procur'd to our author; let him ſtand forth that truth may appear! " Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas." In verity the whole ſtory of the libel is a Lye; Witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel but a friendly rebuke, ſent privately by our author in his own hand to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made publick till after their own Journals, and Curl their own bookſeller, had printed the ſame. One name alone which I am authorized here to mention, will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (with ſome authors I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

[a] " Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miſcellanies, I " found five lines which I thought excellent, and happening to " praiſe them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Ri- " val Modes) publiſhed laſt year, where were the ſame verſes to " a tittle. Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt plagiaries " that pretend to make a reputation by ſtealing from a man's " works in his own life-time, and out of a publick print." Let us join to this, what is written by the author of the Rival Modes the ſaid Mr. James Moore Smith in a letter to our author himſelf, (who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7. that theſe verſes which he had before given him leave to inſert in it, would be known for his, ſome copies being got abroad) " He deſires nevertheleſs, that ſince the Lines " had been read in his Comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would not de- " prive it of them, &c." Surely if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the Lady to whom the ſaid verſes were

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[a] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

originally addreſt, of Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others who knew them as our author's long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play; It is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to church and ſtate, which could come from no other Informer than the ſaid

Mr. James Moore Smith.

[b] "The Memoirs of a Pariſh clark was a very dull and unjuſt "abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence of our Religion and "and Conſtitution, and who has been dead many years." Verily this alſo ſeemeth moſt untrue; it being known to divers that theſe memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordſhire before that excellent Perſon (Biſhop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that Hiſtory of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is, that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein: and that he borrow'd thoſe memoirs of our author when that hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being able to obtain from our author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid memoirs and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble Perſon there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembreth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how "full he was of a deſign he declared himſelf to have, of expoſing "it." This noble Perſon is the Earl of Peterborow.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the foreſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mention'd them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their own ever-honour'd commands for the ſame, and that they are introduc'd not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted; not to diſpute, but to decide.

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[b] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his perſonal character in theſe lines,

[c] And yet ſo wond'rous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce ſhould make me ſing,
Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.

So alſo is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

[d] Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuſe?
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train!
Thy ſoul's delight ——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

[c] Verſes to Mr P. on his tranſlation of Homer.

[d] Poem prefix'd to his Works.

Mr. Walter Hart

in this Apoſtrophe.

[e] O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays.
Add, that the Siſters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line.
Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
Obſcures the virtue, and defames the Muſe:
A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief reſign'd,
Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral Satyriſt

Dr. Edward Young,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet, to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue.

[f] Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſes' train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?

Mr. Thomson

in his moſt elegant and philoſophical Poem of the Seaſons,

Altho' not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned Clerk of Suffolk

Mr. William Broome:

[g] Thus, nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws.

And divers more, with which we will not tire the reader.

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[e] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot. [f] Univerſal Paſſion, Satyr 1. [g] In his poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

Let us rather recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſ'd, and whoſe countenances he could not know, tho' turned againſt him: Firſt again commencing with the high-voiced, and never-enough-quoted

JOHN DENNIS;

Who in his reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm thus deſcribeth him. "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth "but candour, truth, friendſhip, good nature, humanity, and "magnanimity. He is ſo great a lover of falſhood, that when-"ever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he upbraids "them with ſome defect which is juſt contrary to ſome good "quality, for which all their friends and their acquaintance com-"mend them. He ſeems to have a particular pique to People "of Quality, and authors of that rank.— He muſt derive his re-"ligion from St. Omer's." — But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping 1716) he ſaith, "tho' he is "a Profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet he laughs at it; but that, "nevertheleſs, he is a virulent Papiſt; and yet a Pillar for the "Church of England." Of both which opinions

MR. THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring in Miſt's Journal of June 22, 1728, "That if he is not ſhrewdly abus'd, he hath made it his practice "to cackle to both parties in their own ſentiments." But, as to his Pique againſt people of quality, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith (May 8, 1728.) "he had by ſome means or other "the acquaintance and friendſhip of the whole body of our no-"bility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis in the character laſt cited, maketh it all plain, by aſſuring us: "That "he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a "beaſt, and a man, a Whig, and a Tory: a writer (at one and "the ſame time) of * Guardians and Examiners; an aſſertor of "liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of kings; a jeſuitical pro-"feſſor of truth, a baſe and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it, as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good: Sure it is, he is little favour'd of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt.[h] Another proteſts that he does not know what may happen, adviſes him to inſure his perſon, ſays he has bitter enemies, and expreſly declares, it will be well if he eſcape with his life.[i] One deſires he would cut his own throat or hang himſelf:[k] But Paſquin ſeem'd rather inclined it ſhould be done by the government, repreſenting him ingaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament, then under proſecution.[l] Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a Miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom; and aſſured the publick, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his Country; a monſter, that will, one day, ſhow as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian who runs a muck to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets.[n] Another gives information of Treaſon diſcovered in his poem:[o] Mr. Curl boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with Kings and Princeſſes;[p] and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the Two moſt SACRED NAMES in this Nation as members of the Dunciad![q]

This is prodigious! yet is it almoſt as ſtrange, that in the midſt of theſe invectives, his enemies have (I know not how) born teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

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* The Names of two Weekly Papers.

[h] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[i] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16.

[k] Gulliveriana, pag. 332.

[l] Anno 1723.

[n] Pref. to Rem. on Rape of the Lock, pag. 12. and in the laſt page of that Treatiſe.

[o] Pag. 6, 7, of the Preface to a Book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſion'd by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, printed for A. Moore, 8°. 1728.

[p] Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 18.

[q] A Liſt of perſons, &c. at the end of the forementiоn'd Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c. by Concanen.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpear declares, "he has ſo great an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opinion of his genius, and excellencies; That notwithſtanding he profeſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to Idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him juſtice, at the expence of that other gentleman's character.[r]"

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attack'd him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epiſtles by his hand: for it is certain we ſee the original of Sapho to Phaon with much more life and likeneſs in his verſion, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wiſh'd, becauſe in the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love.[s]" He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his preface to that Poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a "great Maſter of our Tongue," declares, "the Purity and Perfection of the Engliſh language is to be found in his Homer; and ſaying, there are more good Verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepting this of our author only[t]." One who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell,[u] in that poem which is wholly a ſatire on Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

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[r] Introduction to his Shakeſpear reſtor'd, 4° p. 3.

[s] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, 8° 1721, pag. 97, 98.

[t] In his Proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[u] Printed under the Title of the *Progreſs of Dulneſs*, 12° 1728.

'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone cou'd ſhow
(Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give:
Pope, more than we can offer, ſhou'd receive:
For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream, &c.

Mr. Thomas Cooke,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth out,

But in his other works what beauties ſhine?
While ſweeteſt Muſic dwells in ev'ry line.
Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
And bad them live to brighten future days.[x]

Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728.

Altho' he ſays, "the ſmooth Numbers of the Dunciad are all "that recommend it, nor has it any other merit:" Yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect "maſter of an eaſy, and elegant verſification: In all his works, "we find the moſt happy turns, and natural ſimilies, wonderful-"ly ſhort and thick ſown." The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful Images.

[y]Mr. Gildon and Dennis

in the moſt furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert confeſs, "That ſome men of good underſtanding, "value him for his rhymes:" And p. 17. "That he has got,

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[x] Battle of Poets, fol. pag. 15.

[y] Mr. Gildon and Dennis.] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath prov'd our Miſtake in this place. "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the word and "honour of a Gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much as one Line in concert with any one Man whatſoever; "and theſe two Letters from Mr. Gildon will plainly ſhow, that we are not Writers in concert with each "other.

"Sir, —— The height of my Ambition is to pleaſe Men of the beſt Judgment; and finding that I have "entertain'd my Maſter agreeably, I have the Extent of the Reward of my Labour, &c.

“ like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a no-
“ table knack of rhyming and writing ſmooth verſe.”

To the Succeſs of all his pieces they do unanimouſly give teſtimony: But it is ſufficient, “ inſtar omnium,” to behold this laſt great Critic ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this Day of the Dunciad! “ A moſt notorious inſtance!
“ (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taſte, the Approbation
“ this Eſſay meets with![z] --- I can ſafely affirm, that I never at-
“ tacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they had Succeſs, infinite-
“ ly beyond their merit.[a] --- This, tho' an empty, has been a po-
“ pular ſcribler: The Epidemic madneſs of the times has given
“ him reputation.[b] --- If after the cruel treatment ſo many extra-
“ ordinary men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben. Johnſon, Milton, But-
“ ler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for
“ theſe laſt hundred years; I ſhou'd ſhift the ſcene, and ſhew all
“ that penury chang'd at once to riot and profuſeneſs: and more
“ ſquander'd away upon one object, than would have ſatisfy'd
“ the greater part of thoſe extraordinary men: The reader to
“ whom this one creature ſhould be unknown, would fancy him
“ a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great
“ qualities of theſe perſons were centred in him alone --- But if I
“ ſhould venture to aſſure him, that the People of England had
“ made ſuch a choice --- the reader would either believe me a
“ malicious enemy, and ſlanderer; or that the reign of the laſt
“ (Queen Ann's) Miniſtry, was deſign'd by fate to encourage
“ fools.[c]

“ Sir, I had not the opportunity of hearing your excellent Pamphlet 'till this Day: I am infinitely ſatisfied and pleas'd with it, and hope you will meet with that Encouragement which your admirable Performance deſerves, &c.

Ch: Gildon.

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who ſends ſuch Compliments to another, has not been us'd to write “ in Partnerſhip with him to whom he ſends them?” [Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, pag. 50.] Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this Piece to himſelf.

[z] Dennis Pref. to the Reflect. on the Eſſay on Crit.

[a] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.

[b] Ibid.

[c] Rem. on Hom. pag. 8, 9.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's Succeſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof (altho' own'd by others) yet do they aſſure us he is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. Dennis aſcribes to him[d] two Farces, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us there is not one jeſt in them; and an Imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us, it is much more execrable than all his works.[e] The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728. aſſures us, "he is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, becauſe " (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater match'd and the " Boarding-School are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" Which " is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON aſſures us, in " his new Rehearſal, pag. 48,[f] that he was writing a Play of " the Lady Jane Gray; But it afterwards prov'd to be Mr. Rowe's. The ſame Mr. Gildon and Dennis aſſure us, he wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe;[g] which prov'd to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. THEOBALD aſſures us, in Miſt of the 27th of April, " That the treatiſe of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. " Pope is the author of it:" The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion, and ſays: " the whole or greateſt part of the merit of " this treatiſe muſt and can only be aſcribed to Gulliver.[h] [Here gentle reader cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men, knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

Laſtly we are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8. " That his own Plays " and Farces wou'd better have adorn'd the Dunciad, than " thoſe of Mr. Theobald: for he had neither genius for Tragedy " or Comedy:" Which whether true or not, is not eaſy to judge; in as much as he hath attempted neither.

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little avail'd our author to have any *Candour*, ſince when he declar'd he did not write for others, it was not credited: As little to have any *Modeſty*, ſince when he declin'd writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he *ſingly* enterpriz'd one great work, he was tax'd of Boldneſs and Madneſs to a prodigy:[i] if he took *Aſſiſtants* in another, it was complain'd of and repreſented as a great injury to the publick.[k] The loftieſt Heroicks, the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatire on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poyſons, and murders: of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that author to be yet better concealed. If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguis'd he it on ſett purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politicks, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

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[d] Rem. on Hom. p. 8.
[e] Charact. of Mr. P. p. 7.
[f] 12°. printed 1714.
[g] Charact. of Mr. P. p. 9.
[h] Gulliveriana, p. 339.

Doubtleſs moſt Commentators wou'd hence take occaſion to turn all to their author's advantage; and from the teſtimony of his very enemies wou'd affirm, That his Capacity was boundleſs, as well as his Imagination; That he was a perfect maſter of all Styles, and all Arguments; And that there was in thoſe times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader! to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuſe whether thou wilt incline to the Teſtimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed? of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not?

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[i] Burnet Homerides, pag. 1. of his Tranſlation of the Iliad.

[k] The London and Miſt's Journals, on his Undertaking of the Odyſſey.

NOTES VARIORUM

ON THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FIRST.

THIS Poem was writ in 1727. In the next year an imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and re-printed at London in 12°. Another at Dublin, and another at London in 8°, and three others in 12° the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in 4° $172\frac{8}{9}$, which was attended with the following Notes. We are willing to acquaint Poſterity that this Poem (as it here ſtands) was preſented to King George the Second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir R. Walpole, on the 12th of March $172\frac{8}{9}$.

The Dunciad, *Sic* M. S. It may be diſputed whether this be a right Reading? Ought it not rather to be ſpelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an E, therefore Dunceiad with an E. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Reſtorer of Shakeſpeare, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very letter E, in ſpelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two ee's [as Shak'ſpear] which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *ſingle Letter* ſo trivial as to ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof "in a learned language is an Atchievement that brings *Honour* to "the Critic who advances it; and Dr. B. will be remembered to "poſterity for his performances of this ſort, as long as the world "ſhall have any eſteem for the Remains of Menander and Philemon."

Theobald.

I have a juſt value for the letter E, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem, as the forecited Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another e to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and Foreign Termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One e therefore in this caſe is right, and two e's wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any E at all; mov'd thereto by Authority, at all times (with Critics) equal, if not ſuperior to, Reaſon. In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my very good Friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who if any word occur which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, *ſic* M. S. In like manner we ſhall not amend this Error in the Title itſelf, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

Scriblerus.

VER. 1. *Books and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings*
The Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings.]

Wonderful is the Stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very firſt line. The author of the Critique prefix'd to Sawney, a Poem, p. 5. hath been ſo dull as to explain *The Man who brings*, &c. not of the Hero of the piece, but of our Poet himſelf, as if he vaunted that Kings were to be his Readers (an Honour which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modeſty.)

We remit this ignorant to the firſt lines of the Æneid; aſſuring him, that Virgil there ſpeaketh not of himſelf, but of Æneas.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris jactatus & alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verſes, that I may by the way offer a Conjectural Emendation, purely my own, upon each: Firſt, *oris* ſhould be read *aris*, it being as we ſee Æn. 2. 513, from the *Altar* of Jupiter Hercæus that Æneas fled as ſoon as he ſaw Priam ſlain. In the ſecond line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, ſince it is moſt clear it was by winds that he arrived at the Shore of Italy. *Jactatus* in the third, is ſurely as improper apply'd to *terris*, as proper to *alto*: To ſay a man is *toſt on land*, is much at one with ſaying he *walks at ſea*. *Riſum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *Vexatus*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield Muſes.*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhews, machines, and Dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this Poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Convent-Garden, Lincolns-

Inn-Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the year 1725, and continued many years. See Book 3. Verſe 227, &c.

Ver. 3. *Say great Patricians! ſince your ſelves inſpire*
Theſe wond'rous Works---] Ovid Met. 1.

---Dii *cæptis (nam vos mutaſtis & illas.) &c.*

Ver. 6.] Alluding to a Verſe of Mr. Dryden,

And Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.

Ver. 10. *Daughter of Chaos*, &c.] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper buſineſs as a Scholiaſt to meddle with it; but leave it (as we ſhall in general all ſuch) to the reader: remarking only, that Chaos (according to Heſiod's Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. Scriblerus.

Ver. 21. *Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind.*] Ironically, alluding to Gulliver's Repreſentations of both --- The next line relates to the Papers of the Drapier againſt the currency of Wood's Copper Coin in Ireland, which upon the great diſcontent of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleas'd to recal.

Ver. 23. *From thy Bæotia.*] Bæotia of old lay under the Raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as Ireland does now; tho' each of thoſe nations produced one of the greateſt Wits, and greateſt Generals of their age.

Ver. 24. *Grieve not my Swift! at ought our Realm acquires.*] Ironically alſo. The Politicks of England and Ireland were at this time thought to be oppoſite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of courſe was in the intereſt of the latter, our Author of the former.

Ver. 26. *A new Saturnian Age, of Lead.*] The ancient golden Age is by Poets ſtiled Saturnian; but in the chymical language, Saturn is Lead.

VER. 27. *Where wave the tatter'd Enſigns of Rag-fair.*] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are ſold.

VER. 31. *Here in one Bed two ſhiv'ring Siſters lie,*
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the Dunciad. "Theſe "lines (ſaith he) have no conſtruction, or are nonſenſe. The "two ſhivering Siſters muſt be the ſiſter-caves of Poverty and "Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry muſt be the "ſame, (queſtionleſs, if they lie in one bed) and the two Siſters "the Lord knows who?" O the conſtruction of grammatical heads! Virgil writeth thus: Æn. 1.

Fronte ſub adverſa ſcopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo;
Nympharum domus. - - -

May we not ſay in like manner, "The Nymphs muſt be the "waters and the ſtones, or the waters and the ſtones muſt be "the houſes of the Nymphs?" *Inſulſè!* The ſecond line, *Intus aquæ,* &c. is in a parentheſis (as are the two lines of our Author, Keen hollow winds, &c.) and it is the *Antrum* and the *yawning Ruin,* in the line before that parentheſis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave.*

Let me again, I beſeech thee, Reader, preſent thee with another Conjectural Emendation on Virgil's Scopulis pendentibus: He is here deſcribing a place, whither the weary Mariners of Æneas repaired to dreſs their dinner. --- *Feſſi* --- *frugeſque receptas Et torrere parant flammis:* What has *ſcopulis pendentibus* here to do? indeed the *aquæ dulces & ſedilia* are ſomething; ſweet waters to drink, and ſeats to reſt on: the other is ſurely an error of the Copyiſts. Reſtore it, without the leaſt ſcruple, *Populis prandentibus.*

SCRIBLERUS.

Ver. 33. *The Great Mother.*] *Magna mater*, here apply'd to Dulneſs. The *Quidnunc's*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political Clubs, who were conſtantly enquiring, *Quid nunc?* what news now?

Ver. 33. *This the Great Mother*, &c.] Æn. 1.

> *Urbs antiqua fuit* ——
> *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*
> *Poſthabita coluiſſe Samo; hic illius arma,*
> *Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe*
> *(Siqua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.*

Ver. 38. *Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubrick poſt.*] Two Bookſellers, of whom ſee Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publiſhing obſcene books; the latter uſually adorn'd his ſhop with Titles in red letters.

Ver. 39. *Hence hymning* Tyburn*'s elegiac lay.*] It is an ancient Engliſh cuſtom for the Malefactors to ſing a Pſalm at their Execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cuſtomary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the ſame time, or before.

Ver. 39. *Hence hymning* Tyburn —— *Hence*, &c.]

> —— *Genus unde Latinum*
> *Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.* Virg. ib.

Ver. 40. and 42. —— *Soft Sing-ſong on* Cecilia*'s day* —— *And New-year Odes* ——] Allude to the annual Songs compoſed to muſick on St. Cecilia's Feaſt, and thoſe made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being, to be ſung at Court on every New-years-day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and inſtruments.

Ver. 41. *Sepulchral Lyes, our holy walls to grace.*] Is a juſt ſatire on the Flatteries and Falſehoods admitted to be inſcribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs.

I muſt not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this poem, and cannot but greatly endear the

Author to every attentive obſerver of it: I mean that Candour and Humanity, which every where appears in him, to thoſe unhappy Objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all ſcandalous rhimes, ſcurrilous weekly papers, lying news, baſe flatteries, wretched elegies ſongs and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at Court to Ballads in the ſtreets) not ſo much to Malice or Servility, as to Dulneſs; and not ſo much to Dulneſs, as to Neceſſity; And thus at the very commencement of his ſatire, makes an apology for all that are to be ſatirized.

VER. 43. *In clouded Majeſty ſhe ſhone.*] Milton, Lib. 4.

— The Moon
Riſing in clouded Majeſty —

VER. 45. *That knows no fears Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears.*] Horat.

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.

VER. 48. *Who hunger, and who thirſt.*] "This is an alluſion "to a Text in Scripture, which ſhews, in Mr. *Pope*, a delight in "prophaneneſs." But 'tis very familiar with *Shakeſpeare* to allude to paſſages of Scripture: Out of a great Number I'll ſelect a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In All's well that ends well, *I am no great* Nebuchadnezzar, *I have not much skill in graſs.* Ibid. *They are for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire*, Mat. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing: *All, all, and moreover God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden*, Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocoſe ſcene.) In Love's labour loſt, he talks of Sampſon's carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windſor, of Goliah and the Weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falſtaff's Soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the Prodigal Son. *The firſt part of this Note is Mr.* Curl's, *The reſt is Mr.* Theobald's, Appendix to Shakeſpeare reſtor'd, p. 144, 4°

VER. 53. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameleſs Somethings,* &c.] That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Bookſellers or the Players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, Cant. 6.

Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.

VER. 61. *Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiſs to give an inſtance or two of theſe operations of Dulneſs out of the works of her Sons celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held theſe clenches in ſuch abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind. "Alexander Pope hath ſent abroad into the world as many Bulls as " his nameſake Pope Alexander." --- Let us take the initial and " final letters of his Name, viz. A. P - E, and they give you the " idea of an Ape. — Pope comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which " ſignifies a little Wart; or from *Poppyſma*, becauſe he was continually popping out ſquibs of wit, or rather *Popyſmata*, or " *Po-piſms*." Dennis on Hom. and Daily Journal June 11, 1728.

VER. 62. *And ductile dulneſs.*] A Parody on a verſe in Garth, Cant. 1.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

VER. 68. *How Farce and Epic — How Time himſelf,* &c.] Allude to the tranſgreſſions of the Unities, in the Plays of ſuch Poets. For the miracles wrought upon Time and Place, and the mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, Farce and Epic, ſee Pluto and Proſerpine, Penelope, *&c.* if yet extant.

VER. 71.] *Ægypt glads with ſhow'rs.*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no uſe, the overflowing of the Nile being ſufficient to impregnate the ſoil. --- Theſe ſix verſes repreſent the inconſiſtencies in the deſcriptions of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, tho' incompatible in one ſeaſon, or in one ſcene. -- See the Guardian N° 40, parag. 6. See alſo Euſden's whole Works, if to be found. -- It would not have been unpleaſant, to have given Examples of all theſe Species of bad writing from ſuch Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatiſe of the Bathos. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 77. *The cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς.

VER. 83. *'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.*] Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water. -- Cimon the famous Athenian General obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

VER. 86. *Glad Chains.*] The ignorance of theſe Moderns! This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold chains*, ſhewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latiniſm and Greciſm, nay of figurative ſpeech itſelf. — *Lætas ſegetes*, glad, for making glad, *&c.* SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 88. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with Poets, in praiſe of their own Art, in which kind are theſe lines of Mr. Addiſon.

Sometimes miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lye,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever, by the Muſes skill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

VER. 88. *In Settle's numbers.*] ELKANAH SETTLE was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of London. His office was to compoſe yearly panegyricks upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part of the ſhows being frugally at length aboliſhed, the employment of City Poet ceas'd; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe, there was no ſucceſſor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has choſen as the Criſis of the Kingdom of Dulneſs, who thereupon decrees to remove her Imperial Seat: To which great enterprize, all things being now ripe, ſhe calls the Hero of this Poem.

SETTLE was once a writer in ſome vogue, particularly with his party; for he was the author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles the ſecond. He anſwered all Dryden's political Poems; and being cry'd up on one ſide, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco (the firſt that was ever printed with Cuts.) Upon this he grew "inſolent, the Wits writ againſt his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In ſhort Settle was then thought a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town, but the Univerſity of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

For the latter part of his hiſtory, ſee the note on Book iii. ver. 279.

VER. 96. *John Heywood.*] Whoſe Enterludes were printed in the time of Henry the eighth.

VER. 101. *Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel.*] The firſt edition had it, *She ſaw in* Norton *all his father ſhine*; a great miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politicks; as appears by the poem *De jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by theſe lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies of the other.

--- One lately did not fear
(Without the Muſes leave) to plant verſe here.
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en ſet the hearers ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn Eſqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, ſix hundred thirty three
Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he's for his high ſtile
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle.

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike ſentenc'd to the Pillory.

VER. 102. *And Euſden eke out Blackmore.*] LAURENCE EUSDEN Poet Laureate: Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook in his Battle of Poets ſaith of him,

Euſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, none " comes up to ſome verſes of this Poet, which have as much of " the Ridiculum and the Fuſtian in 'em as can well be jumbled " together, and are of that ſort of nonſenſe which ſo perfectly " confounds all Idea's, that there is no diſtinct one left in the " mind. Further he ſays of him, that he hath prophecy'd his own " poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus, but that " we have little hope of the accompliſhment of it from what he hath " lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpar'd a reflection, "That the putting the Laurel on the head of one " who writ ſuch verſes, will give futurity a very lively idea of the " Judgment and Juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Peſon who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreen'd him from this unmannerly reflection. Mr. Euſden was made Laureate for the ſame reaſon that Mr. Tibbald was made Hero of this Poem, becauſe there was *no better to be had*. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain ſo long after, that the Laurel would better have become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter.

> *— In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,*
> *But I the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?*
> *Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,*
> *But vow'd, that till then he ne'er heard of his name.*
>
> Seſſion of Poets.

Of BLACKMORE, ſee book ii. verſe 256. Of PHILIPS, book iii. verſe 320.

VER. 103. *She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page.*] NAHUM TATE was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention, but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of the Author here mentioned with him.

VER. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad.*] This is by no means to be underſtood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris, in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, Vol. 3. No — it is ſpoken of that Excellent and *Divine Madneſs*, ſo often mentioned by Plato, that poetical rage and enthuſiaſm, with which Mr. Dennis hath, in his time, been highly poſſeſſed; and of thoſe *extraordinary hints* and *motions* whereof he himſelf ſo feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on book ii. verſe 256.] SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. JOHN DENNIS is call'd by Mr. Theobald in the Cenſor, Vol. 2. N° 33. by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be look'd on as "more the object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes,

“ laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this “ *poor* man (I wiſh that reflection on poverty had been ſpar'd) “ ſuffers by being contradicted, or which is the ſame thing in “ effect, by hearing another praiſed; we ſhould in compaſſion “ ſometimes attend to him with a ſilent nod, and let him go away “ with the triumphs of his ill-nature. — *Poor Furius* (again) when “ any of his cotemporaries are ſpoken well of, quitting the ground “ of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand years to call “ in the ſuccour of the Ancients. His very panegyrick is ſpiteful, “ and he uſes it for the ſame reaſon as ſome Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who never would have had their “ good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in “ their company. His applauſe is not the tribute of his Heart, “ but the ſacrifice of his Revenge.” &c. Indeed his pieces againſt our Poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtile may be ſatisfactory to the curious. “ A young ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward “ form though it ſhould be that of downright monkey, would “ not differ ſo much from human ſhape, as his unthinking immaterial part does from human underſtanding. — He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a hunchbacked toad. — A book through “ which folly and ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do ridiculouſly look very big, and very dull, and ſtrut, “ and hobble cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led “ and ſupported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impupudence.” Reflect. on the Eſſay on Crit. p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive. “ I regard him (ſaith he) as an “ Enemy, not ſo much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to “ my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the ſole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed to be frolicſome, and the epidemic Madneſs of the times, “ have given him Reputation; and Reputation (as Hobbs ſays) is

"Power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look "on it as my duty to King George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am; "to my Country, of which I have appeared a conſtant lover; "to the Laws, under whoſe protection I have ſo long lived; and "to the Liberty of my Country, more dear than life to me, of "which I have now for forty years been a conſtant aſſerter, &c. "I look upon it as my duty, I ſay, to do — (you ſhall ſee what) "to pull the Lion's Skin from this little Aſs, which popular error "has thrown round him; and to ſhew, that this Author who "has been lately ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his "thoughts, nor engliſh in his expreſſions." Dennis Rem. on "Hom. Pref. p. 2, and p. 91, &c.

Beſides theſe publick-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which by his manner of expreſſing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life, from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. "The ſtory (ſays he) "is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, "may hear it from Mr. Curl my Bookſeller. — However, what "my reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have with a juſt confi"dence ſaid, in defiance of his two clandeſtine weapons, his "Slander and his Poyſon." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D. his ſuſpicion was that of being poyſoned, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him. Of which fact, ſee "A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous revenge "by poyſon on the body of Edmund Curl," firſt printed in 1716, (the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed) and ſince in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, Vol. 3. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two-pence, called, "A true character of Mr. Pope and his wri"tings, printed for S. Popping, 1716." in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid "to have inſulted people on thoſe calamities and "diſeaſes, which he himſelf gave them by adminiſtring Poyſon

“ to them ;” and is called (p. 4.) “ a lurking way-laying-coward, “ and a ſtabber in the dark.” Which (with many other things moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have render'd him a Terror, not to Mr. *Dennis* only, but to all chriſtian people.

For the reſt, Mr. JOHN DENNIS was the ſon of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He hath been ſince a formidable Critic againſt every man who has writ with any Succeſs; in particular the open Antagoniſt of Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Pope. He was alſo a zealous Politician, Poetry and the State being always equally concern'd in his works; and he made himſelf known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows, “ Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a perſon of ſound “ learning. That he is maſter of a great deal of Penetration and “ Judgment, his Criticiſms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do “ ſufficiently demonſtrate.” From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ plays “ more to get Reputation than Money.” DENNIS of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, pag. 68, 69. compared with page 286.

VER. 106. *But chief in Tibbald.*] LEWIS TIBBALD (as pronounced) or THEOBALD (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of ſeveral anonymous Letters in praiſe of them in Miſt's Journal. He was concerned in a Paper called the Cenſor, and a tranſlation of Ovid, as we find from Dennis's remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10. “There “ is a notorious Idiot, one hight *Whachum*, who from an under-ſpur-leather to the Law, is become an under-ſtrapper to the “ Play-houſe, who has lately burleſqu'd the Metamorphoſes of

" Ovid by a vile tranſlation, *&c.* This fellow is concerned in an " impertinent paper called the Cenſor." He had once a mind to tranſlate the Odyſſey, the firſt book whereof was printed in 1717 by B. Lintot, and probably may yet be ſeen at his ſhop. What is ſtill in memory is a piece in 4° under the title of Shakeſpear Reſtor'd: Of this he was ſo proud himſelf, as to ſay in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, " That to expoſe any errors in it was " impracticable." And in another, April 27. " That whatever " care might for the future be taken either by Mr. P. or any " other aſſiſtants, he would ſtill give above five hundred emen" dations that *ſhall* eſcape them all." Mr. Pope during two whole years while he was preparing an edition of Shakeſpear, publiſh'd Advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Reſtorer, who was at that time ſoliciting favours of Mr. P. by letters, did wholly conceal that he had any ſuch deſign, till after its publication: (which he was ſince not aſham'd to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookſeller to raiſe an extravagant Subſcription; in which he had no ſhare, of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publickly advertiſed in his own Propoſals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way better than his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare of Scandal he had in the Journals, cited among the Teſtimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

Ver. 106. — *monſter-breeding breaſt.*] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author; in which he alone could properly be repreſented as ſucceſſor to Settle, who had written Pope Joan, St. George for England, and other pieces for Bartholomew-Fair. See book 3. ver. 279.

Ver. 109. — *ſupperleſs he ſate.*] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this word *ſupperleſs* has been miſtaken by all the former Commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity to which the greateſt not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls a *diſguiſed ſentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poeſy brings all into Action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſs'd with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 115. *He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay.*] Milt. l. 1.

— Round he throws his eyes
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay.

The progreſs of a bad Poet in his Thoughts, being (like the progreſs of the Devil in Milton) thro' a Chaos, might probably ſuggeſt this imitation.

VER. 117. *Volumes, whoſe ſize*, &c.] This library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) conſiſts of thoſe books which ſeem to be the models of his poetry, and are preferr'd for one of theſe three reaſons (uſual with collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhew, or adorned with pictures: The other claſs our author calls ſolid Learning; old bodies of Philoſophy, old Commentators, old engliſh Printers, or old engliſh Tranſlations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulneſs.

VER. 120. — *admires new beauties not its own.*] Virg. Georg. 2.

Miraturque novas frondes & non ſua poma.

VER. 121. — *Ogilby the great.*] ‘ JOHN OGILBY was one, “ who from a late initiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs “ as might well ſtile him the Prodigy of his time! ſending into “ the world ſo many large Volumes! His tranſlations of Homer “ and Virgil, done to the life, and with ſuch excellent ſculptures! “ and what added great grace to his works) he printed them all “ on ſpecial good paper, and in a very good letter.” *Winſtanley*'s Lives of Poets.

VER. 122. *There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines compleat.*] “ The Dutcheſs of NEWCASTLE was one who buſied her ſelf in “ the raviſhing delights of Poetry; leaving to poſterity in print “ three ample volumes of her ſtudious endeavours.” *Winſtanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

VER. 126. — *worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.*] GEORGE “ WITHERS was a great pretender to poetical zeal againſt the vices of the times, and abuſed the greateſt perſonages in power, “ which brought upon him frequent Correction. The Marſhalſea and Newgate were no ſtrangers to him. *Winſtanley.* Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honeſter man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

VER. 129. *Caxton.*] A Printer in the time of Ed. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkin de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis as a Hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks in his Proeme in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. “ Happened “ that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenſhe; whiche late was “ tranſlated oute of latyn by ſome noble clerke of *Fraunce*, “ whiche booke is named Eneydos (made in latyn by that noble "poete and grete clerke Vyrgyle) whiche booke I ſawe over and "redde therein. — In whiche booke I had grete playſyr. by "cauſe of the ſayr and honeſt termes & wordes in frenſhe, whyche "I neuer ſaw to fore lyke. ne none ſo playſaunt ne ſo well ordred. Whiche booke as me ſemed ſholde be moche requyſyte to noble men to ſee, as wel for the eloquence as the hiſtoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys paſſed was the ſayd "booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly "in ſcolis ſpecyally in ytalye and other places, whiche hiſtorye "the ſayd Vyrgyle made in metre."

VER. 133. *Nich. de Lyra*, or *Harpsfeld*, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works in five vaſt folio's were printed in 1472.

VER. 134. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Phyſic. "He tranſlated ſo many books, that a man would think he had done nothing elſe, inſomuch that he might be called Tranſlator-general of his age. The books alone of his turning into Engliſh "are ſufficient to make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library." *Winſtanley*.

VER. 142. *A little Ajax*.] In duodecimo, tranſlated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

VER. 146. *With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end*.] Virg. Ecl. 8.

A te principium, tibi deſinet — from Theoc.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, ϗ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι. So Horace.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camæna.

VER. 162. *Nor ſleeps one Error — Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders*, &c.] As where he laboured to prove Shakeſpear guilty of terrible Anachroniſms, or low Conundrums, which Time had cover'd ; and converſant in ſuch authors as Caxton and Wynkin, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay, ſo far had he loſt his reverence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, "He "deſerv'd to be whipt." An inſolence which nothing ſure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that "Shakeſpear was a Raſcal." *O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 164. *And crucify poor Shakeſpear once a week.*] For ſome time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in Miſt's Journal a ſingle remark or poor conjecture on ſome word or pointing of Shakeſpear, either in his own name, or in letters to himſelf as from others without name. Upon theſe ſomebody made this Epigram,

'Tis generous, Tibbald! *in thee and thy brothers,*
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can juſt returns be ſhown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

He ſince publiſh'd an Edition of Shakeſpear with numerous alterations of the Text, upon bare *Conjectures*, either of his own, or of any others who ſent them to him: To which Mr. *M.* alludes in thoſe Verſes of his very fine Poem on that occaſion.

He with low Induſtry goes gleaning on,
From good, *from* bad, *from* mean, *neglecting none:*
His brother Bookworm ſo, on ſhelf or ſtall,
Will feed alike on Woolſton *and on* Paul ---
Such the grave Bird in Northern Seas is found,
(Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound)
Where'e the King of fiſh moves on before,
This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore;
With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill declin'd,
He picks up what his Patron drops behind;
With ſuch choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald *of a Whale.*

VER. 166. *With all ſuch reading as was never read.*] Such as

Caxton above-mentioned, the three Deſtructions of Troy by Wynkin, and other ſuch like Claſſics.

VER. 168. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As Notes to Cook's Heſiod, where ſometimes a note, and ſometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And Prologues to Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the ſame rank: Theſe were people who writ about the year 1726.

VER. 177. *As forc'd from wind-guns,* &c.] The Thought of theſe four verſes is found in a poem of our authors of a very early date (namely writ at Fourteen Years old and ſoon after printed, intitled, *To the Author of a Poem call'd* Succeſsio) where they ſtand thus,

The heavieſt Muſe the ſwifteſt courſe has gone,
As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt Lead is on.
— So forc'd from Engines Lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous Slugs move nimbly thro' the Sky.

VER. 183. *Had heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,* &c.] Virg. Æn. 2.

Me ſi cœlicolæ voluiſſent ducere vitam,
Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes. —

VER. 187. *Could Troy be ſav'd — His gray-gooſe weapon.*] Virg. ibid.

— Si Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent.

VER. 189. *My Flaccus.*] A familiar manner of ſpeaking uſed by modern Critics of a favourite Author. Mr. T. might as juſtly ſpeak thus of Horace, as a French wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library. *Ah! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'eſt le meme que Marc Tulle.*

VER. 190. *Take up the Attorney's Guide.*] In alluſion to his firſt profeſſion of an Attorney.

Ver. 191. *Or rob the Roman geeſe,* &c.] Relates to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſaved the Capitol, of which Virgil, Æn. 8.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat.

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian Majeſty? and what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe ſings? *canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird in Ecl. 9.

— *argutos* interſtrepere *anſer olores.*

Read it therefore *adeſſe ſtrepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* Does not the very verſe preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not *(repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis)* to correct it, *auritis.* Horace uſes the ſame epithet in the ſame ſenſe,

— Auritas *fidibus canoris*
Ducere quercus.

And to ſay that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.
Scriblerus.

Ver. 194. *Mighty Miſt!*] Nathaniel Miſt was publiſher of a famous Tory Paper (ſee Notes on l. 3.) in which this Author was ſometimes permitted to have a part.

Ver. 197. *Adieu my children!* &c.] Virg. Æn. 3.

— *Felix Priameia virgo!*
Juſſa mori: quæ ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos patria incenſa, diverſa per æquora vectæ, &c.

A tender and paſſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works which he is going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſubject.

VER. 200. *Or ſhipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands.*] "EDWARD WARD, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibraſtick verſe, "but beſt known by the London Spy, in proſe. He has of late "years kept a *publick houſe in the City* (but in a genteel way) "and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his "gueſts a pleaſurable entertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the high-"church-party. Jacob Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 225. Great numbers of his works are yearly ſold into the Plantations.

Edward Ward in a Book call'd Apollo's Maggot, declar'd this account to be a great Falſity; proteſting that his publick houſe was not in the City, but in Moorfields.

VER. 202. *And viſit alehouſe.*] Waller on the Navy,

Thoſe towers of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.

VER. 203. —— *He lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,*
And thrice he dropt it ——]

Ovid of Althœa on the like occaſion, burning her off-ſpring,

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit. ——

VER. 208. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,*
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Perſian Princeſs, very apt to take fire, as appears by theſe lines with which he begins the play.

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it ſcald my aged trunk. ——

Rodrigo, the chief perſonage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between T. and a Watchmaker.) The Rape of Proſerpine, one of the Farces of this author, in which Ceres ſetting fire to a corn-field, endanger'd the burning the Play-houſe.

Virg. Æn. 2. — *Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam*
Vulcano ſuperante, domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon —

VER. 210. *And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.*] He had been (to uſe an expreſſion of our Poet) *about* Æſchylus for ten years, and had received ſubſcriptions for the ſame, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldneſs in a high degree, but our author ſuppoſes it very much cooled by the Tranſlation: upon ſight of a ſpecimen of which was made this Epigram,

Alas! poor Æſchylus! unlucky Dog!
Whom once a Lobſter kill'd, and now a Log.

But this is a grievous error, for Æſchylus was not ſlain by the fall of a Lobſter on his head, but of a Tortoiſe. Teſte Val. Max. l. 9. cap. 12. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 212. *When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virg. Æn. 2. where I would adviſe the reader to peruſe the ſtory of Troy's deſtruction, rather than in Wynkin. But I caution him alike in both, to beware of a moſt grievous error; that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what Trojan Horſe; there never having been any ſuch thing. For firſt, it was not Trojan, being made by the Greeks; and ſecondly, it was not a Horſe, but a Mare. This is clear from many verſes in Virgil,

Uterum armato milite complent —
Incluſos Utero Danaos —
Can a horſe be ſaid *Utero gerere*? Again,
Uteroque recuſſo Inſonuere cavæ —
Atque utero ſonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay is it not expreſly ſaid,

Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta armis —

How is it poſſible the word *fœta* can agree with a horſe? and indeed can it be conceived, that the chaſte and Virgin Goddeſs Pallas would employ her ſelf in forming and faſhioning the Male of that ſpecies? But this ſhall be proved to a demonſtration in our * Virgil Reſtor'd. —SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 214. *Thulè.*] An unfiniſh'd poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed fifteen years ago, by Ambroſe Philips a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion, that this ſheet was of the nature of the Asbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

VER. 219. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs*
She looks, and breathes her ſelf into their airs.]

Alma parens confeſſa Deam; qualiſque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta ſolet — Virg. Æn. 2.
Et lætos oculis afflarat honores. — Id. Æn. 1.

VER. 221. — *the ſacred Dome.*] The Cave of Poverty abovementioned; where he no ſooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato ſays the Spirits ſhall do at their entrance into the celeſtial regions. His dialogue of the Immortality of the ſoul was tranſlated by T. in the familiar modern ſtile of *Prithee Phædo,* and *For God's ſake Socrates:* printed for B. Lintot, 1713.

VER. 226. *And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.*] He writ a poem call'd the *Cave of Poverty,* which concludes with a very extraordinary wiſh, "That ſome great genius, or man of diſtin-"guiſh'd merit may be *ſtarved,* in order to celebrate her power, "and deſcribe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

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* See this Piece in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies, Vol. 3.

Ver. 240. *Can make a Cibber.*] "Mr. Colly Cibber, an "author and actor, of a good ſhare of wit, and uncommon vi-"vacity, which are much improved by the converſation he enjoys, "which is of the beſt." Jacob Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 38. Beſides two volumes of Plays in 4°: he has made up and tranſlated ſeveral others. Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he was particularly admirable in Tragedy.

Ver. 240. —— *Johnſon.*] "Charles Johnson, famous for "writing a Play every ſeaſon, and for being at Button's every day: "he had probably thriven better in his vocation, had he been a "ſmall matter leaner: he may juſtly be called a martyr to obe-"ſity, and to have fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts." Character of the Times, p. 19. Some of his Plays are, Love in a Foreſt (Shakeſpear's As you like it) Wife's Relief (Shirley's Gameſter) The Victim (Racine's Iphigenia) The Sultaneſs (Racine's Bajazet, the prologue to which abuſed Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay) The Cobler of Preſton, his own.

Ver. 240. —— *Or Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell, if we credit "Mr. Jacob, did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where ſomebody "left him ſomething to live on, when he ſhall retire from buſi-"neſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to Cambridge in order for "Prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed in an office of "accounts in the City, being qualified for the ſame by his skill "in Arithmetick, and writing the neceſſary hands. He has obli-"ged the world with many tranſlations of French Plays." Jacob Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's Character of Mr. Ozell ſeems ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all the Sarcaſms on his Learning and Genius, by an Advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729. in a Paper call'd the Weekly Medley. "As to my Learning, every body knows that the whole "Bench of Biſhops, not long ago, were pleas'd to give me a Purſe "of Guineas, for diſcovering the erroneous Tranſlations of the

"Common-Prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, *&c.*
"As for my Genius, let them ſhew better Verſes in all Pope's
"Works than Ozell's Verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late
"Lord Hallifax was ſo pleas'd with, that he complimented him
"with *Leave to dedicate* it to him. Let them ſhow better and
"truer Poetry in the Rape of the Locke, than in Ozell's Rape of
"the Bucket, nay Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publickly declared
"Ozell's Tranſlation of Homer to be, as it was *prior*, ſo like-
"wiſe *ſuperior* to Pope's. — Surely, ſurely, every man is free
"to deſerve well of his Country! JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch Reverend Teſtimonies, as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

VER. 244. *A Heideggre.*] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland; and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent Perſon, who was a man of Parts, and as was ſaid of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum.*

VER. 250. *Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.*] CHARLES GILDON, a writer of criticiſms and libels of the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits, but renouncing Popery, he publiſh'd Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of reaſon, *&c.* He ſignaliz'd himſelf as a Critic, having written ſome very bad plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley printed by Curl, in another called the New Rehearſal printed in 1714, in a third entituled The Compleat Art of Engliſh Poetry in two volumes, and others.

VER. 250. *Banks*] Was author of the plays of the Earl of Eſſex, Ann Boleyn, *&c.* He followed the law as a Sollicitor and Poetry alſo, like Tibbald, with much the ſame ſucceſs.

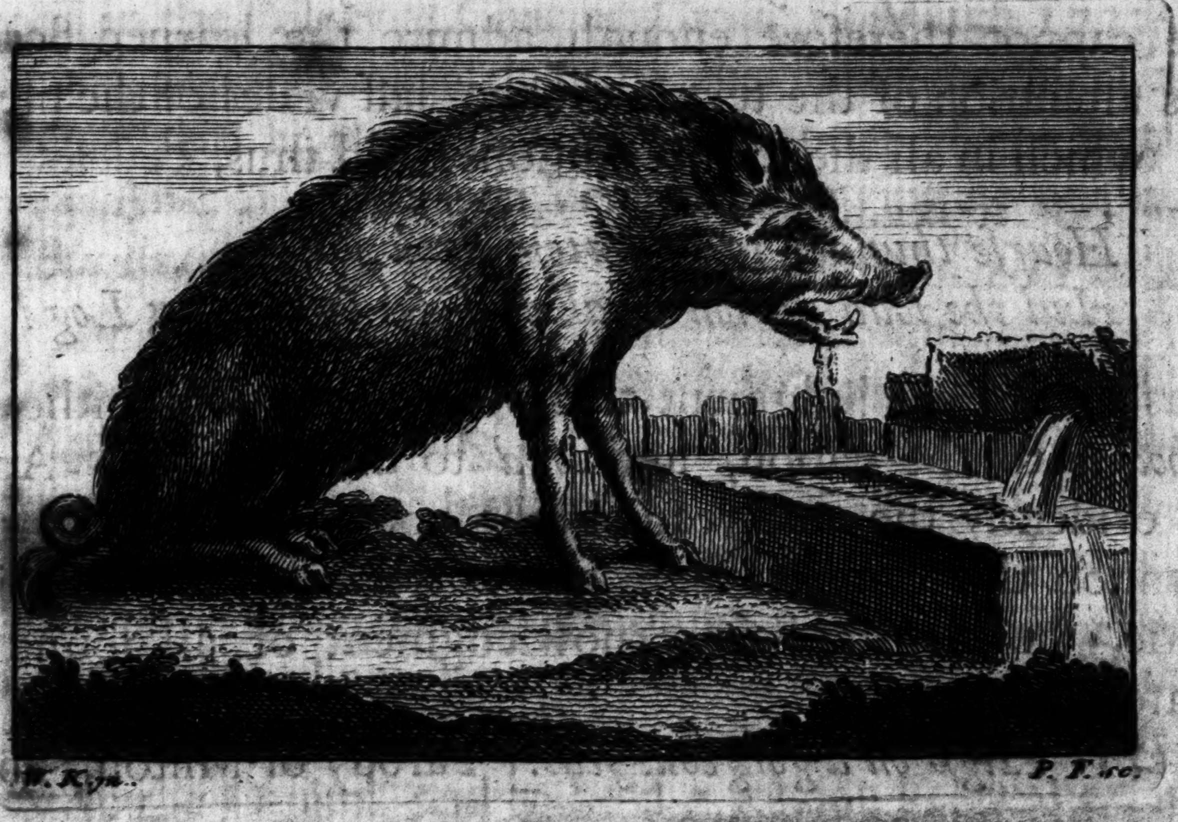
VER. 250. — *Howard.*] Hon. EDWARD HOWARD, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, *&c.*

Ver. 258. *As ſings thy great forefather, Ogilby.*] See his Æſop Fables, where this excellent hemyſtic God save King Log! is to be found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious Tenderneſs for the bad writers: We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage perhaps in all that ever Ogilby writ, which ſhows how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate, than theſe words in the preface to his Poems, Edit. 4°. 1717, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of "bad Poets: What we call a *Genius* is hard to be diſtinguiſhed, "by a man himſelf, from a prevalent Inclination: And if it be "never ſo great, he can at firſt diſcover it no other way than by "that ſtrong propenſity, which renders him the more liable to "be miſtaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment by writing, and ſo appealing to the judgment of others: "And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in it "ſelf) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wiſh "we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worſt authors "might endeavour to pleaſe us, and in that endeavour, deſerve "ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with "them, but for their Obſtinacy in perſiſting, and even that "may admit of alleviating circumſtances: For their particular "Friends may be either ignorant, or unſincere; and the reſt of "the world too well bred, to ſhock them with a truth which "generally their bookſellers are the firſt that inform them "of."

But how much all Indulgence is loſt upon theſe people, may appear from the juſt Reflection made on their conſtant Conduct and conſtant Fate, in the following Epigram.

Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
When P-pe *vouchſaf'd a ray,*
Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
How ſoon ye fade away!
To compaſs Phœbus' *Car about,*
Thus empty Vapours riſe;
Each lends his Cloud, to put Him out,
That rear'd him to the Skies.
Alas! thoſe Skies are not your Sphere;
There, He ſhall ever burn:
Weep, weep and fall! for Earth ye were,
And muſt to Earth return.



NOTES on the SECOND BOOK.

TWO things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all Verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an Author could never fail to uſe the *beſt word*, on every occaſion: The ſecond, that a Critic cannot chuſe but know, *which that is?* This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt that the author could *never have us'd it*; and ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed *that very one* which we conjecture in its ſtead.

We cannot therefore enough admire the learned Scriblerus, for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus,

> *Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,*
> *And the loud nation croak'd,* God ſave King *Log!*

He has with great judgment tranſpoſed theſe two epithets, putting *hoarſe* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all ſound commentators.

VER. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat.*] Parody of Milton, lib. 2.

> *High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far*
> *Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,*
> *Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand*
> *Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,*
> *Satan exalted ſate,* —

Ver. 2. *Henly's gilt Tub.*] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, *The Primitive Euchariſt.* See the hiſtory of this perſon, book 3. verſe 195.

Ver. 2. *Or Fleckno's Iriſh Throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh Prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of Prieſthood. He printed ſome Plays, Poems, Letters and Travels. I doubt not our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance; tho' of a character more different from it, than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the *Defaite des Boutes rimees* of Sarazin.

Ver. 3. *Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours.*] Edm. Curl ſtood in the Pillory at Charing-Croſs, in March 1727-8.

Mr. Curl loudly complain'd of this Note as an Untruth, proteſting, "that he ſtood in the Pillory not in *March* but in *February*; And of another on Verſe 144. Saying he was not toſt "in a *Blanket*, but a *Rug*." Curliad in 12° 1729. p. 19. and 25.

Ver. 11. *Rome in her Capital ſaw Querno ſit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo the tenth gave to Poets, travell'd to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a Poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt, which the Court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entred into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an Elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn Feſtival on his Coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. ch. 82. Some idea of his Poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Proluſions.

VER. 31. *A Poet's Form ſhe plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. 10.

> *Tum dea nube cava, tenuem ſine viribus umbram,*
> *In faciem Æneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum)*
> *Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque*
> *Divini aſſimilat capitis — Dat inania verba,*
> *Dat ſine mente ſonum —*

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imag'd by a Phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting Bookſeller.

VER. 35. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards.*] Virg. 12.

> *Vix illud lecti bis ſex —*
> *Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

VER. 43. *Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.*] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of Dulneſs making a Wit, (which could be done no other way than by chance.) The fiction is the more reconcil'd to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſh'd his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happen'd to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

VER. 46. *And call'd the phantom, More.*] Curl in his Key to the Dunciad, affirm'd this to be JAMES MOORE SMITH, Eſq; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a Plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who as he was ſitting in company, perceiv'd his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir (ſaid the Thief, finding himſelf detected, "do not expoſe me, I did it for mere want: be ſo good but to "take it privately out of my pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cry'd out, "See Gentlemen! "what a Thief we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my "handkerchief."

The Plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

M—re always ſmiles whenever he recites;
He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes;
And yet in this no Vanity is ſhown;
A modeſt man may like what's not his own.

His only work was a Comedy call'd the Rival Modes; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7 with this modeſt Motto,

Hic cæſtus, artemque repono.

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir James Baker; and ſome unown'd Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author, in the Daily Journal.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon imagin'd by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpell'd Moore but More; and laſtly, ſince the learned Scriblerus has ſo well prov'd the contrary.

VER. 46. *The Phanton, More.*] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real Perſon, but fictitious; More from μωρος, *ſtultus*, μωρια, *ſtultitia*, to repreſent the folly of a Plagiary. Thus *Eraſmus: Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit, quam es ipſe a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriæ Encomion* to Sir Tho. More; the Farewel of which may be our Author's to his Plagiary. *Vale More! & Moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu *More, and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly.* SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 49. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the Epiſode of the Bookſellers: perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the Authors in this Poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner, to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent Bookſeller printed the Rival Modes above-mentioned.

VER. 54. *Stood dauntleſs Curl,* &c.] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. EDMUND CURL. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſs'd himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and receiv'd particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be own'd that he is here introduc'd with all poſſible dignity: he ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favour'd of the Gods: He ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter; tho' he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother her ſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical: after this, he is unrival'd and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him, was a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the Publick affairs, and many excellent and diverting peices on Private perſons, had he given to his name. If ever he ow'd two Verſes to any other, he ow'd Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances! but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court-Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of Quality; but being firſt threaten'd, and afterwards puniſh'd for it by Mr. Pope he generouſly transferr'd it from her to him, and printed it twelve years in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours ſince received from him. So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, “that any one ſhall be, at ſome “time or other, the better or the worſe, for having but ſeen or “ſpoken to a good, or a bad man.

Ver. 54. *&c.* Something like this is in Homer Il. 10. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his Similes, are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorn'd, and (as the Critics well know) from familiar life; the ſecond of the Water-fowl more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 55th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

Ver. 56. *So take the hindmoſt Hell.*] *Horace de Art.*

Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt.

Ver. 60. *On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head.] Milton, lib. 2.

—— So eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Ver. 66. *Curl's Corinna.*] This name of Corinna it ſeems was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome private Letters of Mr. Pope's, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12° 1727. He diſcover'd her to be the publiſher in his Key, p. 11.

Ver. 69. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide.*] *Virg. Æn.* 5. of Niſus.

> *Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis*
> *Fuſus humum virideſque ſuper madefecerat herbas —*
> *Concidit, immundoque fimo, ſacroque cruore.*

Ver. 70. *And Lintot, Lintot.*] *Virg. Ecl.* 6.

> *— Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret.*

Ver. 71. *Obſcene with filth,* &c.] Tho' this incident may ſeem too low and baſe for the dignity of an Epic Poem, the learned well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὄνθος and *Fimus* are uſed by them, tho' our Poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enrich'd and colour'd his language, as well as rais'd the verſification in theſe two Epiſodes. Mr. Dryden in Mac-Fleckno has not ſcrupled to mention the Morning Toaſt at which the fiſhes bite in the Thames, Piſſing-Ally, Reliques of the Bum, *&c.* but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer ſays of Virgil in his Georgics) toſſes about his Dung with an air of Majeſty. If we conſider that the Exerciſes of his Authors could with juſtice be no higher than Tickling, Chatt'ring, Braying, or Diving, it was no eaſy matter to invent ſuch Games as were proportion'd to the meaner degree of Bookſellers. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Niſus the perſons drawn in this plight are Heroes; whereas here they are ſuch with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas; beſides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nuſances. Nevertheleſs I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequenly happens) what coſt him moſt trouble, and pleas'd him leaſt: but he hoped 'twas excuſable, ſince levell'd at ſuch as underſtand no delicate ſatire: Thus the politeſt men are ſometimes obliged to *ſwear*, when they happen to have to have to do with Porters and Oyſter-wenches.

VER. 78. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's ſign, the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

VER. 79. *A place there is,* &c.] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this Fiction is more extended.

Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque fretumque
Cæleſteſque plagas — Ovid. Met. 12.

VER. 88. *Ichor.*] Alludes to Homer, Iliad 5.

—— ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θεοῖο,
Ιχὼρ, οἷος πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν

A ſtream of nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd,
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial Spirits may bleed. Milton.

VER. 89. *Cloacina.*] The Roman Goddeſs of the Common-ſhores.

VER. 93. *Oft as he fiſh'd,* &c.] See the Preface to Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

VER. 96. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are Ointments us'd by Witches to enable them to fly in the air, *&c.*

VER. 100. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.*] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

— *faciem oſtendebat, & udo*
Turpia membra fimo —

VER. 103. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade,* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

— *Effugit imago,*
Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno.

Ver. 106. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air.*] *Virg.* 6. of the Sybils leaves,

Carmina — turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

The perſons mentioned in the next line are ſome of thoſe, whoſe writings, epigrams or jeſts, this man had own'd. See Note on ver. 46.

Ver. 110. *An unpay'd Taylor.*] This line was loudly complain'd of in Miſt, June 8. Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the Poverty of *Poets:* but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a Jury of *Taylors.* To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen: if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad Paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here apply'd it was a man of Fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as *Non-payment:* which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if "Homer himſelf was not *in debt,* it was becauſe no body would "truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 116. *Like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior.*] Theſe Authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary. Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome Satires on the Tranſlators of Homer (Mr. Tickel and our author) with many other things printed in News-papers. Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P. Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, "an ingenious dramatic performance to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. "Arbuthnot, and ſome Ladies of quality." Curl, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 117. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Bookſellers and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Ver. 118. *Bond, Beſaleel, Breval.*] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on verſe 46 of this Book, that More was a fictitious name; ſince theſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as Phantoms.

So at firſt ſight it may ſeem; but be not deceived Reader! theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true Curl declares Breval a Captain, and author of a piece call'd The Confederates: But the ſame Curl firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our Poet, but where is ſuch a ſatire to be found, where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Beſaleel, it carries Forgery in the very name, nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend on it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms! **Scriblerus.**

Ver. 120. *Joſeph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.

Ver. 124. *And turn this whole illuſion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this Bookſeller, to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 128. *Lady Mary's.*] This paſſage was thought to allude to a famous Lady who cheated a French Wit of 5000 pounds in the South-Sea year. But the Author meant it in general of all bragging Travellers, and of all Whores and Cheats under the name of Ladies.

Ver. 130. *Cook ſhall be Prior.*] The man here ſpecified was the ſon of a Muggletonian, who kept a Publick-houſe at Braintree in Eſſex. He writ a thing call'd the Battle of the Poets, of which Philips and Welſted were the heroes, and wherein our author was attack'd in relation to his Homer and Shakeſpear. He writ moreover a Farce of Penelope, in the preface of which alſo he was ſquinted at: and ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London and Daily Journals. At ſame time the honeſt Gentleman wrote Letters to Mr. P. in the ſtrongeſt terms proteſting his innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes, and half-notes, as hath already been ſaid.

Ver. id. — *and Concanen Swift.*] In the firſt Edition of this

Poem there were only aſteriſks in this place: but the names were ſince inſerted merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 132. *And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has celebrated Sir Iſaac Newton, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Dr. Garth, Mr. Walſh, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Addiſon, Lord Lanſdown, in a word, almoſt every man of his time who deſerv'd it. It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on This ſubject, yet he found means to inſert their panegyrick, and here has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particulaly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth, both as his conſtant friend thro' life, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of Satire. The *Diſpenſary* attack'd the whole Body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of bad Poets (if in truth this can be call'd a Body, of which no two members ever agreed): It alſo did what Mr. Theobald ſaid was unpardonable, drew in parts of private Character, and introduced perſons independent of his Subject. Much more would Boileau have incurr'd his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad Poets; which it is to be fear'd wou'd have been more immediately His Concern. But certainly next to commending good Writers, the greateſt ſervice to Learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſt to our author.

The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral kind)
Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
To ſhow us which way blows the wind,

Thus dirty Knaves or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point Inſtruction ev'ry way.
With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive;
One potent drop let this but ſhed,
And ev'ry Rogue that ſtunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

VER. 133. *— piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his ruful length of face.] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

— Riſit pater optimus illi.
Me liceat caſum miſerare inſontis amici —
Sic fatus, Gætuli tergum immane leonis, &c.

VER. 134. *Ruful length of face.*] "The decrepid perſon or figure of a man are no reflections upon his Genius: An honeſt mind will love and eſteem a man of worth, tho' he be deform'd or poor: yet the author of the Dunciad hath libell'd a perſon for his ruful length of face!" Miſt's Journ. June 8. This Genius and man of worth whom an honeſt mind ſhould love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he ſtood in the Pillory; an accident which will lengthen the face of any man tho' it were ever ſo comely, therefore no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's Face or Figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault, 'tis often occaſion'd by calamities and diſeaſes, which a man can no more help than a monſter can his deformity. There is no one miſfortune and no one diſeaſe, but what all the reſt of men are ſubject to. — But the deformity of this Author is viſible, preſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf: 'tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a creature not of our origi-

“ nal, nor of our ſpecies: And they who have refuſed to take
“ this warning which God and nature have given them, and have
“ in ſpite of it by a ſenſeleſs preſumption ventur'd to be familiar
“ with him, have ſeverely ſuffer'd, *&c.* 'Tis certain his original is
“ not from Adam, but from the Devil, *&c.*” Dennis Charact. of Mr. P. 8° 1716.

Admirably is it obſerv'd by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. “ That the language of Billingſgate can never be the language of “ Charity, nor conſequently of Chriſtianity.” I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic: for what is more provoking to a Commentator, than to behold his Author thus pourtrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not Him; whereas maliciouſly to call ſome others dull might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore tho' Mr. D. may call another a little Aſs or young Toad, far be it from us to call him a toothleſs Lion or an old Serpent. Indeed, had I written theſe Notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *Balatro*, *Calceatum caput*, or *Scurra in triviis*, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any Gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors might be preſerved. Scriblerus.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhows his Humanity: but it was far otherwiſe with the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always Perſonal: They went ſo far as to libel an eminent Sculptor for making our author's Buſto in marble, which Rhimes had the undeſerv'd honour to be anſwer'd in an *Impromptu* by the Earl of *B*——.

Well Sir, ſuppoſe the Buſto a damn'd head,
Suppoſe the Man an Elf;

All he can ſay for't is, he neither made
The Buſto, nor Himſelf.

And by another Perſon of Quality,

Rysbrake, to make a Pope *of ſtone,*
Muſt labour hard and ſore;
But it would coſt him labour none,
To make a Stone of Moore.

Their Scurrilities were of that nature as provoked every honeſt man but himſelf, yet never to be lamented ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes.

While Malice, Pope, *denies thy page*
Its own celeſtial Fire;
While Critics, and while Bards in rage
Admiring, won't admire;
While wayward Pens thy worth aſſail,
And envious Tongues decry;
Theſe Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
Theſe Times bewail not I.
But when the World's loud Praiſe is thine,
And Spleen no more ſhall blame;
When with thy Homer Thou ſhalt ſhine
In one eſtabliſh'd Fame;
When none ſhall rail, and ev'ry Lay
Devote a Wreath to Thee;
That Day (for come it will) that Day
Shall I lament to ſee.

VER. 135. *A ſhaggy Tap'ſtry.*] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome courſer ſtuff: like that which is ſpoken of by Doctor Donne — *Faces as frightful* *as theirs who whip Chriſt in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus in Æn. 5.

Ver. 136. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of Codrus the Poet's bed ſee Juvenal, deſcribing his poverty very copiouſly. Sat. 3. v. 103, *&c.*

> *Lectus erat Codro,* &c.

> *Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,*
> *That his ſhort Wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out,*
> *His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,*
> *Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd;*
> *And to ſupport this noble Plate, there lay*
> *A bending Chiron, caſt from honeſt clay.*
> *His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd,*
> *Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd,*
> *Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,*
> *And on Heroic Verſe luxuriouſly were fed.*
> *'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,*
> *And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.* Dryd.

But Concanen in his dedication of the Letters, Advertiſements, *&c.* to the author of the Dunciad, aſſures us, that "Juvenal never ſatirized the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookſeller and abuſive ſcribler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent ſatire on ſome Miniſters of State; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and on the Right Rev. Biſhop of Peterborough, *&c.*

Ver. 140. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge.*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper call'd the Obſervator. He was ſentenc'd to be whipp'd thro' ſeveral towns in the Weſt of England, upon which he petition'd King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane Elegies on his death. He liv'd to the time of Queen Anne.

VER. 141. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-Poſt and Poſt-Boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately were cudgell'd, and deſerv'd it.

VER. 143. *Himſelf among the ſtoried chiefs he ſpies,* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis —
Conſtitit & lacrymans. Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

VER. 148. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green.*] A parody on thoſe of a late noble author,

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

VER. 150. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waſte.*] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Creſſa genus, Pholoe, geminique ſub ubere nati.

VER. 143. *Himſelf among the ſtoried chiefs he ſpies,* &c.] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſs'd in a blanket, and whipp'd by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is ingeniouſly and pathetically related in a poem entituled Neck or Nothing. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in the 3d Vol. of Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

VER. 149. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.*] In this Game is expos'd in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcriblers (for the moſt part of that Sex, which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who in libellous *Memoirs* and *Novels*, reveal the faults and misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin or diſturbance of publick fame or private happineſs. Our good Poet, (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he cou'd not ſhow his Indignation, hath ſhewn his Contempt, as much as poſſible: having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of Epic poeſy. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 149. ELIZA HAYWOOD.] This woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books, call'd the Court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the two Babes of Love, See Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection Curl was pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely 'twas what from him ſhe little deſerv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for Reformation of Manners, and declared her ſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the "ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and that tenderneſs with which he "conſider'd the errors of his fellow-creatures; that tho' ſhe ſhould "find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, ſhe was certain it would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe "could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

VER. 152. *Kirkall.*] The Name of a Graver. Some of this Lady's Works were printed in four volumes with her picture thus dreſs'd up, before them.

VER. 155. *—— Yon Juno ——*
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ηρη.

VER. 157. *This China Jordan*, &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

VER. ibid. *This China Jordan.*] In the games of Homer Il. 23. there are ſet together as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle; as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is juſtly diſpleas'd: Mrs. H. here is treated with diſtinction, and acknowledg'd to be the more valuable of the two.

VER. 159. *Chapman*, a Bookſeller who printed Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, *&c.* — *Henry Curl*, the worthy ſon of his father Edmund.

VER. 161. *This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigour.*] *Virg. Æn.* 5.

— Ille melior motu, fretuſque juventa,
Hic membris & mole valens.

VER. 165. *So Jove's bright bow — Sure ſign —*] The words of Homer of the Rainbow, in Iliad 11.

——— ἅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

que le fils de Saturn a fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les ages un ſigne a tous les mortels. Dacier.

VER. 173. *So, fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns, Eridanus.*] Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus, Geor. 4.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua *vultu,*
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior *influit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flow'd thro' the ſkies. Denham, Cooper's Hill.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame like thine in leſſer currents loſt,
Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the Gods.

VER. 175. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceas'd) I have found another reading of theſe lines thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their paſſage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: For firſt, tho' the difference between *burn* and *glow* may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance — a *Jeneſçay quoy* — which is much eaſier to be conceiv'd than explain'd. Secondly, every reader of our Poet muſt have obſerv'd how frequently he uſes this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer,

(1.) Iliad 9. v. 726. -- *With one reſentment glows.*
(2.) Iliad 11. v. 926. -- *There the battle glows.*
(3.) Ibid. 685. -- *The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.*
(4.) Iliad 12. v. 55. -- *Encompaſs'd Hector glows.*
(5.) Ibid. 475. -- *His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows.*
(6.) Iliad 18. v. 591. -- *Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
(7.) Ibid. v. 654. -- *And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent, but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which therefore, let all future Editions place here.

I am aware after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time. But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary: For ſurely every Lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity, than to inſult a man on a miſfortune which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another? THEOBALD.

VER. 179. *The high-wrought day.*] " Some think (ſays an Anonymous Author) this was originally — *the well-p-ſt day:* but " that the Poet's decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifeſts great anger; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *Conjectural Emendations* in this manner. "Let it ſuffice, O Pallas! that every noble ancient, Greek or "Roman, hath ſuffer'd the impertinent correction of every "Dutch, German, and Switz Schoolmaſter! Let our Engliſh "at leaſt eſcape, whoſe intrinſic is ſcarce of Marble ſo ſolid, as "not to be impair'd or ſoil'd by ſuch rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their Works their own, and after death at leaſt "to find reſt and ſanctuary from Critics! When theſe men have "ceas'd to rail, let them not begin to do worſe, to comment! "let them not conjecture into nonſenſe, correct out of all correctneſs, and reſtore into obſcurity and confuſion. Miſerable fate! "which in any nation can befall only the ſprightlieſt Wits that "have written, and befall them only from ſuch dull ones as could "never write! SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 195. *Paolo Antonio Rolli.*] An Italian Poet, the writer of many Opera's in that language, which partly by the help of his genius prevail'd in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen who affected to direct the Opera's.

VER. 199. *Welſted.*] LEONARD WELSTED, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a Satire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characteris'd in the treatiſe περὶ Βάθους or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was alſo characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the enſuing Simile which was handed about at the ſame time.

Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a Mole:
Above-ground never born to go,
What mighty ſtir it keeps below?
To make a Molehill, all this ſtrife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud, a little Dirt to ſpread!
Conſcious of nothing o'er its head.
Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into Light —— and dies.

You have him again in Book 3. V. 163.

VER. 205. *A youth unknown to Phœbus,* &c.] The ſatire of this Epiſode being levelled at the baſe flatteries of authors to worthleſs wealth or greatneſs, concludes here with an excellent leſſon to ſuch men; That altho' their pens and praiſes were as exquiſite as they conceit of themſelves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unletter'd, who ſerveth the paſſions, or pimpeth to the pleaſures, of ſuch vain, braggart, puft Nobility, ſhall with thoſe patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 215. *To move, to raiſe,* &c. —— *Let others aim* —— *'Tis yours to ſhake,* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducant e marmore vultus, &c.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes ——

VER. 218. *With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl.*] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantagiouſly perform'd by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cry'd, "S'death! that is my Thunder."

Ver. 220. *With a tolling Bell.*] A mechanical help to the Pathetick, not unuſeful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

Ver. 223. *Three Cat-calls.*] Certain muſical Inſtruments uſed by one ſort of Critics to confound the Poets of the Theatre.

Ver. 230. *Norton.*] See verſe 383 — J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 116.

Ver. 233. — *A Cat-call each ſhall win,* &c.] *Virg. Ecl.* 3.

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —

Ver. 237.] A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Ver. 248. — *bray back to him again.*] A figure of ſpeech taken from Virgil.

Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Geor. 3.

He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills low back to them again. Cowley.

The poet here celebrated Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *Bray*, which he endeavour'd to ennoble by applying it to the ſound of Armour, War, &c. In imitation of him and ſtrengthen'd by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

Ver. 250. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*] *Virg. Ecl.* 8.

Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca.

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the Scenary here of the bordering regions, Tot'nam-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford-ſtairs, are imitated from Virg. Æn. 7. on the ſounding the horn of Alecto.

Audiit & Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteſque Velini, &c.

Ver. 251. *Long Chanc'ry-lane.*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept: The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourouſly allegoriz'd in theſe lines.

Ver. 256. *Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.*] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. who (as Mr. Dryden expreſs'd it) *writ to the rumbling of his Coach's wheels*, and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, 20 Books; Eliza 10; Alfred 12; The Redeemer 6: beſides Job in folio, the whole Book of Pſalms, The Creation, 7 Books, Nature of Man, 3 Books, and many more. 'Tis in this ſenſe he is ſtiled afterwards, the *Everlaſting Blackmore.* Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, that "this admirable author did not think himſelf upon the "ſame foot with Homer." Comp. Art of Poetry, Vol. I. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard is unfortunate in "happening to miſtake his proper talents, and has not for many "years been ſo much as named, or even thought of among wri-"ters." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon. "Blackmore's Action (ſaith he) has neither unity, nor in-"tegrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; and conſequently he "can have no Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is nei-"ther probable, delightful, nor wonderful: His Characters have "none of the neceſſary qualifications. — The things contain'd in "his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor "numerous enough, nor rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor pa-"thetic. — Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no Genius; firſt laying down "that Genius is cauſed by a *furious* "*joy* and *pride* of ſoul, on the conception of an extraordinary

" *Hint.* Many Men (ſays he) have their *Hints*, without theſe " *motions* of *fury* and *pride of ſoul*, becauſe they want fire " enough to agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold writers: " Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent or- " gans, feel the foremention'd motions, without the extraordina- " ry hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But he declares, " that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*. Remarks on Prince Arthur 8° 1696, Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden, and in his laſt of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of Prophaneneſs and Immorality (Eſſay on polite writing, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on the credit of Edmund Curl that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. (Remarks on Homer, 8° p. 27.) " It was " he who burleſqu'd the Pſalm of David. It is apparent to me " that Pſalm was burleſqu'd by a Popiſh rhymeſter: Let rhyme- " ing perſons who have been brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe " what they will, let 'em be Rakes, let 'em be Scoundrels, let 'em " be Atheiſts, yet education has made an invincible impreſſion on " them in behalf of the ſacred writings. But a Popiſh rhymeſter " has been brought up with a contempt for thoſe ſacred writings. " Now ſhow me another Popiſh rhymeſter but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employ'd the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. " All Mr. Blackmore's celeſtial Machines, as they " cannot be defended ſo much as by common-receiv'd opinion, " ſo are directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of En- " gland: For the viſible deſcent of an Angel muſt be a miracle. " Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles " had ceas'd a long time before Prince Arthur came into the " world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, "as we are oblig'd to believe, then are all the celeſtial machines "in Prince Arthur unſufferable, as wanting not only human but "divine probability. But if the machines are ſufferable, that is "if they have ſo much as divine probability, then it follows of "neceſſity that the doctrine of the Church is falſe: So I leave it "to every impartial Clergyman to conſider, *&c.*" Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 258. *As morning pray'r and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipp'd in Bridewell. — This is to mark punctually the Time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourers dinner; our author by one very proper both to the Perſons and the Scene of his Poem, which we may remember commenc'd in the evening of the Lord mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleetſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleetditch, and laſtly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

Ver. 261. *The King of dykes! &c.*] *Virg.*

Fluviorum Rex Eridanus,
— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

Ver. 261. *The Diving.*] "This I fancy (ſays a great Enemy "to the Poem) is a Game which no body could ever think of "but the Author: however it is work'd up admirably well, eſpecially in thoſe lines where he deſcribes Euſden (he ſhould ſay "Smedley) riſing up again. Eſſay on the Dunciad, p. 19.

Ver. 264, 265, 266. *— daſh thro' thick and thin — love of dirt, — dark dexterity —*] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers; to ſtick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to ſlander in the dark by gueſs.

VER. 268. *The Weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and ſcandal intermix'd, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, call'd the London Journal, Miſt's Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, *&c.* the conceal'd writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

VER. 270. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has ſpoken of any dirty or low work, conſtantly puts us in mind of the Poverty of the offender, as the only extenuation of ſuch practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the Poſt is ſpoken of, how much our hatred to thoſe characters is leſſened, if they add a needy Thief, a poor Pick-pocket, a hungry Highwayman, a ſtarving Knight of the Poſt, *&c.*

VER. 271. *In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands.*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation: an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his Proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of *Bouhours* (call'd the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric)* he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact: for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; And in p. 304, is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler Nº 43, which ſays of his own Simile, that "'tis as great as ever enter'd "into the mind of man." In Poetry, "he was not ſo happy as "laborious, and therefore characteriz'd by the Tatler, Nº 62, by the name of *Omicron* the *Unborn Poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry, conſiſting "of heroic Epiſtles, *&c.* ſome whereof are very well done," ſaith that great Judge Mr. Jacob in his Lives of Poets, Vol. 2. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the Top of his Character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the *Stuarts* in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, 2 Vol. 8°. Being imploy'd by Biſhop Kennet in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Cronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the Preface to the firſt of theſe, advanc'd a *particular Fact* to charge three Eminent Perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which Fact has been diſprov'd by the Biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part produced ſince, after almoſt ninety Years, in that noble Author's own Hand. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for Hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place which he yet enjoys.

He is here likened to Milo, in alluſion to that verſe of Ovid,

—— Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos,

either with regard to his Age, or becauſe he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an Oak that was too ſtrong for him.

—— Remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he ſtrove to rend. Roſc.

Ver. 279. *Next Smedly div'd.*] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole Epiſode was apply'd to an initial letter *E*——, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a perſon dipp'd in ſcandal, and deeply immers'd in dirty work: whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are tax'd of nothing elſe in book 1. verſe 102. But the perſon here mention'd, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker, and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in 8° 1728.

VER. 281. —— *and call on Smedley loſt*, &c.] Lord Roſcommon's tranſlation of Virgil's 6th Eclog.

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.

VER. 283. *Then P** eſſay'd.*] A Gentleman of Genius and Spirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our Poet beſtows a Panegyric inſtead of a Satire, as deſerving to better imployed than in Party-quarrels and Perſonal-invectives.

VER. 287. *Concanen.*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman bred to the Law: he abuſed Dr. Swift, to whom he had obligations, to which Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) alludes in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſing him of having "boaſted of what he had not written, "but others had revis'd and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper call'd the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet call'd a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes, (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece, ſome-body humorouſly caus'd him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was ſince a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he pour'd forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was ſurprizingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

VER. 290. *Nor everlaſting Blackmore this denies.*]

Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori. Virg.

VER. 293. *Arnall.*] WILLIAM ARNALL bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this Art: He began under twenty with furious Party-papers: then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevail'd on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a Letter profeſsing his deteſtation of all ſuch practiſes as his Predeceſſor's: but ſince, by the moſt unexampled Inſolence, impudent Billingſgate Language, and Perſonal Abuſe of ſeveral Great Men the Poet's particular Friends, he hath moſt amply deſerved a Niche in the Temple of Infamy. Witneſs a paper call'd the Free Briton, a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for Hire, and valued himſelf upon it, but frequently thro' his Fury, and wrong Judgment exceeded all the bounds of his Commiſsion, and obliged his Honorable Patron to diſavow his Scurrilities.

Ver. 302. — *in Majeſty of mud.*] Milton.

— in majeſty of darkneſs round
Circled —

Ver. 305. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares.*] *Virg.* 6. of the Sybil.

— majorque videri
Nec mortale ſonans —

Ver. 312. *As Hylas fair.*] Who was raviſh'd by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The ſtory is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 3. Argon. See Virg. Ecl. 6.

Ver. 314. &c. *A branch of Styx,* &c.] *Homer, Il.* 2 *Catal.*

Οἵ τ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ᾽ ἐνέμοντο,
Ος ῥ᾽ ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ᾽ ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνη,
Αλλα᾽ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ᾽ ἔλαιον·
Ορκου γὰρ δεινοῦ, Στυγὸς ὕδατος, ἐςὶν ἀποῤῥώξ.

Of the land of Dreams in the ſame region, he makes mention Odyſſ. 24. See alſo Lucian's true Hiſtory. Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically repreſent the Stupefaction and viſionary Madneſs of Poets equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus his waters gliding ſecretly under the ſea of Piſa, to mix with thoſe of Arethuſe in Sicily, *vid. Moſchus Idyl.* 8. *Virg. Ecl.* 10.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.

And again, Æn. 3.

— Alphæum, fama eſt, huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egiſſe vias, ſubter mare, qui nunc
Ore Arethuſa tuo, Siculis confunditur undis.

VER. 321. *How to the banks,* &c.] *Virg. Ecl.* 6.

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos ante ſeni — &c.

VER. 323. *Taylor, ſweet Swan of Thames.*] JOHN TAYLOR the Water Poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learn'd not ſo much as his *Accidence*: a rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence,
For having got from Poſſum *to* Poſſet,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of *James* I. and *Charles* I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouſe in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

VER. 324. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy.*] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a doſe of it, in the year 1692.

Ver. 325. *While Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice, in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him which were intolerable. His manner of writing had a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 332. *Gates of Lud.*] "King Lud repairing the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the ſtrong gate which "he built in the weſt part, he likewiſe for his own honour named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified "with images of Lud and other Kings. Thoſe images in the "reign of Edward VI, had their heads ſmitten off, and were otherwiſe defaced by unadviſed folks. Queen Mary did ſet new "heads on their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth "the ſame gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded with images of Lud and others as afore." Stow's Survey of London.

Ver. 342. See *Hom. Odyſſ.* 12. *Ovid. Met.* 1.

Ver. 348. *The ſame their talents — Each prompt, &c.*] *Virg. Ecl.* 7.

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, & reſpondere parati.

Ver. 352. *The heroes ſit; the vulgar form a ring.*] *Ovid. M.* 13.

Conſedere duces, & vulgi ſtante corona.

Ver. 356. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*] "All theſe "lines very well imitate the ſlow drowzineſs with which they proceed. It is impoſſible for any one who has a poetical ear to "read them, without perceiving the heavineſs that lags in the "verſe, to imitate the action it deſcribes. The Simile of the Pines "is very juſt and well adapted to the ſubject." Eſſay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

Ver. 365. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak.*] "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written ſome excellent epilogues to "plays, and one ſmall piece on love, which is very pretty." Jacob Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 289. But this Gentleman afterwards made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well-known to the greateſt Stateſman of all parties, in this nation.

Ver. 367. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two perſons not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country.

Ver. 368. *Chriſt's No kingdom,* &c.] This is ſaid by Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, to allude to the Sermon of a reverend Biſhop. If the Poet in this place, among mean and injurious Party-writers, could have any thought of that Prelate; it muſt have been occaſion'd by his having ſometimes ſtoop'd to rank himſelf with them: or perhaps in particular for having in the London Journals borrow'd the name of Britannicus, to inflame the Accuſations and aggravate the Sufferings of a Brother of his own Order in the Church, after he had ſatisfy'd the Rigour of the Law, and actually lay under thoſe Pains and Penalties which continued his whole life: I mean the learned Biſhop Atterbury.

Ver. 378. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*] Blackmore's Job.

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Ver. 379. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many Plays, and a ſong (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. 1. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he begun it.

VER. 381. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, *&c.* —— William Law, A.M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage, Mr. Dennis anſwer'd with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirm'd that "the Playhouſe is the Temple of the Devil, the peculiar pleaſure of the Devil, where all they who go yield to the Devil, where all the Laughter is a laughter among Devils, and all who are there are hearing Muſick in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis reply'd, that "there is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaſter, as between *Two religious books,* the *Bible* and the *Alcoran.*" Then he demonſtrates that "All thoſe who had written againſt the Stage were Jacobites and Nonjurors, and did it always at a time when ſomething was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier publiſh'd his Short View, when France declar'd for the Chevalier; and his Diſſwaſive juſt at the great Storm, when the devaſtation which that Hurricane wrought had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and deſponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flatter'd themſelves were deſign'd in their favour: And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonſtrance, tho' I know nothing of the time of publiſhing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke D'Aumont's being at Somerſet-houſe, or upon the late Rebellion." Dennis, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, *p. ult.*

VER. 383. *Norton.*] NORTON DE FOE, Off-ſpring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* He was one of the Authors of the Flying-Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abus'd with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name, in a due fear of Laws and Cudgels.

VER. 386. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor,

All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead:

VER. 394. *And to mere mortals, ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink.*] This line preſents us with an excellent Moral, that we are never to paſs judgment merely by Appearances; a leſſon to all men who may happen to ſee a reverend perſon in the like ſituation, not to determine too raſhly: ſince not only the Poets frequently deſcribe a Bard inſpir'd in this poſture

On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inſpir'd,

and the like: but an eminent Caſuiſt tells us, "that if a Prieſt "be ſeen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a De-"ception of ſight, or Illuſion of the Devil, who ſometimes takes "upon him the ſhape of holy men on purpoſe to cauſe ſcandal." How little the prophane author of the Characters of the Times, printed 1728, regarded this admonition, appears from theſe words pag. 26, (ſpeaking of the reverend Mr. Laurence Euſden) "A "moſt worthy ſucceſſor of Tate in the Laureatſhip, a man of in-"ſuperable modeſty, ſince certainly it was not his Ambition that "led him to ſeek this illuſtrious poſt, but his Affection to the "Perquiſite of *Sack*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 395. *Fleet.*] A Priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

NEMO ME IMPVNE LACESSIT

NOTES on the THIRD BOOK.

VERSE 5, 6, *Which only Heads refin'd from reaſon know*, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the Chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the *Preſent Age*, doubtleſs more learned, more inlighten'd, and more abounding with great Genius's, in Divinity, Politics, and whatever Arts and Sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again at the end of the Viſion repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſt thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth *Falſity*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 8. *Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,*
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods.

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio —— *Virg. Æn.* 7.

VER. 15. *There in a dusky vale*, &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

—*Videt Æneas in valle reducta*
Secluſum nemus ——
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.

VER. 16. *Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Thetis dipping Achilles, to render him impenetrable.

At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
Luſtrabat —— *Virg. Æn.* 6.

VER. 16. *Old Bavius ſits.*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Tibbald by our author, tho' not in ſo chriſtian-like manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *deteſted* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit*: whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great good nature and mercifulneſs, thro' the whole courſe of this poem. SCRIBLERUS.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends that Bavius was no inconſiderable author; nay, that "he and Mævius had (even in Auguſtus's " days) a very formidable Party at Rome, who thought them much " ſuperior to Virgil and Horace: For (ſaith he) "I cannot be- " believe they would have fix'd that eternal brand upon " them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordi- " nary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part 2. c. 1. (An argument which if this Poem ſhould laſt, will conduce to the honour of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad.) In like manner he tells us of Settle, "that he was once a formidable Rival to Mr. Dryden, and " that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there were thoſe who " gave him the preference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty Rival of Dry- " den, nay for many years bore his Reputation above him." Preface to his Poems, 8° p. 51. And Mr. Milburn cry'd out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to " defend himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions! and no wonder ſome Authors indulge them.

VER. 20. *Brown and Mears*] Bookſellers, Printers for Tibbald, Mrs. Haywood, or any body. — The Allegory of the Souls of the Dull coming forth in the form of Books dreſt in Calves Leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

VER. ibid. *Unbar the gates of Light.*] Milton.

VER. 23. *Millions and millions — Thick as the ſtars*, &c.] *Virg.* 6.

Quam multa in ſylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.

VER. 26. *Ward in Pillory.*] JOHN WARD of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenc'd to ſtand in the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great act of Barbarity. Key to the Dunciad, 3d Edit. p. 16. And another author thus reaſons upon it: Durgen 8°, pag. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian Cha-"rity to abuſe a worthy man in *ſuch a ſituation?* What cou'd "move the Poet thus to mention a *brave Sufferer*, a *gallant Pri-"ſoner*, expos'd to the *view* of *all mankind!* It was laying aſide "his Senſes, it was committing a Crime for which the Law is de-"ficient not to puniſh him! nay a Crime which Man can ſcarce "forgive, nor Time efface! Nothing ſurely could have induced "him to it but a great Lady" (to whom this brave, gallant, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, *&c.*) But it is evident this verſe cou'd not be meant of him; it being notorious that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman: Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet.

VER. 28. *And length of Ears.*] This is a ſophiſticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted, have paſs'd it in ſilence: I have always ſtumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons? I dare aſſert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head run on the Pillory mention'd two lines before: It is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that Scholiaſt takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain, from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our Author was blamed for perſonal Satire on a Man's Face (whereof doubtleſs he might take the Ear to be a part) So likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying-poſt, and all the Herd of Commentators. — *Tota armenta ſequuntur.*

A very little Sagacity (which all theſe Gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore to us the true ſenſe of the Poet, thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change! of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old is moſt certain, but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the Pillory. *This Note partly Mr.* Theobald, *partly* SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 42. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] See the Remark on Book 1. Ver. 23.

VER. 46. *Mix'd the Owl's Ivy with the Poet's Bays.*] *Virg. Ec.* 8.

—ſine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros.

VER. 53. *For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true*
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:]

This has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, l. 11, where the Angel

To nobler ſights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The viſual nerve — For he had much to ſee.

There is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole Epiſode.

VER. 61, 62. *See round the Pole, &c.*] Almoſt the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in Ignorance.

VER. 65. *Far Eaſtward.*] Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eaſtern nations.

VER. 69.] *He whoſe long Wall* —] *Chi Ho-am-ti*, Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

VER. 73, 74. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquer'd Ægypt, caus'd his General to burn the Ptolomæan library, on the gates of which was this inſcription, *Medicina Animæ, The Phyſick of the Soul.*

VER. 88. *The Soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe Countries Mahomet began his Conqueſt.

VER. 93. *Thund'ring againſt Heathen lore.*] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very odd Encomium to this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of Zeal in him. *Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit eccleſiam, non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula, ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus & major authoritas, & diligentia ſtudioſior.* Deſiderius Archbiſhop of Vienna was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; Becauſe (ſays this Pope) *in uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus, Chriſti laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit, Epiſcopis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe conſidera.* He is ſaid among the reſt to have burn'd Livy, *quia in ſuperſtitionibus & ſacris Romanorum perpetuo verſatur.* The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhou'd give more attention to Triumphal Arches, *&c.* than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

VER. 101. *Till Peter's Keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn, &c.*] After the Government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues; the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpar'd ſome of the Temples by converting them to Churches, and ſome of the Statues by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith, the Lyre eaſily became a Harp and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of Holoſernes.

VER. 110. *Happy — had Eaſter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

VER. ibid. *Happy — had Eaſter never been.*] *Virg. Ecl.* 6.

Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent!

VER. 119, 121. *Now look thro' Fate — See all her Progeny —* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde ſequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illuſtres animas, noſtrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam —

VER. 123. *As Berecynthia,* &c.] *Virg. ib.*

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes.

VER. 131. *Mark firſt the youth,* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur haſta,
Proxima ſorte tenet lucis loca. —

VER. 133. *With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!*] A manner of expreſſion uſed by Virgil, Ecl. 8.

Naſcere! præque diem veniens, age Lucifer —

As alſo that of *patriis virtutibus. Ecl.* 4.

Ver. 137. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,* &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

> *— ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,*
> *Tu Marcellus eris! —*

Ver. 139. *Thee ſhall each Ale-houſe,* &c.] *Æn.* 7.

> *Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,*
> *Te liquidi flevere lacus.*

Virgil again Ecl. 10.

> *Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ,* &c.

Ver. 145. *Haywood, Centlivre.*] See Book 2.

Ver. 146. *Horneck and Roome.*] Theſe two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers; and one wou'd think prophetically, ſince immediately after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in Honour and Employment. The firſt was PHILIP HORNECK, Author of a Billingſgate paper call'd *The High German Doctor*. The ſecond EDWARD ROOME, ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, writ ſome of the papers call'd *Paſquin*, and Mr. Ducket others; where by malicious Innuendos it was endeavour'd to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great Man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of him was made the following Epigram.

> *You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,*
> *Yet, if he writes, is dull as other folks?*
> *You wonder at it — This Sir is the caſe,*
> *The Jeſt is loſt, unleſs he prints his* Face.

Ver. 147. *Goode.*] An ill-natur'd Critic who writ a Satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æſop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for Hire, *&c.*

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.*]

" This Gentleman is ſon of a *conſiderable Maltſter* of Romſey in " Southamptonſhire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent " Attorney: who, between his more laborious Studies, has *diverted* himſelf with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and " their works, which has occaſion'd him to try his genius that " way — He has writ in proſe the Lives of the Poets, Eſſays, and " a great many Law-Books, The Accompliſh'd Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, &c. Giles Jacob of himſelf, Lives of Poets, Vol. 1. He very groſsly and unprovok'd, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend Mr. Gay.

VER. id. *Jacob the Scourge*, &c.] There may ſeem to be ſome Error in theſe Verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a *Reſpect* for him, by this undeniable Argument. "He " had once a Regard for my Judgment; otherwiſe he would never have ſubſcribed Two Guineas to me for one ſmall Book in " Octavo." [Jacob's Letter to Dennis, in his Remarks on the Dunciad, pag. 49.] Therefore I ſhould think the Appellation of *Blunderbuſs* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, muſt have been meant in his Honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. " My Writings having made " great impreſſion on the minds of all ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his Repentance, ſubſcribed to my Two " Volumes of ſelect Works — and afterwards to my Two Volumes of Letters." [Ibid. pag. 40.] This wou'd make one believe the name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this Poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle Reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy mony to ſuch Authors, by no means to flatter thy ſelf, that thy motives are Good Nature or Charity.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 150.] Virg. Æn. 6.

— duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Lybiæ!

Ver. 151. *Bond and Foxton.*] Two inoffenſive offenders againſt our poet; perſons unknown, but by being mention'd by Curl.

Ver. 159. *Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our Author till he writ a Swearing-piece call'd Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intituled Night, a Poem. Shakeſpear, Hamlet.

— Viſit thus the glimpſes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous —

This low writer conſtantly attended his own works with panegyricks in the Journals, and once in particular prais'd himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's account of Engliſh Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatick poetry before he began a Play, he ſmiled and reply'd, *Shakeſpear writ without rules.* He ended at laſt in the common Sink of all ſuch writers, a Political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his Friend Arnal, and receiv'd a ſmall pittance for pay.

Ver. 162. *Morris, Beſaleel. See Book 2. ver.* 118.

Ver. 163. *Flow Welſted, &c.*] Of this Author ſee the Remark on Book 2. ver. 199. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him.

"Mr. Welsted had, in his Youth, rais'd ſo great Expectations "of his future Genius, that there was a kind of ſtruggle between "the moſt eminent in the two Univerſities, which ſhou'd have the "honour of his Education? To compound this, he (civilly) be"came a Member of both, and after having paſs'd ſome time at "the one, He (was) removed to the other. From thence he return'd "to Town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the po"lite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledg'd in his occa"ſional Poems, in a manner that will make no ſmall part of the

"Fame of his Protectors. It alſo ſhould ſeem, that he was happy "in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious Characters of the preſent "Age becauſe he has dedicated to them — Incourag'd by ſuch a "Combination in his favour, he — publiſh'd a book of Poems, "ſome in the Ovidian, ſome in the Horatian manner, in both which "the moſt exquiſite judges pronounce, he even rival'd his maſters. "— His Love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from con-"tempt — In his Tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and "ſpirit of his author. His Ode — his Epiſtle — his Verſes — "his Love-tale — all, are the moſt perfect things in all Poetry!" *&c.* WELSTED of himſelf. Char. of the Times, 8° 1728, pag. 23, 24.

VER. 163. *Flow Welſted, flow!* &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill.

> *O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream*
> *My great example, as it is my theme.*
> *Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;*
> *Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

VER. 167. *Ah Dennis,* &c.] The reader, who has ſeen thro' the courſe of theſe Notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhou'd be mention'd but twice, and ſo ſlightly touch'd, in this Poem. But in truth he look'd upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) *ſet his Name* to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he muſt have been above threeſcore in the Mayoralty of Sir George Thorold in 1720, and hath ſince happily lived ten years more. So that he is already ſenior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longeſt Bodily life.

VER. 171. *Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

> — *Ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella,*

Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce — ſanguis meus! —

VER. 173. *Behold yon pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ —

And in the fifth,

Euryalus, forma inſignis viridique juventa,
Niſus amore pio pueri.

VER. 175. *Fam'd for good nature Burnet,* &c.
Ducket, for pious paſſion to the youth.]

The firſt of theſe was ſon of the late Biſhop of S. Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concern'd in one call'd Paſquin, in which Mr. Pope was abuſed (particularly with the late Duke of Buckingham and Biſhop of Rocheſter.) They alſo join'd in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the Iliad, intituled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Dogrel, printed 1715. Mr. Curl gives us this further account of Mr. Burnet. "He did himſelf write a Letter to the E. of Hallifax, "informing his Lordſhip (as he tells him) of what he knew much "better before: And he publiſh'd in his own name ſeveral political pamphlets, A certain information of a certain diſcourſe, "A ſecond Tale of a Tub, *&c.* all which it is ſtrongly affirmed "were written by Colonel Ducket." Curl, Key, p. 17. But the author of the Characters of the Times, tells us, theſe political pieces were not approv'd of by his own Father, the Reverend Biſhop.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen, the world has heard no more than it wou'd of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavour diſcourag'd him from his undertaking. How few good works had ever appear'd (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of Inſects came into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that ſuch Serpents ſhould ſtrangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The Union of theſe two Authors gave occaſion to this Epigram.

Burnet and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
Came hiſſing forth in Verſe;
Both were ſo forward, each wou'd write,
So dull, each hung an A—
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
At either end aſſails;
None knows which leads, or which is led,
For both Heads are but Tails.

VER. 176 — *for pious paſſion to the youth.*] The verſe is a literal tranſlation of Virgil, *Niſus amore pio pueri* — and here, as in the original, apply'd to Friendſhip: That between Niſus and Euryalus is allow'd to make one of the moſt amiable Epiſodes in the world, and ſurely was never interpreted in a perverſe ſenſe. But it will aſtoniſh the reader to hear, that on no other occaſion than this line, a Dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think ſomething farther. "Sir, you are known to "have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation "which God and Nature deſign'd. — Sir, you have a very fine "Lady — and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children," — *&c.* [Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article; he had taken into his head that ever ſince ſome Books were written againſt the Stage, and ſince the Italian Opera had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd: He went ſo far as to print upon the ſubject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "that he cannot help thinking the Obſcenity of Plays ex-

"cuſable at this juncture; ſince, when that execrable ſin is ſpread "ſo wide, it may be of uſe to the reducing mens minds to the na"tural deſire of women." Dennis, Stage defended againſt Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author ſolemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

VER. 181. *But who is he*, &c.] *Virg. Æn.* 6. queſtions and anſwers in this manner, of Numa.

Quis procul ille autem ramis inſignis olivæ
Sacra ferens? — noſco crines, incanaque menta, &c.

VER. 184. *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he to his great contentment peruſed.

Moſt rightly are ancient words here imployed, in ſpeaking of ſuch who ſo greatly delight in the ſame; We may ſay not only rightly, but wiſely, yea excellently; inaſmuch as for the like practiſe the like praiſe is given to Hopkins and Sternhold by Mr. Hearne himſelf. [Gloſſar. to Rob. of Gloceſter.] Artic. *Behett*; "others ſay *behight, promiſed*, and ſo it is uſed excellently well "by Tho. Norton in his tranſlation into metre of the 116 Pſalm, "verſe 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him behight.

"where the modern innovators, not underſtanding the propriety "of the word (which is Truly Engliſh, from the Saxon) have "moſt unwarrantably alter'd it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and great delight.

Ver. ibid. — *Hight,*] "In Cumberland they ſay to *hight*, for "to *promiſe* or *vow*; but *hight* uſually ſignifies *was call'd*: and "ſo it does in the North even to this day, notwithſtanding what "is done in Cumberland. Hearne *ibid.*

Ver. 183. *Arede.*] *Read* or *peruſe*; tho' ſometimes uſed for counſel, "*reade thy read*, take thy counſaile. Thomas Sternholde in his tranſlation of the firſt Pſalm into Engliſh metre, "hath wiſely made uſe of this word,

The man is bleſt that hath not bent
To wicked Read *his ear.*

"But in the laſt ſpurious editions of the ſinging Pſalms the word "*Read* is changed into *Men*: I ſay ſpurious editions, becauſe not "only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Pſalms, "are ſtrange alterations, all for the worſe! And yet the title-page "ſtands as it us'd to do! and all (which is abominable in any "book much more in a ſacred work) is aſcribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others! I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed againſt the "innovators as cheats — A liberty which, to ſay no more of their "intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or "approved of by ſuch as are for Uniformity, and have any regard "for the old Engliſh Saxon tongue." Hearne, Gloſſ. on Rob. of Gloc. Art. *rede.*

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne. Little is it of avail to object, that ſuch words are become unintelligible. Since they are Truly Engliſh, men ought to underſtand them; and ſuch as are for Uniformity, ſhould think all alterations in a language ſtrange, abominable, and unwarrantable. Rightly therefore, I ſay again, hath our Poet uſed ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. Scriblerus.

Ver. ibid. *Myſter wight.*] Uncouth mortal.

VER. 188. *Wits, who like Owls,* &c.] Theſe few lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal Critic: He is to his author as a Quack to his patients, the more they ſuffer and complain, the better he is pleas'd; like the famous Doctor of that ſort, who put up in his bills, *He delighted in matters of difficulty.* Some-body ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order.*

VER. 195. —— *Lo! Henly ſtands,* &c.] JOHN HENLY the Orator; he preach'd on the ſundays of Theological matters, and on the wedneſdays upon other Sciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaim'd ſome years unpuniſh'd againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our Author that honour. Welſted (in Oratory Tranſactions, N° 1. publiſh'd by Henley himſelf) gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh ſchool he "went to St. John's College in Cambridge: he began there to "be uneaſy; for it ſhock'd him to find he was commanded to "believe againſt his judgment in points of Religion, Philoſophy, "*&c.* For his genius leading him freely to diſpute all propoſitions, "and call all points to account, he was impatient under thoſe fet"ters of the free-born mind. — Being admitted to Prieſt's orders, "he found the examination very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that "it was not neceſſary to conform to the Chriſtian Religion in or"der either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood." He came to town, and after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of ſtate. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told "was the Envy of "others, and a diſreliſh entertain'd of him, becauſe *he was not* "*qualify'd to be a compleat Spaniel.*" However he offer'd the ſervice of his pen, in one morning, to two Great men of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project and ſtiled himſelf the *Reſtorer of ancient Eloquence.* He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the "King and Parliament at one place as another, at Hick's hall as

" at Doctors Commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in Newport-Market
" in the Butcher-row. There (ſays his friend) he had the *aſſu-*
" *rance* to form a Plan which no mortal ever thought of; he
" had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſition; challenged his adverſaries to
" fair diſputations, and *none would diſpute with him*; writ, read
" and ſtudied twelve hours a day; compos'd three diſſertations a
" week on all ſubjects; undertook to teach in one year what
" Schools and Univerſities teach in five; was not terrify'd by me-
" naces, inſults or ſatires, but ſtill proceeded, matured his bold
" ſcheme, and put the *Church* and *all that*, in danger." Welſted, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N° 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his Rhetoric to Buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke Jeſts, and ſometimes that Bread which he call'd the *Primitive Euchariſt*. Being at laſt become a Scorn even to Butchers, he took up a Weekly-paper to abuſe the men out of Power, it was call'd the *Hyp-Doctor*, and exceeded all that ever was writ of Gallimatias and Impertinence. This wonderful perſon ſtruck ſome Medals, whoſe device was a Star riſing to the Meridian, with this Motto, *Ad Summa*; and below, *Inveniam Viam aut Faciam.*

VER. 208. Of Toland and Tindal, ſee book 2. Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the year 1726, &c.

VER. 220. *But learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a ſtupid one,

Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere divos!

VER. 227. — *a ſable Sorc'rer.*] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſett of Farces which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Play-houſes ſtrove to out-do each other, in the years 1726, 1727. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 231. *Hell riſes, Heav'n deſcends, and dance on earth.*] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

Ver. 238. *And other planets.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

> *—ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſydera norunt.*

Ver. 240. *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*] Hor.

> *Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

Ver. 242. *Lo! one vaſt Egg.*] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin was hatch'd upon the Stage, out of a large Egg.

Ver. 247. *Son! what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee.*]

> *Quod petis in te eſt —*
> *Ne te quæſiveris extra.* Perſ.

Ver. 250. *Wings the red lightning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus in Æn. 6.

> *Dum flammas Jovis, & ſonitus imitatur olympi.*
> *— Nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,*
> *Ære & cornipedum curſu ſimularat Equorum.*

Ver. 252. *— o'er all unclaſſic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe in the praiſe of Italy,

> *Poetic fields incompaſs me around,*
> *And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground.*

As verſe 260 is a Parody on a noble one of the ſame Author in the Campaign; and verſe 255, 256, on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

Ver. 255. *Immortal Rich.*] Mr. John Rich, Maſter of the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, was the firſt that excell'd this way.

Ver. 260. *Booth and Cibber.*] Two noted Actors, managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane, who however in theſe performances, imitated Mr. Rich, *non paſſibus æquis.*

Ver. 270. *None but thy ſelf can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of Theobald; unleſs the Play call'd the Double Falſhood were (as he would have had it believed) Shakeſpear's. But whether this line were his or not, he try'd to prove Shakeſpear to have written as bad, as for example,

> Try what Repentance can: what can it not?
> But what can it, when one cannot repent?
> —— For Cogitation
> Reſides not in the man who does not think,
>
> Miſt's Journ. of April 27, 1728.

But the laſt of theſe is no man's nonſenſe but Tibbald's, as he might have found had he read what follows,

> —— who does not think
> My Wife is ſlippery —— Cymbeline.

Ver. id.] The former Annotator ſeeming to be of opinion that the Double Falſhhood is not Shakeſpear's; it is but juſtice to give Mr. Theobald's Arguments to the contrary in his preface. Firſt that the MS. was above ſixty years Old: ſecondly, that once Mr. Betterton had it, or he hath heard ſo: thirdly, that ſomebody told him the author gave it to a baſtard-daughter of his: but fourthly and above all, "that he has a *great mind* every "thing that is good in our tongue ſhould be Shakeſpear's." I allow theſe reaſons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that ſo many Errors have eſcaped the learned Editor; a few whereof we ſhall here amend out of a much greater number, as an inſtance of our regard to this *dear relick.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, *good* Camillo's ſon
(Who as he *ſays*, ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing *hour* expect)
He doth ſollicit the return of gold,
To purchaſe certain horſe that like him well.

This place is corrupted: The epithet *good* is a meer inſignificant expletive, but the alteration of that ſingle word reſtores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by Camillo's ſon,
Who, as he *ſaith*, ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing *hours* expect)
He doth ſollicit the return of gold.

Here you have not only the *Perſon* ſpecify'd, by whoſe hands the return was to be made, but the moſt neceſſary part, the *Time* by which it was required. Camillo's ſon was to follow hard upon — What? Why upon *July*. — Horſe that *like him* well, is very abſurd: Read it without contradiction,

— Horſe that *he likes* well.

ACT I. at the end.

— I muſt ſtoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Compariſons* aſide,
And turn my proud additions out of ſervice:

Saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality: What have his *Compariſons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Capariſons* aſide,
And turn my proud additions out of ſervice.

ACT. I. SCENE II.

All the verſe of this Scene is confounded with proſe.

——— O that a man
Could reaſon down this *Feaver* of the blood,
Or ſooth with words the tumult in his heart!
Then Julio, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read, —— this *Fervor* of the blood,
Then Julio, I might be *in deed* thy friend.

marking the juſt oppoſition of *deeds* and *words*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes *ſhake* fire! —— ſaid by Violante, obſerving how the luſtful ſhepherd looks at her. It muſt be, as the ſenſe plainly demands

—— How his eyes *take* fire!
And meaſure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore* diſguiſ*es* for ſome *ends*,

She had but one diſguiſe, and wore it but for one end. Reſtore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were* diſguiſ*ed* for ſome *end*.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

—— To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; falſe both! ——

Falſe Grammar I'm ſure! *Both* can relate but to two things: And ſee! how eaſy a change ſets it right?

To tears, to vows, falſe *troth* ——

I could ſhew you that very word *Troth*, in Shakeſpear, a hundred times.

Ibid. For there is nothing leſt thee now to look for,
That can bring comfort, but a quiet grave.

This I fear is of a piece with, *None but it ſelf can be its parallel:* for the grave puts an *end* to all ſorrow, it can then *need* no comfort. Yet let us vindicate Shakeſpear where we can; I make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing leſt thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *quiet* but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word *Nothing* gives a much ſtronger emphaſis to Violante's concern. This figure is call'd *Anadyploſis.* I could ſhew you a hundred ſuch in him, if I had nothing elſe to do. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 278. *Annual Trophies*, on the Lord Mayor's Day; and *monthly wars*, in the Artillery Ground.

VER. 279. *Tho' long my Party.*] SETTLE, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the Character of a Popiſh Succeſſor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the contrary ſide. He had managed the Ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680: then became a trooper in King James's army at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a Booth at Bartlemew-fair, where in the Droll call'd St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention. He was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there dyed, aged above 60 years.

VER. 281-82. —— *With equal grace*
Our Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.]

Tros Rutuluſve fuat, nullo diſcrimine habebo.
—— Rex Jupiter omnibus idem. *Virg. Æn.* 10.

VER. 284. *To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.*] George

Ridpath, author for ſeveral years of the Flying-Poſt, a Whig-paper; Nathaniel Miſt, publiſher of the Weekly-Journal, a Tory-paper.

Ver. 297. *Thy Dragons Magiſtrates and Peers ſhall taſte*] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, *Thy dragons* ** *and* *** *ſhall taſte.* Concanen was ſure "they could mean no-body but "King George, and Queen Caroline; and ſaid he would in-"ſiſt it was ſo, till the Poet clear'd himſelf by filling up the blanks "otherwiſe, agreeably to the context, and conſiſtent with his Al-legiance." Pref. to a Collection of Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, *&c.* againſt Mr. P. printed for A. More, pag. 6.

Ver. 305. — *Fauſtus is thy Friend, Pluto with Cato,* &c.] Names of miſerable Farces of Tibbald and others, which it was their cuſtom to get acted at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

Ver. 308. — *enſure it but from Fire.*] In Tibbald's Farce of Proſerpine a Corn-field was ſet on fire, whereupon the other Playhouſe had a Barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators: They alſo rival'd each other in ſhowing the Burnings of Hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 309. *Another Æſchylus appears!* &c.] It is reported of Æſchylus, when his Tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrify'd that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried. Tibbald was about tranſlating this author: he printed a ſpecimen of him many years ago, of which I only remember, that the firſt Note contained ſome compariſon between Prometheus and Chriſt crucify'd.

Ver. 317. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,*
Th' Auguſtus, &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

Hic vir, hic eſt! tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus; aurea condet

Sæcula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mention'd book 1. ver. 26.

VER. 317. *Euſden wear the bays.*] See Book 1. verſ. 102. I have before obſerv'd ſomething like *Prophecy* in our Author. Euſden, whom he here couples with Cibber, no ſooner died but his place of Laureate was ſupply'd by Cibber, in the year 1730, on which was made the enſuing Epigram.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That C** r *can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.*

VER. 319. *Benſon ſole judge of Architecture ſit.*] William Benſon (late Surveyor of the Buildings to King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their Houſe and the painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a Committee, to appoint ſome other place to ſit in while the Houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other Builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition: The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment, at the age of near ninety years.

VER. 320. *And Namby Pamby.*] AMBROSE PHILIPS, an Author whoſe eminence in the Infantine ſtile obtain'd him this name.

He was (ſaith Mr. Jacob) "one of the Wits at Button's, and a "Juſtice of the Peace." But ſince he hath met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's compleat Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed he confeſſes, he dare not ſet him quite on the ſame foot "with Virgil, leſt it ſhould ſeem Flattery: but he is much miſtaken if poſterity does not afford him a greater eſteem than he "at preſent enjoys." He endeavour'd to create ſome miſ-underſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an Enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper call'd the Examiner: A falſhood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roy,
Et n'a, (ſelon Cotin) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.

VER. 321. *Dormitory wall.*] The Dormitory in Weſtminſter was a building intended for the lodging of the King's Scholars; toward which a Sum was left by Dr. Edw. Hannes, the reſt was raiſed by contributions procured from ſeveral eminent perſons by the intereſt of Francis Atterbury Biſhop of Rocheſter, and Dean of Weſtminſter. He requeſted the Earl of Burlington to be the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the Bill againſt that learned Prelate was brought in, which ended in his baniſhment. The ſhell being finiſhed according to his deſign, the ſucceeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inſide, which is perform'd *accordingly.*

VER. 322. *And Jone's and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this Poem was written, the Banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the Church and Piazza of Convent-garden, and the

Sæcula qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam —

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mention'd book 1. ver. 26.

Ver. 317. *Euſden wear the bays.*] See Book 1. verſ. 102. I have before obſerv'd ſomething like *Prophecy* in our Author. Euſden, whom he here couples with Cibber, no ſooner died but his place of Laureate was ſupply'd by Cibber, in the year 1730, on which was made the enſuing Epigram.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That C** r *can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.*

Ver. 319. *Benſon ſole judge of Architecture ſit.*] William Benſon (late Surveyor of the Buildings to King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their Houſe and the painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a Committee, to appoint ſome other place to ſit in while the Houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other Builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition: The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment, at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 320. *And Namby Pamby.*] AMBROSE PHILIPS, an Author whoſe eminence in the Infantine ſtile obtain'd him this name.

He was (ſaith Mr. Jacob) “one of the Wits at Button's, and a “Juſtice of the Peace.” But ſince he hath met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's compleat Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. “Indeed he confeſſes, he dare not ſet him quite on the ſame foot “with Virgil, leſt it ſhould ſeem Flattery: but he is much miſtaken if poſterity does not afford him a greater eſteem than he “at preſent enjoys.” He endeavour'd to create ſome miſ-underſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an Enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper call'd the Examiner: A falſhood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roy,
Et n'a, (ſelon Cotin) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.

VER. 321. *Dormitory wall.*] The Dormitory in Weſtminſter was a building intended for the lodging of the King's Scholars; toward which a Sum was left by Dr. Edw. Hannes, the reſt was raiſed by contributions procured from ſeveral eminent perſons by the intereſt of Francis Atterbury Biſhop of Rocheſter, and Dean of Weſtminſter. He requeſted the Earl of Burlington to be the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the Bill againſt that learned Prelate was brought in, which ended in his baniſhment. The ſhell being finiſhed according to his deſign, the ſucceeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inſide, which is perform'd *accordingly.*

VER. 322. *And Jone's and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this Poem was written, the Banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the Church and Piazza of Convent-garden, and the

Palace and Chappel of Somerſet-houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected as to be in danger of ruin. The Portico of Convent-garden Church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the Expence of Richard Earl of Burlington; who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the Deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true Taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 324. *Gay dies unpenſion'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's Fable of the Hare and Many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables, and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of Satire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt Quality to the very Rabble: That verſe of Horace

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient Muſic or Tragedy hardly came up to it: It was acted in London ſixty-three days uninterrupted, and renew'd the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the 30th and 40th time, at Bath and Briſtol 50, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together. It was laſtly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confin'd to the Author only; the Ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite ſongs of it in Fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in Screens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her Pictures were engraved and ſold in great numbers; her Life written; books of Letters and Verſes to her publiſh'd; and pamphlets made even of her Sayings and Jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England the Italian Opera, which had carry'd all before it for ten years. That Idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critic, Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed in one winter by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This remarkable period happen'd in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this Motto, *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

Ver. 325. *Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom.*] See Book 1. verſe 24.

Ver. 326. *And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome.*] He concludes his Irony with a ſtroke upon himſelf: For whoever imagines this a ſarcaſm on the other ingenious perſon, is ſurely miſtaken. The opinion our author had of him was ſufficiently ſhown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyſſey: in which Mr. Broome having ingaged without any previous agreement, diſcharged it ſo much to his ſatisfaction, that he gratified him with the full ſum of five hundred pounds, and a preſent of books to the value of one hundred more. The author only ſeems to lament, that he was ſo long imploy'd in Tranſlating.

Ver. 327. *Proceed great days.*] *Virg. Ecl.* 4.

> —*Incipiunt magni procedere menſes.*

Ver. 335. &c. *She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold!* &c.] Here the Muſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble Game, ſoareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poeſy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other Prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt admir'd authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, &c. (who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.) Do not, gentle reader! reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of the Inſtruments for ſuch a revolution in learning, or deſpiſe ſuch weak Agents as have been deſcribed in our poem; but remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflow'd by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle *Water-Rat*, and lately much indanger'd by certain *Worms* breeding in their Piles.

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the *Diligence* of our Schools, from the *Regularity* of our Univerſities, the *Diſcernment* of our Great men, the *Encouragement* of our Patrons, and the *Genius* of our Writers in all kinds, (notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in each) may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where by cauſing all this Viſion to paſs thro' the *Ivory Gate*, he expreſly in the language of poeſy declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 341. *As Argus' eyes by Hermes wand oppreſt.*] *Ov. Met.* 2.

> *Et quamvis ſopor eſt oculorum parte receptus,*
> *Parte tamen vigilat — Vidit Cyllenius omnes*
> *Succubuiſſe oculos, &c. ibid.*

VER. 345. *Truth in her old cavern lye.*] Alludes to the ſaying of Democritus, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well.

VER. 356. *And thro' the Ivory Gate the Viſion flies.*] *Virg. Æn.* 6.

> *Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ; quarum altera fertur*
> *Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;*
> *Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,*
> *Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes.*

F I N I S.

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE *prefix'd to the five firſt imperfect Editions of the* DUNCIAD, *printed at* Dublin *and* London, *in* Octavo *and* Duod.

[a] *The* PUBLISHER *to the* READER.

IT will be found a true obſervation, tho' ſomewhat ſurprizing, that when any ſcandal is vented againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a moſt quiet reception; and the

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[a] *The Publiſher.*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us in his Preface to Durgen, "that "moſt Judges are of opinion this Preface is not of Engliſh Extraction but Hibernian, *&c.*" He means Dr. Swift, who whether Publiſher or not, may be ſaid in a ſort to be Author of the Poem: For when He, together with Mr. Pope, (for reaſons ſpecify'd in the Preface to their Miſcellanies) determin'd to own the moſt trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to deſtroy all that remain'd in their power, the firſt ſketch of this poem was ſnatch'd from the fire by Dr. Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore Inſcribed. But the occaſion of printing it was as follows.

There was publiſh'd in thoſe Miſcellanies, a Treatiſe of the *Bathos*, or *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, in which was a Chapter, where the Species of bad Writers were rang'd in Claſſes, and inital Letters of Names prefix'd, for the moſt part at random. But ſuch was the number of Poets eminent in that Art, that ſome one or other took every Letter to himſelf. All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year or more the common News-Papers (in moſt of which they had ſome Property, as being hired Writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive Falſhoods and Scurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe: A Liberty no way to be wonder'd at in thoſe People, and in thoſe Papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled Licenſe of the Preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great Characters of the Age, and this with Impunity, their own Perſons and Names being utterly ſecret and ob-larger part accept it as ſavourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas if a known ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all Scriblers, Bookſellers, and Printers whatſoever.

Not to ſearch too deeply into the Reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a Fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with [b] Pamphlets, Advertiſements, Letters, and weekly Eſſays, not only againſt the Wit and Writings, but againſt the Character and Perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his Works which by modeſt computation may be about a [c] hundred thouſand in theſe Kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe in the New world, and Foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [d] Author of the following Poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater perſonal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the moſt private Authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this Poem

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ſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the Thought, that he had now ſome Opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common Enemies of Mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal Slander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the Dullneſs of thoſe who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Bookſellers would not find their Account in employing them, or the Men themſelves, when diſcovered, want Courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad, and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late Flood of Slander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their Names as was neceſſary to his Deſign.

[b] *Pamphlets, Advertiſements,* &c.] See the Liſt of theſe anonymous papers, with their Dates and Authors thereunto annexed, in the 3d Article of this Appendix.

[c] *About a hundred thouſand.*] It is ſurprizing with what ſtupidity this Preface, which is almoſt a continued Irony, was taken by thoſe Authors. This paſſage among others they underſtood to be ſerious.

[d] *The Author of the following Poem,* &c.] A very plain Irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

attacked [e] no man living, who had not before printed, or publiſhed, ſome ſcandal againſt this Gentleman.

How I came poſſeſt of it, is of no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detain'd this publication: ſince thoſe Names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot ſay, and (which is great pity) there is certainly [f] nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: For if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a labor'd (not to ſay affected) *ſhortneſs* in imitation of him, I ſhou'd think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his Friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full [g] ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as it ſhould ſeem by this verſe of Statius which was cited at the head of his manuſcript,

Oh mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,

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[e] The Publiſher in theſe words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever Names the Reader finds that are unknown to him, are of ſuch: and the exception is only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs or ſcurrility all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

[f] *There is certainly nothing in his Style*, &c.] This Irony had ſmall effect in concealing the Author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſh'd two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

[g] *The labour of full ſix years*, &c.] This alſo was honeſtly and ſeriouſly believ'd, by divers of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, Pref. to Sawney, "We are told, it was the labour of ſix years, with the " utmoſt aſſiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the Author's ſenſe to have employ'd ſo large " a part of his Life, *&c.*" So alſo Ward, Pref. to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the Publiſher very wiſely " confeſſes, coſt the Author ſix years retirement from all the pleaſures of life, tho' it is ſomewhat difficult to " conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it cou'd be ſo long in hatching, *&c.* But the length of time " and cloſeneſs of application were mentioned to prepoſſeſs the reader with a good opinion of it.
They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of this Poem.

[h] *Duncia.*

Hence alſo we learn the true Title of the Poem; which with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, of Voltaire the [i] Henriad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

The DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* ſo; not only with reſpect to its Nature, which according to the beſt rules of the Ancients and ſtricteſt ideas of the Moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the Heroical diſpoſition and high Courage of the Writer, who dar'd to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the laſt reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of Elkanah Settle, and it is fix'd to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo. Thorold. But there may ariſe ſome obſcurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome Authors, and inſertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will conſider the Unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the *Poem was not made for theſe Authors, but theſe Authors for the Poem:* I ſhould judge that they were clapp'd in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Perſons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satire would only be multiplied and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the

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[h] The Prefacer to Curl's *Key* took this word to be really in Statius. "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, "the Dunciad is formed," pag. 3. Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

[i] *The Henriad.*] The French Poem of *Monſieur Voltair*, entitled *La Henriade*, had been publiſh'd at London the year before.

Hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr. W. Mr. D. Sir R. B. *&c.* but now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him Theobald, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real perſon.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to ſome appear too mean for the Hero of an Epic Poem: But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no leſs eminent than la Bruyere has honour'd him with frequent mention, and thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, *que je cruſſe que vous etes baiſſe? que vous n' etes plus Poete, ni bel eſprit? que vous etes preſentement auſſi mauvais Juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage, que mechant Auteur? Votre air libre & preſumptueux me raſſure, & me perſuade tout le contraire,* &c. Characteres, Vol. I. *de la Societe & de la Converſation,* &c.

II.

ADVERTISEMENT *to the firſt correct Edition in Quarto,* London, 1729.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this Edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and compleat copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared: I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented, by the Names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to uſe real rather than feign'd Names, was his care to preſerve the Innocent from any falſe Applications; whereas in the former editions which had no more than the Initial letters, he was made, by Keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive; and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem is the work of ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt Commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very *Obſcurity* of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, tho' the Men or the Things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial. However it was judg'd proper to give ſome account of them; for ſince it is only in this Monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive, (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE) it ſeem'd but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell who he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, or when he dy'd.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief Offenders; 'tis only as a paper pinn'd upon the breaſt, to mark the Enormities for which they ſuffer'd, leſt the Correction alone ſhould be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten.

In ſome Articles, it was thought ſufficient barely to tranſcribe their Characters from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of the Comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn *each other*'s Characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch Works.

Of the part of *Scriblerus* I need ſay nothing: his Manner is well enough known, and well enough diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify thoſe who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with ſome of the Parodies and Alluſions to the moſt excellent of the Moderns. If any man from the frequency of the former, may think the Poem too much a *Cento*; our Poet will but appear to have done the ſame thing in jeſt, which Boileau did in earneſt; and upon which Vida, Fracaſtorius, and many of the moſt eminent Latin Poets profeſſedly valued themſelves.

III.

A LIST *of Books, Papers, and Verſes, in which our Author was abuſed, before the Publication of the* Dunciad: *With the true Names of the Authors.*

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapſody called an Eſſay on Criticiſm, by Mr. Dennis, printed for B. Lintot, price 6. d.

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the Younger, containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon.] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſion'd by his intended Tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Eſquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æſop at the Bear-garden. A Viſion in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnaby's ſorrowful Lamentation, a Ballad about Homer's Iliad, by Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad, by George Ducket, Eſq; printed by E. Curl.

A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. by Griffin a Player, ſupervis'd by Mr. Th—, printed by J. Roberts 1715.

A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay [J. D. Breval.] printed for R. Burleigh 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Tranſlation of Homer, with two Letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. Bez. Morris, 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate, or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] price 1 s. 1711. Folio.

The Battle of Poets, a Heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput, Anon. [Mrs. Elizabeth Heywood] 8° printed 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in Proſe, by the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] 8° printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana. With an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley. Printed by J. Roberts 8° 1728. Advertiſed before the publication of the Dunciad in the Daily Journal, April 13, 1728.

Characters of the Times, or an Account of the Writings, Characters, *&c.* of ſeveral Gentlemen libell'd by S—— and P—— in a late Miſcellany, 8vo. 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis. Written in 1724, tho' not printed till 1728, 8vo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays or Advertiſements, in the publick Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smyth.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Therſites, accuſing the Author of Diſaffection to the Government, by James Moore Smyth.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputation, or a ſupplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry [ſuppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philoditto, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. [by Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope, by Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame, by Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement, by James Moore Smyth.

Flying Poſt, April 13, Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P——'s Homer, by J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23, Letter about a Tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer, by Tho. Cook, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large, Anon. John Dennis.

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a Pamphlet entitled, A collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters and Advertiſements occaſion'd by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, Prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, 8° and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte paper many years, were upon the publication of the Dunciad brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookſellers (in hope of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner —— "The Confederates, a Farce, by Capt. Breval, (for which " he is put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-" ſhow, by Col. Ducket, (for which he is put into the Dunciad.)

“ Eſſays, *&c.* by Sir Richard Blackmore. NB. It is for a paſſage “ of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.” And ſo of others.

After the DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad, 8° printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, pag. 9. it was formally declared “That the complaint of “ the aforeſaid Libels and Advertiſements was forged and untrue, that all mouths had been ſilent except in Mr. Pope's “ praiſe, and nothing againſt him publiſh'd, but by Mr. Theobald.]

Sawney, in blank Verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad: with a Critique on that Poem, by J. Ralph, [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after] printed for J. Roberts, 8°

A compleat Key to the Dunciad, by E. Curl, 12° price 6 d.

A ſecond and third Edition of the ſame, with Additions, 12°.

The Popiad, by E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir R. Blackmore, &c. 12°. price 6 d.

The Curliad, by the ſame E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad, collected by the ſame Mr. Curl, 12°. price 6 d. With the Metamorphoſis of P. into a ſtinging Nettle, by Mr. Foxton, 12°.

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus, by J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The Dunciad diſſected, by Curl, and one Mrs. Thomas, 12°

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of the preſent times, ſaid to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, *&c.* by John Oldmixon, 8vo.

Remarks on the Dunciad, by Mr. Dennis, Dedicated to Theobald, 8vo.

A Supplement to the Profund, Anon, By Matth. Concanen. 8vo.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter ſign'd W. A. writ by ſome or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for ſome time held conſtant Weekly meetings for theſe kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter ſign'd Philoſcriberus, on the name of Pope. — Letter to Mr. Theobald in Verſe, ſign'd B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] againſt Mr. P——. Many other little Epigrams about this time in the ſame papers, by James Moore and others.

Miſt's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Poſt, Auguſt 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Auguſt 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treaſon.

Durgen. A plain Satire on a pompous Satireiſt, by Edw. Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups, by E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume under the ſame title, by Smedley. Advertiſed in the Craftſman November 9, 1728. with this remarkable promiſe, that "*any thing* which *any body* "ſhould ſend as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, ſhould be inſerted and "publiſh'd as Theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examin'd, &c. 4to. By Geo. Ducket and John Dennis.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the 4th Chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Room, fol. 1729.

Labeo, a paper of Verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into *One Epiſtle*, and was publiſh'd by James Moore, 4to. 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name in 1731, under the juſt Title of *Dulneſs and Scandal*, fol.

IV.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Cotemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN.

His POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS,

MR. Dryden is a mere Renegado from Monarchy, Poetry, and good Senſe [a]. A true Republican Son of a monarchical Church [b]. A Republican Atheiſt [c]. Dryden was from the beginning an αλλοπροσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt [d].

In the Poem call'd Abſalom and Achitophel are notoriouſly traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their Honourable Perſons expoſed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriouſly libell'd; It is *Scandalum Magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itſelf [e].

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[a] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8° 1698, p. 6. [b] pag. 38 [c] pag. 192. [d] pag. 8.

[e] Whip and Key, 4° printed for R. Janeway 1682. Preface.

IV.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

Mr. POPE.

His POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS,

MR. Pope is an open and mortal Enemy to his Country, and the Commonwealth of Learning[a]. Some call him a Popiſh Whig, which is directly inconſiſtent[b]. Pope as a Papiſt muſt be a Tory and High-Flyer[c]. He is both a Whig and a Tory[d]. He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one Party in their own Sentiments[e].

In his Miſcellanies, the Perſons abuſed are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houſes of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Eſtabliſh'd CHURCH, the preſent MINISTRY, &c. To make ſenſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtru'd into ROYAL SCANDAL[f].

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[a] Dennis, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12.

[b] Dunciad diſſected.

[c] Preſace to Gulliveriana.

[d] Denn. Character of Mr. P.

[e] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[f] Liſt, at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8°. Printed for A. Moore. 1728, and the Preface to it, pag. 6.

He looks upon God's Goſpel as a fooliſh Fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful Purveyor[f]. His very Chriſtianity may be queſtioned[g]. He ought to expect more Severity than other men, as he is moſt unmerciful in his own Reflections on others[h]. With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets up for Poetical Infallibility[i].

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verſifyer.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre[k]. Mr. Dryden's Genius did not appear in any thing more than his Verſification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a queſtion?[l]

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonſon calls it Dryden's Virgil, to ſhow that this is not that Virgil ſo admired in the Auguſtæan age, but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical Writer[m]. None but a Bavius, a Mœvius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but ſuch unthinking Vermin admire his Tranſlator[n]. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love — But Virgil who is all great and majeſtic, &c. requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſions, not an ambling Muſe running on a Carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. — He has numberleſs faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of Expreſſion[o].

Mr. DRYDEN underſtood no Greek or Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Weſtminſter School: Dr. Busby wou'd have whipt him for ſo childiſh a Paraphraſe[p]. The meaneſt Pedant in England wou'd whip a Lubber of twelve

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[f] Ibid.
[g] Milbourn, p. 9.
[h] Ibid. p. 175.
[i] pag, 39.
[k] Whip and Key, Pref.
[l] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84.
[m] Milbourn, pag. 2.
[n] pag. 35.
[o] Pag. 22, and 192.
[p] Milbourn, p. 72.

He is a Popiſh Rhymeſter, bred up with a Contempt of the Sacred Writings [g]. His Religion allows him to deſtroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy Wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh Principles [h]. It deſerved Vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs Infallibility than his Nameſake at Rome [i].

Mr. POPE only a Verſifyer.

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit [k]. It muſt be own'd that he hath got a notable Knack of rhymeing, and writing ſmooth verſe [l].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him one wou'd ſwear had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome Bog for his Hippocrene [m]. He has no Admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge [n].

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either Genius or good ſenſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Verſification —— But this little Author who is ſo much in vogue, has neither Senſe in his Thoughts, nor Engliſh in his Expreſſions [o].

Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little [p]. I wonder how this Gentleman wou'd look for conſtruing ſo abſurdly [q]. The Tranſlator is mad, every Line betrays his Stupidity [r]. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not underſtand his Author [s]. This ſhows how fit Mr. D. may be to tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but ἄχωρ for ἴχωρ muſt be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Preſs [t]. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies. —— He writes for the Ladies, and not for uſe [u].

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[g] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

[h] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

[i] Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, p. 9.

[k] Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728.

[l] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

[m] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

[n] Ibid.

[o] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

[p] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

The Tranſlator puts in a little Burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subſcribers [w].

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subſcribers.

I wonder that any man who cou'd not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhou'd go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an Undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves, will be impoſed upon, merely by a partially and unſeaſonably-celebrated Name [x]. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* ſhall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, tho' it ſhould extend to Picking of Pockets [y].

Names beſtow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dreſt up in a gaudy gown —— Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with —— None but Apiſh and Papiſh Brats will heed him. Whip and Key, Pref.

An ASS.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another Beaſt that crouches under all: Mr. Dryden, &c. Milb. p. 105.

A FROG.] Poet Squab indued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermine, which would ſwell to the bulk of an Oxe, p. 11.

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[q] Pag. 203. [r] Pag. 78. [s] Pag. 206. [t] Pag. 19. [u] Pag. 124, 190. [w] Pag. 67.
[x] Pag. 192. [y] Ibid. p. 125.

ſhould it be diſcover'd, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek[q]. He has ſtuck ſo little to his Original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion[r]. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has ſo delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies?[s]

But he has a notable talent at Burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqu'd Homer without deſigning it[t].

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subſcribers.

'Tis indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work! But 'tis too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the Project. The Subſcribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of[u]. Pope has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookſellers[x].

Names beſtow'd on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his ſurname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the ſame Idea of an Ape, as his face, &c. Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Aſs. Dennis's Rem. on Homer, pref.

A FROG.] A ſquab ſhort Gentleman — a little creature that like the Frog in the Fable, ſwells and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Oxe. Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9.

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[q] Daily Journal of April 23, 1728.
[r] Supplement to the Profund. Pref.
[s] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66.
[t] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.
[u] Burnet Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[x] Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage, p. 176.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jeſus Chriſt: And if I miſtake not, I've read ſomewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majeſty, p. 57.

A Fool.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited Fool — Whip and Key, pref. Some great Poets are poſitive Blockheads. Milbourn, p. 34.

A Thing.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden. Ibid. p. 35.

A Coward.] A lurking way-laying Coward. Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honeſty. Ibid.

A Fool.] Great Fools will be chriſten'd by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be call'd Homer. Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

A Thing.] A little abject Thing. Ibid. p. 8.

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The Author's DECLARATION.
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1. A DISSERTATION of the POEM.
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FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT was intended in this Edition, to have added *Notes* to the *Ethic Epiſtles* as well as to the *Dunciad*, but the book ſwelling to too great a bulk, we are oblig'd to defer them till another Volume may come out, of ſuch as the Author may hereafter write, with ſeveral Pieces in Proſe relating to the ſame ſubjects.

In the mean time, that nothing contained in the former Editions may be wanting in this, we have here collected all the *Variations* of the ſeparate Impreſſions, and the *Notes* which have been annexed to them, with the addition of a few more which have been judg'd the moſt neceſſary.

NOTES.

EPISTLE to Lord *BATHURST*, VER. 20.

To Ward, *to* Waters, Chartres, *and the* Devil.

JOHN WARD of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He join'd in a Conveyance with Sir John Blunt to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of

Parliament, which afterwards detaining from his Friend, Sir John informed the Company of the Fraud, on promiſe of a Pardon for himſelf. The Company recover'd the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward, but he ſet up prior Conveyances of his real Eſtate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his perſonal Eſtate, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds: Theſe Conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his Life by not giving in his Effects till the laſt Day, which was that of his Examination. During his Confinement, his amuſement was to give Poyſon to Dogs and Cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the Worth of this Gentleman, at the ſeveral Æra's of his Life; at his ſtanding in the Pillory, he was *worth* above two hundred thouſand pounds: at his Commitment to Newgate, he was *worth* one hundred and fifty thouſand, but has been ſince ſo far diminiſh'd in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worſe Man* by fifty or ſixty thouſand.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Enſign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next baniſh'd Bruſſels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-Tables, he took to lending of Money at exorbitant Intereſt, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Intereſt, and Capital into a new Capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the Payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquir'd an immenſe Fortune. His Houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the laſt time not without Impriſonment in Newgate, and large Confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731 aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great Riot, almoſt tore the

Body out of the Coffin, and caſt dead Dogs, *&c.* into the Grave with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an Inflexible Constancy, and Inimitable
Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of Every Humane Vice;
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs Impudence from the ſecond.

Nor was he more ſingular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
of his *Manners*, than ſucceſsful in
Accumulating Wealth,
For, without Trade or Profession,
Without Trust of Publick Money,
And without Bribe-worthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who cou'd Cheat without the Mask of Honesty,
Retain his Primæval Meanness when poſſeſs'd of
Ten Thousand a Year,
And having daily deſerv'd the Gibbet for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!

PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-Ages a conſpicuous
PROOF, and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD, by his beſtowing it on
The moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth* ſeven thouſand pounds a year Eſtate in Land, and about one hundred thouſand pounds in Mony.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe Worthies, was a Man no way reſembling the former in his Military, but extremely ſo in his Civil Capacity; his great Fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Neceſſities of others. But this Gentleman's Hiſtory muſt be deferr'd till his Death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

VER. 53. *Colepeper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient Family and ample Fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his Days in ſitting there to ſee the Ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable Method of Life, and refuſing a Poſt in the Army which was offer'd him.

VER. 65. --- *beneath the Patriot's Cloke.*] This is a true Story which happened in the Reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the Back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the burſting of the Bag diſcover'd his Buſineſs there.

VER. 74. *Or ſhip off* Senates *to ſome diſtant ſhore.*] Alludes to the Fate of ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſh'd in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS ONE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſh'd to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

VER. 84. TURNER.] One, who being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach becauſe Intereſt was reduced from 5 to 4 *per Cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better Intereſt: Which Sum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his Chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have out-liv'd it, but that he was Heir to another conſiderable Eſtate which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſav'd both Cloths and all other expences.

VER. 86. Unhappy WHARTON!] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as in his Vices and Follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book.

VER. 87. HOPKINS.] A Citizen whoſe Rapacity obtain'd him the name of *Vultur Hopkins*. He lived worthleſs, but dy'd worth three hundred thouſand pounds: which he would give to no Perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond Generation. His Counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be before this could take effect, and that his Mony could only lie at Intereſt all that time, he expreſt great joy at that, and ſaid, "they wou'd then be as long in ſpending, as he "had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the Will, and gave it to the Heir at Law.

VER. 88. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe Parts, for having forged a *Conveyance* of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by which he poſſeſs'd another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the Brother of the deceas'd. By theſe means he was *worth* a great Sum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Priſon till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

Ver. 98. *Dye, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable Legacies and Annuities to her Cats.

Ver. 102. B*nd *damns the Poor* ---
But Reverend S** *with a ſofter air*
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

In the year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend Mony to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, *&c.* But the whole was turned only to an Iniquitous Method of enriching particular People, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a Parliamentary Concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers who were Members of the Houſe, were expelled. That "*God hates the Poor*, and "*That every man in want is Knave or Fool*," were the genuine Apothegmes of ſome of the Perſons here mentioned.

Ver. 119. *What made Directors cheat?* ---
To live on Ven'ſon ---]

In the Extravagance and Luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a Haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

Ver. 121. *Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?*
Phryne foreſees a General Exciſe.

Many People about the year 1733, had a Conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have ſome Intimation.

Ver. 125. *Wiſe Peter.*] Peter Walter, a Perſon not only eminent in the Wiſdom of his Profeſſion, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a ſafe, Conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this Land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Oſtentation: His Wealth was never ſeen, and his Bounty never heard of; except to his own Son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of conſiderable Profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 121. *Rome*'s great *Didius.*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 130. *The Crown of Poland*, &c.] The two Perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the Miſſiſipi deſpis'd to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds:* The Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a Viſion of the like Royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of Gold in the Mines of the Aſturies.

VER. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt*, &c.] Sir JOHN BLUNT originally a Scrivener, was one of the firſt Projectors of the South-ſea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt ſeverely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the ſaid Directors. The fraudulent Conveyance he made of part of his Eſtate, to the value of fifty thouſand pounds, to John Ward of Hackney being detected, thro' a *Miſunderſtanding* between thoſe two Friends, he not only loſt that great Sum, but had forfeited his Life, without a Pardon for the Diſcovery. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious Deportment, and profeſs'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned, is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaim'd againſt the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Miſery of *Party-Spirit*. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in *Great* and *Noble Perſons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to ſee many miſerable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part.*] Edward Harley Earl of

Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

VER. 269. *The* MAN *of* ROSS.] This Perſon who with no greater Eſtate actually performed all theſe good Works, and whoſe true Name was almoſt loſt (partly by the Title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of Eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an Inſcription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle.* He died in the year 1724 aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

EPISTLE to Dr. *ARBUTHNOT.*

THIS Epiſtle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at ſeveral times, as the ſeveral Occaſions offer'd. He had no thought of publiſhing it, till it pleas'd ſome Perſons of Rank and Fortune to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his *Writings*, but his *Morals*, *Perſon*, and *Family:* of which he therefore thought himſelf obliged to give ſome account.

VER. 129. *Granville the polite*, &c.] Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt Writings. The Catalogue might have been extended very much to his honour, but that he confin'd it to Friends of that early date.

VER. 135. *Great* Dryden's *Friends before.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden, tho' a ſcandalous Libel againſt him, called *Dryden's Satire to his Muſe*, has been printed in the Name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

VER. 207. ATTICUS.] It was a great Falſhood which ſome of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death, which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefix'd to the Dunciad. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch, as he would not make publick in regard to his memory; and all that could further be done was to omit the Name in the Edition of his Works.

Ver. 241. --- *help'd to bury.*] Mr. Dryden, after having liv'd in Exigences, had a magnificent Funeral beſtow'd upon him by the contribution of ſeveral Perſons of Quality.

Ver. 342. *The Lye ſo oft o'erthrown.*] As that he receiv'd *Subſcriptions* for *Shakeſpear*, that he *ſet his name* to Mr. *Broome*'s Verſes, *&c.* which tho' publickly diſprov'd, were nevertheleſs ſhameleſsly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called *The Nobleman's Epiſtle.*

Ver. 343. *Th' imputed Traſh.*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his Name by Curl and others.

Ver. 346. *Abuſe on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers: by James Moore and G. Ducket, Eſquires, Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons, *&c.*

Ver. 366. *Ten Years.*] It was ſo long, before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that Poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many Scurrilities and Falſehoods concerning him.

Ver. 367. *Welſted's Lye.*] This Man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſion'd a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſh'd that he had libel'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Preſent of *five hundred pounds:* The Falſehood of which is known to his Grace, whom Mr. P. never had the honour to ſee but twice, and never receiv'd any Preſent, farther than the Subſcription for Homer, from him, or from Any Great Man whatſoever.

Budgel in a Weekly Pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, beſtow'd much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a *Paper* wherein he never had the leaſt Hand, Direction, or Superviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Authors. He took no notice of ſo frantick an Abuſe; expecting that any man who knew himſelf Author of what he was ſlander'd for, would have juſtify'd him on that Article.

VER. 372. *His Father, Mother*, &c.] In ſome of Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a Reflection can be thought to come from a Nobleman) has dropt an Alluſion to this pitiful Untruth, in his *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following Line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth Obſcure,

had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in the *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the Head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſey. --- His Mother was the Daughter of William Turnor, Eſq; of York: She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of King Charles; the eldeſt following his Fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in Spain, left her what Eſtate remain'd after the Sequeſtrations and Forfeitures of her Family. - - - Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few Weeks after this Poem was finiſhed. The following Inſcription was placed by their Son on their Monument, in the Pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO,
PROBO, PIO, QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.
ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI, PIENTISSIMÆ,
QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT, ET SIBI.

VARIATIONS.

Edit. 1. Fol. & Quart. Essay *on* Man. Epiſt. 1. Ver. 89, 90.

What Bliſs above *he gives not thee to know,*
But gives that Hope to be thy Bliſs below.
Ed. 2. *What* future *Bliſs* - -
- - *to be thy bleſſing* now.

Ed. 1. Ver. 95. *If to be perfect in a certain State,*
What matter, here or there, or ſoon or late?
He that is bleſt to day, as fully ſo,
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

Omitted in the ſubſequent Editions.

Ed. 1. Ver. 237. *Vaſt Chain of Being which from God began,*
Ethereal Eſſence, Spirit, Subſtance, Man, &c.
Ed. 2. *Natures Ethereal, human, Angel, Man.*

Ver. 243. *Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,*
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs from the Sky,
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the Throne of God.

Theſe ſix Lines are added ſince the firſt Edition.

Epistle II. Ver. 2. Edit. 1.

The only Science of Mankind is Man.
Ed. 2. *The proper Study* - -

Ver. 21. Ed. 1, &c. *Inſtruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,*
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Ed. 4, 5. *Show by what Rules the wandring Planets ſtray,*
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Ver. 35. Ed. 1. *Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,*
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their Points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Ed. 4. *Could he whoſe Laws the whirling Comet bind,*
Deſcribe, or fix, one Movement of the Mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and here deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Ver. 179. *Luſt, thro' ſome certain Strainers well refin'd,*
Is gentle Love, and charms all Womankind.

Left out in ſome Editions.

Ver. 205. Ed. 1. *A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the Name,*
In all the Inns of Court, or Drury-lane?
But where th' Extreme of Vice was ne'er agreed, &c.

Theſe two are alſo omitted in the ſubſequent Editions.

EPISTLE III. Ver. 1.

Learn Dulneſs, learn! the Univerſal Cauſe
Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws.

Ed. 4, 5. *Here then we reſt: The Univerſal Cauſe*
Acts - - -

Ver. 9. Ed. 1. *See lifeleſs Matter moving to one End.*
Ed. 2. *See plaſtic Nature working to this End.*

Ver. 49. *As far as Gooſe cou'd judge, he reaſon'd right,*
But as to Man, miſtook the Matter quite.
Omitted in the laſt Editions.

Ver. 198. *Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,*
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.
Ed. 5. *And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,*
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

Ver. 208. *Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,*
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Theſe two Lines added ſince the firſt Edition.

EPISTLE IV. Ver. 110, &c.

Gods ſends not Ill, 'tis Nature lets it fall,
Or Change eſcape, and Man improves it all.

Thus in the laſt Edition.
God ſends not Ill: if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.

Ver. 140. *Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be a Strife,*
What different Syſtems for a Man and Wife?
Omitted in the laſt Edition.

Ver. 380. *When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in duſt repoſe,*
Whoſe Sons ſhall bluſh their Fathers were thy Foes.
Omitted by miſtake in the Folio Edition.

EPISTLES, *Book the Second.* Epiſt. 1. Ver. 146.

Triumphant Leaders, &c. Theſe four Verſes having been miſconſtrued, contrary to the Author's meaning, they are ſuppreſſed in as many Copies as he cou'd recall.

Ep. 2. Ver. 103. *In ſev'ral Men we ſeveral Paſſions find*;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.
In the laſt Edit. *In Men, we various* ruling Paſſions *find*;
In Women, &c.

Ep. 3. Ver. 400, &c. Inſtead of the four laſt Lines are only theſe two in the Folio Editions.

Wife, Son and Daughter, Satan, are thy Prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

Ep. 4. Ver. 169. *Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?* &c.
The twelve Verſes following are added ſince the ſeparate Editions.

Ep. 7. Ver. 29. *What Drop, or Noſtrum, can this plague remove?*
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's Wrath or Love?

It ſtands thus in the ſeparate Folio Edition.
Ver. 89, 90. *Deſtroy his Fib, or Sophiſtry, in vain!*
The Creature's at his dirty Work again,

In the ſame Edition.
Ver. 100. *Of all mad Creatures, if the Learn'd are right,*
It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite.
In the ſame Edition.

Ver. 109. *Time, Praiſe, or Money, is the leaſt they crave,*
Yet each declares the other Fool or Knave.
Theſe two Lines are not in the ſeparate Folio.

Ver. 238, &c. Dryden *alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,*
Dryden *alone eſcap'd this judging eye;*
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury him he help'd to ſtarve.

These four alſo are not in the ſeparate Editions.

Ver. 245. Ed. 1. *Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend*
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts ---

Ver. 250, &c. Stand thus in the ſeparate Folio,

Why am I ask'd, what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no Joys for me? or, to be grave,
Have I no Friend to ſerve, no Soul to ſave?

Ver. 278. in the Folio.

Who reads but with a Luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A Laſh like mine, no honeſt Man ſhall dread, &c.

Ver. 280. *Sporus.*] It was originally *Paris*, but that Name having been, as we conceive, the only reaſon that ſo contemptible a Character could be applied to a Noble and Beautiful Perſon, the Author changed it to this of *Sporus*, as a Name which has never yet been ſo miſ-applied.

Ver. 340. *The diſtant Threats of Vengeance on his head,*
The Blow unfelt, the Tear he never ſhed:

These Lines are not in the ſeparate Folio Edition.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Epiſt. 1. Ver. 108. For *This* faithful Dog, r. *His.*

Epiſt. 4. Ver. 112. for *Chance*, r. *Change.*

Epiſtle to Lord Cobham, Ver. 9. for *are* ſuch, r. *is.* and Ver. 14. for *thoſe* r. *theſe.* Add alſo the numeral Figures to that page.

Epiſtle to a Lady, Ver. 180. for *creates this ſofter Man*, r. *It forms a ſofter Man.*

Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, Ver. 180. for *Natives* r. *Navies.*

Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Ver. 383. for *Clodio's* r. *Beſtia's.*

Firſt Satire of Horace, Ver. 110. for *Bear* the mean Heart, r. *Bare.* and in Ver. 91. be ſure to read *Waters.*

Fourth Satire of Donne, Ver. 247. for *wag'd* r. *wagg.*

Epitaphs, in that of the Earl of Dorſet, inſtead of the Church of *Knolle* in Kent, read the Church of *Withyham* in Suſſex.

Prolegomena to the Dunciad, folio, page 63. l. 9. for *preſuppoſed* r. *propoſed*, and in the Quarto p. 67. l. 23. the ſame Error.

In the Index of Perſons celebrated in the Dunciad, for *Omar* the *Ottoman Emperor*, r. *Omar* the *Caliph*, as it is in the Place refer'd to, *viz.* Ver. 73. of the third Book.

In the *Notes* on the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, Note on Ver. 20. *dele* the ſecond Period of that Note, the Fact not being exactly ſtated by the Annotator.

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THE
DUNCIAD:
BOOK the FOURTH.

By Mr. POPE.

WITH THE
ILLUSTRATIONS of *SCRIBLERUS*,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON
Printed for T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row*.
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THE

ARGUMENT.

BOOK the FOURTH.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation*, as the greater Poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhows the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty to deſtroy *Order* and *Science*, and to ſubſtitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth: How ſhe leads captive the *Sciences*, and ſilenceth the *Muſes*; and what they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them alſo divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak reſiſtance, or diſcouragement of Arts; ſuch as Half wits, taſteleſs Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of dunces, or the Patrons of them. All theſe crowd round her: one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in form are the *Geniuſes* of the *Schools*, who aſſure her of their care to advance her Cauſe, by confining Youth to *words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her charge to them and the Univerſities. The *Univerſities* appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her that the ſame method is obſerved in the progreſs of Education:

The ARGUMENT.

The ſpeech of *Ariſtarchus* on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen, returned from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: preſenting to her at the ſame time a young Nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and indues him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She ſees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Perſons* abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with lazineſs; to whom approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuoſos*, and aſſign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantaſtically adorn'd, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: Amongſt them one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mentioned, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any uſeful or extenſive views of nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by the hearty Addreſs from the *Minute Philoſophers* and *Free-thinkers*, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the *Magus* her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends *Prieſts*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various kinds; then confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and finally diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirms to each his *Privileges*, warns *One* in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary virtue, the effects of which are not unfelt this day.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FOURTH.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night!
Of Darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD. Book IV.] This Book may properly be diſtinguiſh'd from the former by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD; not ſo indeed in ſize, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the Diſtinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Leſſer Iliad*. But much are they miſtaken, who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet: of which I am much more certain, than that the *Iliad* itſelf was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as the learned *Barnes* hath affirmed. Nor is it imperfect or incorrect, ſave in ſome few places, which we ſhall remark. SCRIBLERUS.

VERSE 1, *&c.*] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulneſs*) his high Reſpect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dull, or dark ſoever; next declareth his love for *Myſtery* and *Obſcurity*; and laſtly his Impatience to be *re-united* to her. SCRIBL.

VER. 2. —*dread Chaos! and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem, referring to the Prophecy in verſe 338, of the third book:

She comes, the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
With Night primæval and with Chaos old, &c.

VERSE 4. —*half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than by *halves*, or imperfectly. There are ſome, I know, who underſtand it very differently; as if the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*, that there were in it *Myſteries*, or ἀπόῤῥητα, which he durſt not fully reveal, and that in divers verſes, (according to *Milton*)

— more is meant than meets the ear.

Ye Pow'rs! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
'Twas when the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

VERSE 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and ſoftly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place) for ſure in ſpite of this unuſual modeſty, he ſhall not travel ſo faſt toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of thoſe who have the moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves Immortality, *viz. Pindar*, *Luis Gongora*, *Ronſard*, *Oldham*, [Lyrics] and *Lycophron*, *Statius*, *Camoens*, *Chapman*, *Blackmore* [Heroics] I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of commentator, to ſuffer our Poet thus prodigally to caſt away his Life: contrary-wiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the ſame, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable Spirit of thoſe, who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to comment on the Fragments of *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and choſen to give light to *Lycophron*, rather than to hold a candle to *Homer*. SCRIBL.

VERSE. 7. — *Force inertly ſtrong*.] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ* of *Matter*, which, though it really has no Power, is yet the Foundation of all its Qualities and Attributes.

VERSE 14. *To blot out* Order, *and extinguiſh* Light.] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: *Light* as intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

VERSE 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued: *dull* referring to the extin-

4

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
20 Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines.
Beneath her footſtool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.

ction of Light or Science, *venal* to the deſtruction of Order, or the Truth of Things.

VERSE id. — *a new World.*] In alluſion to the *Epicurean* opinion, that, from the diſſolution of the preſent World into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe, which the Poet makes to partake of its original Principles.

VERSE 16. Lead *and* Gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

VERSE 17. — *her head a Cloud conceal'd,*
In broad effulgence all below *reveal'd.*]
It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifeſted themſelves to men by their *Back-parts*, Virg. Æn. I.

— *et* avertens, *roſea cervice refulſit.*

But this paſſage may admit of a more modern expoſition, by the Adage, **The higher you climb, the more you ſhew your A—**. Verified in no inſtance more than in Dulneſs aſpiring: emblematized alſo by an Ape climbing and expoſing his poſteriors. SCRIBL.

VERSE 20. *Her Laureat ſon reclines.*] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Collegue as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing, having paſt thro' the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him, and thro' the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many *King-Conſorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

VER. id.] — *her Laureat.*] "When I find my Name in the Satyrical Works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to HIMSELF. For he conſiders that *my Face* is more *known* than moſt in the Nation; and therefore *a Lick at the Laureat* will always be a ſure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little Readers." Life of *C. C.* Chap. II.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their Succeſs to this ingenious Expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that This DUNCIAD, as well as the former, hath had the Author's laſt Hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing Stroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureat? SCRIBL.

VERSE 21, 22. *Beneath her footſtool, &c.*] We are next preſented with the Pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depreſſed and confined, ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active Enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: *Dulneſs* being often reconcil'd in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any Terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen, that ſhe admits

There ſoam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There ſtript, fair Rhet'ric languiſh'd on the ground;
25 His blunted Arms by Sophiſtry are born,
And ſhameleſs Bilinſgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Caſuiſtry in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the Cord,
30 And dies when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad *Matheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic Stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
35 But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lye,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The Dagger, wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;

ſomething like *each Science*, in its room, for the better Advancement of her Empire.

VERSE 30. — *gives her* Page *the Word.*] Her *Page*, to wit her *Mute*; alluding to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State-Criminals in *Turkey* by Mutes or Pages. A Practice more decent than that of *our Pages*, who, before they hang any Perſon, load him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

VERSE 31. *Mad* Matheſis.] Alluding to the ſtrange Concluſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced, from their principles of the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, *&c.*

VERSE 33. — *pure Space.*] i. e. pure and defæcated from Matter.

VERSE 34. — *running round the* Circle *find it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the Circle.*

VERSE 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye.*] One of the Misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for ſubjecting *Plays* to the Power of a Licenſer, being the falſe repreſentations to which they were expos'd, from ſuch as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatneſs, by perverting general Reflections againſt Vice into Libels on particular Perſons.

But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous Age:
There ſunk Thalia, nerve-leſs, faint, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor cou'd'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe!
When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging Peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand,
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.

VERSE 42. — *her Siſter Satire held her head*] Hiſtory holds up the head of Tragedy, Satire of Comedy, as their aſſiſtants in the diſcharge of their diſtinct Functions: the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common People.

VERSE 43. *Nor cou'd'ſt thou, &c.*] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, opoſed it in an excellent Speech (ſays Mr. *Cibber*) "with a lively ſpirit, and "uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the Honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author and myſelf, concerning the *True Reading* of certain Paſſages. SCRIBL.

VERSE 45. *When lo! a Harlot form, &c.*] Every Reader will ſee, that from this Verſe to the 68th is a detach'd Piece. We ſuppoſe it rightly inſerted here, from what is ſaid of her caſting a ſcornful Look on the *proſtrate Muſes*: but if any one can ſhew us a properer place, we ſhall be obliged to him. —The Attitude given to this phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera; its affected airs, its luxurious and effeminating ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with Favourite Tunes incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the Subſcriptions of the Nobility.

O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that Train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign,
My Racks and Tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe.
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting ſtage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *Encore.*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon Rebellion will commence,
If Muſick meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new Arms, lo Giant Handel ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rowze, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.

VER. 54.—*Let Diviſion reign.*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſick with numberleſs Diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the ſenſe, and applies to the paſſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a greater number of Hands and more variety of inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſick into *Ireland.* After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the Patch-work above mentioned.

VERSE 61.—*Thy own* Phœbus *reigns.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo. VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princeſs *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an aſſiſtant to Opera. Of whom ſee *Bouhours*, and other Criticks of that nation. SCRIBL.

Arreſt him, Empreſs! or you ſleep no more——
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.
And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown,
And all the Nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One Inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong, impulſive gravity of head.
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtrugling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confeſs:

VERSE 71.—*Fame's poſterior Trumpet.*] *Poſterior*, *viz.* her *ſecond* or *more certain* Report: unleſs we imagine this word *poſterior* to relate to the poſition of one of her Trumpets according to *Hudibras:*

She blows not both with the ſame Wind,
But one before and one behind,
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.

VERSE 75. *None need a* Guide,—*none want a* Place—] The ſons of Dulneſs are αὐτοδίδακτοι, and can introduce themſelves into all places, they want no inſtructors in ſtudy, nor guides in life.

VERSE 73 to 103.] It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imaged in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence, from Verſe 81 to 91. The third of ſuch, as tho' not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcriblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and men of taſte in Arts they underſtand not: from Verſe 91 to 103.

85 Not thoſe alone, who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe:
Whate'er of Dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in Toupee or Gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
90 A Wit with dunces and a Dunce with wits.
Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons the Great;
Who falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his Word without a call.
95 Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head:
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of Wit,
100 Without the ſoul, the Muſe's Hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.

VERSE 93. — *Falſe to* Phœbus.] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*, not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no choſen Prieſts or Poets, but equally inſpires any man that pleaſeth to ſing or preach. SCRIBL.

VERSE 95. — *Who ſneak from living worth to dead*] See the Note on Verſe 127.

105 There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air,
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a Volume fair:
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide.
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
110 Compos'd he ſtood, bold B—ſ—n thruſt him by:
On two unequal Crutches prop'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Jonſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and cloſ'd the pompous page.
115 When Dulneſs, ſmiling—"Thus revive the Wits;
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new Edition of old Æſon gave.

VERSE 105.—*There mov'd* Montalto.] An eminent perſon of Quality, who was about to publiſh a very pompous Edition of a great Author, very much at his own expence indeed.

VERSE 110.—*bold* B--ſ--n.] This Man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, and procuring tranſlations, of *Milton*; and afterwards by a great paſſion for *Arthur Jonſton*, a *Scots* phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book III.

VERSE 115.—*Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Perſons, not eminent in any branch of Learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers; by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, or by ſetting up *Monuments* diſgraced with their own names and inſcriptions.

VERSE 118. *Old Æſon*] Of whom Ovid (very applicably to theſe reſtored Authors)

Æſon *miratur*,
Diſſimilemque animum *ſubiit*—

Let Standard-Authors thus, like Trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,
And you, my Critics, in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of Verſe, a foot of Stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick:
So by each Bard an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit;
And while on Fame's triumphant Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide."
 Now Crowds on Crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance;
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a Spectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful Wand;

VERSE 124. *A Page, a Grave.*] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allow'd a living one?

VER. id. *A Page.*] *Pagina*, not *Pediſſequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower or Attendant; no poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

VERSE 127. *So by each Bard an Alderman,* &c.] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

VERSE 136. — *the dreadful Wand.*] A thin cane is uſually born by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland bears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears:
All fleſh is humbled, Youth's bold Courage cools,
140 Each ſhudd'ring owns the Genius of the Schools;
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus. Since Man from beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, words we teach alone.
145 When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
150 As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,

VERSE 142. *And holds his Breeches*] An effect of Fear, ſomewhat like this, is deſcribed in the 7th Æneid,

Contremuit nemus —
Et trepidæ matres preſſere ad pectora natos:

nothing being ſo natural in any apprehenſion, as to lay cloſe hold on whatever is ſuppos'd to be moſt in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would inſinuate theſe youthful Senators (tho' ſo lately come from ſchool) to be under the undue influence of any Maſter.

VERSE 145. *— like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice. *Perſius*,

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.

VERSE 147. *Plac'd at the door*, &c.] This Circumſtance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) ſeems to be an alluſion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be purſued by thoſe entering into life; Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι οὗτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
155 Whate'er the Talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling Padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
160 Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry Muſe gave o'er,
There Talbot ſunk, and was a Wit no more.
How ſweet an Ovid, Murray was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney loſt!
165 Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man!

VERSE 153, 154. —*to exerciſe the breath, And keep them in the pale of words till death.*] By obliging them to get the claſſic poets by heart, which furniſhes them with endleſs matter for Converſation, and Verbal amuſement for their whole lives.

VERSE 168. — *that Maſter-piece of man.*] viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a Performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay "an Epic Poem is the greateſt "work human nature is capable of.

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign,
170 Some gentle James to bleſs the land again!
To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,

Verse 170. *Some gentle* James, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this king, *James* the firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador wou'd ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *Sacred Majeſty*, which his loyal Clergy transferr'd from *God* to *Him.* "The principles of Paſſive Obedience and "Non-reſiſtance (ſays the Author of the "Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which "before his Time had ſculk'd perhaps in "ſome old Homily, were talk'd, written, "and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious "reign.

Verse 176.
— if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary ſway:]

And grateful it is in Dullneſs to make this confeſſion. I will not ſay ſhe alludes to that celebrated verſe of Claudian,

— nunquam Libertas *gratior extat*
Quam ſub Rege *pio —*

But this I will ſay, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and miſtaken one for the other by the graveſt authors. I ſhould therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the fore-cited verſe was thus,

— nunquam Libertas *gratior extat*
Quam ſub Lege *pia —*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulneſs herſelf. And therefore ſhe might allude to it. Scribl.

I judge quite otherwiſe of this paſſage: The genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege:* So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the firſt verſe. It ſhould be *Exit* not *Exſtat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *loſt*, or *went away* with ſo good a grace, as under a good King; it being without doubt a tenfold ſhame to loſe it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a moſt grievous piece of nonſenſe to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himſelf. A moſt capital one it is, and owing to the Confuſion abovementioned by Scriblerus of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy:*

Nature, like Monarchy, *is but reſtrain'd*
By the ſame Laws herſelf at firſt ordain'd.
Eſſay on Crit.

Who ſees not, it ſhould be, *Nature, like* Liberty? Correct it therefore, *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even tho' the Author himſelf ſhould oppugn) in all the impreſſions which have been, or ſhall be, made of his works.
Bentley.

Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School.
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.
Oh! if my Sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, may Cam, and Iſis preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of KINGS to govern wrong."
Prompt at the Call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable Shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician ſtill expelling Locke,

VERSE 188. *Tho' Chriſt-church.*] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between *Hooks*. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

VERSE 190.—*ſtill expelling* Locke.] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it.

Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick,
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As many quit the Streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where B—tl—y late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch,
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark.
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt, He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.

VERSE 192. *On German* CROUZAZ *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of houſes ſhould ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with Names, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIB.

VERSE 193. —*the Streams.*] The River Cam, running by the walls of theſe Colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in Diſputation.

VERSE 196. —*ſleeps in Port.*] viz. "now "retired into harbour, after the tempeſts "that had long agitated his ſociety." So *Scriblerus.* But the learned *Scipio Maffei* underſtands it of a certain Wine called *Port,* from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *de Compotationibus Academicis.*

VERSE 199. *His Hat,* &c.—*So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.*] The

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 201. *He kingly, did but nod.*] Milton,

—He, kingly, from his State
Declin'd not.—

Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne.
Avaunt —— is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author of ſomething yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

Hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that ſect: yet where it is neceſſary to pay that reſpect to man (as in the Courts of Juſtice and Houſes of parliament) they have, to avoid offence and yet not violate their conſcience, contrived to hire people to uncover them with the appearance of force.

VERSE 204. *Ariſtarchus.*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a ſevere Critic.

VERSE 209, 210. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like* Saul, *Stands our* Digamma ---] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long-projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *ſomething more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the Shoulders of another.

VERSE 212. — *of* Me *or* Te.] It was a ſerious Diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written, whether at the end of the firſt Ode of Horace to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or Te *doctarum hederæ*, &c.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 204.—*Is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*]

—— *Sic notus* Ulyſſes? Virg.
Doſt thou not feel me, Rome?
Ben. Johnſon.

VERSE 207. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, &c.] Imitated from Propertius ſpeaking of the Æneid:

Cedite, Romani *ſcriptores, cedite* Graii!
Neſcio quid majus *naſcitur Iliade.*

To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A?
Or give up Cicero to C or K?
215 Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply.
For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek;
220 I poach in Suidas for unlicenc'd Greek.
In ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus cook'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er.
225 The Critic Eye, that microſcope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe, ſhall ſee,
230 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

VERSE 214. *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name.

VERSE 218. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some Critics having had it in their choice, to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

VERSE 220, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The firſt a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute Critic; the third an author who gave his Commonplace-book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

VERSE 224. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er.*] Theſe taking the ſame things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Ah think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine Head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Nȣ̃ς.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.

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VERSE 236. *And much Divinity without a* Nȣ̃ς.] A word much affected by the learned Ariſtarchus in common converſation, to ſignify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this paſſage has a further View: Nȣ̃ς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *firſt Cauſe*, and that ſyſtem of Divinity is here hinted at, which terminates in blind Nature without a Nȣ̃ς: ſuch as the Poet afterwards deſcribes (ſpeaking of the dreams of one of theſe later Platoniſts)

> *Or that* bright Image *to our Fancy draw,*
> *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,*
> *That* Nature — &c.

VERSE 237, 238. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Iſaac Barrow Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in claſſical Learning, but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

VERSE 239. — *the heavy Canon.*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the Houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one*: in which caſe I ſuſpect the *Pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *Poll*, or Head of that Canon. SCRIBL.

*** *Hiatus*, but not *valdè deflendus*, ſince the learned Ariſtarchus loves a Fragment.

What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool?
Never by Tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme:
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid, dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce;
Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame Cement, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind;
Then take him to devellop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance,
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

Verse 254. — *petrify a Genius.*] Thoſe who have no Genius's, employ'd in works of imagination; thoſe who have, in abſtract ſciences.

Verse 260. *And hew the Block off.*] A notion of Ariſtotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the ſuperfluous parts.

Verse 262. — *lac'd Governor.*] Why *lac'd?* Becauſe Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into Courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know by ſight, that this Governor comes from France? Why, by the laced coat. Scrib.

Verse *id. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governour.*] Some Critics have objected to

Walker! our hat ---- nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax ſpectre, ſtrode away.
265 In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forward, with as eaſy mien
270 As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
Dulneſs delighted ey'd the lively Dunce,
Rememb'ring ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun:
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd ſon:
275 Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs Infant never ſcar'd with God!

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the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: And were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen, namely the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other. Scribl.

Verse 264. — *ſtern as* Ajax *ſpectre.*] See Homer, Odyſſ. XI. where the Ghoſt of Ajax turns ſullenly from Ulyſſes.

Verse 266. *And titt'ring puſh'd*, &c.] Hor.

Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas.

Verse 270. *As if he ſaw St.* James's.] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent behaviour of ſeveral forward young Perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Verse 273. — *th' attendant Orator.*] The Governor abovesaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only, with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. Scribl.

Verse 276. *A dauntleſs Infant never ſcar'd with God.*] Hor.

—ſine Dis Animoſus Infans.

The Sire ſaw, ſmiling, his own Virtues wake;
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake:
Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt.
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then o'er ſeas and lands he flew,
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls;
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in Vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their Wines;

VERSE 282.—*unſeen the young Æneas paſt, Thence burſting glorious.*] See Virg. Æn. I.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos; — 1. *neu quis contingere poſſit;*
2. *Molirive moram;* *aut* 3. *veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no body might touch or correct him: 2. might ſtop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there.

295 To Iſles of Fragrance, Lilly-ſilver'd Vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and Lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
300 And Cupids ride the Lyon of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic Main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Chriſtian ground;
304 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal ſenſe of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *Liqueurs* defin'd,
310 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Left his own Language, and acquir'd no more;

Verse 295. — *Lilly-ſilver'd Vales.*] Tuberoſes.

Verse 300. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of the deeps.*] The winged Lyon the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Verse 310. — *greatly daring din'd.*] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat thro' thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the *Echo* of a *Sound!*
315 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head,
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Ja-ſ-n, Fl—tw—d, C-b--r, ſhall think fit,
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
320 And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone;
See! to my country happy I reſtore
The glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.

VERSE 314. *And laſt turn'd* Air, *the Echo of a Sound.*] Yet leſs a Body than Echo itſelf; for Echo reflects *Senſe* or *Words* at leaſt, this gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes:*

—Sonus *eſt, qui vivit in* illo.. Ovid Met.

VERSE 316. *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head.*] With nothing but a *Solo?* Why, if it be a *Solo*, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

VERSE 318.—*Ja-ſ-n, Fl-w-d, C-b-r.*] Three very eminent perſons, all Managers of *Plays*; who, tho' not Governors by profeſſion, had each in his way concern'd themſelves in the Education of youth, and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world.

VERSE 323. *Her too receive,* &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on V. 262, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

VERSE 324. *So may the Sons of Sons,* &c.] Virg.

Et nati natorum, & qui naſcentur ab illis.
Æn. III.

Pleas'd ſhe accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
330 Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever liſtleſs loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy Chair;
335 And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The pains and penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with Ebon wand,
340 And well-diſſembled Em'rald on his hand,
Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came cramm'd with Capon, from where Pollio dines.

Verse 333. *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the ſame reaſon, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to *Paris*. Faery Queen, Lib. Cant. 9.

—Verse 334, &c. *Stretch'd on the Rack*—
And heard, &c.] Virg. Æn. VI.

Sedet, æternumque ſedebit,
Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque miſerrimus omnes
Admonet ——

Verse 339. *Annius.*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
345 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
  Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
350 But pour them thickeſt on the noble head!
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe,
Thro' twilight ages hunt th'Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl;
355 Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;

VERSE 347. *Grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the Deceit!]

Hor. — *Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere ——
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

VERSE *id.* ſtill *to cheat.*] Some read *ſkill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that ſkill already; or if he had not, *ſkill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch perſons. BENTL.

VERSE 353. —*hunt th'* Athenian *Fowl.*] The Owl ſtamp'd on the reverſe of the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis *Gods, and Mortals calls an* Owl,

is the verſe by which Hobs renders that of Homer,

Χαλχίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, Ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

VERSE 355. *Attys — Cecrops.*] The firſt Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any Coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Annius's made a counterfeit one, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone;
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own:
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
  Mummius o'er-heard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:
  Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes, Traitor baſe?
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.

Verse 364. *Cheops.*] A King of Egypt, whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the Theft above mention'd. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

Verse 367. *Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes*, &c.] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting Coins, and being purſued by a Corſaire of Sallée, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſ'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour firſt ask'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* he aſſur'd him they were, and all of the firſt Emperors. Dufour was raviſh'd with the hope of poſſeſſing ſuch a treaſure; he bargain'd with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails —— I rever'd them there;
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
  Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our Paunch before
Still bears them faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And D--gl--s lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.

VERSE 375. — *each* Demi-God.] They are called Θεῖοι on their Coins,

VERSE 379. *Witneſs great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witneſs as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

VERSE 386. D-g-s.] A Phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all curious in what relates to Horace, of whom he has collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,
390 A Tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtick crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal
And aſpect ardent to the Throne appeal.
395 The firſt thus open'd. Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r;
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
400 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head;
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
405 Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming, and no Youth, divine.

Verse 401.—*and nam'd it* Caroline.] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious Gardener at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this Inſcription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline.*

And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Laid this gay daughter of the ſpring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him! or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no Carnation fades!
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen.
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r:
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 402, *&c.*
Each Maid cry'd Charming, *and each Youth* Divine!
Now proſt'rate, dead! behold that Caroline!
No Maid cries Charming, *and no Youth,* Divine!]

Theſe Verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epit.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ, &c.

VERSE 413. *Of all th' enamel'd Race*] The Poet ſeems to have had an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies,
Which do poſſeſs the Empire of the Air.

VERSE 419, 420. *It fled, I follow'd,* &c.] Milton.

—I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon—

At laſt it fix'd ('twas on what plant it pleas'd)
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation, was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
425 I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhow the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs *Butterfly*.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
430 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends.
Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
435 And moſt but find that Centinel of God
A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

VERSE 432. — *our ſleeping friends.*] Of whom ſee V. 337.

VERSE 436. — *Land of Nod.*] Beware, Reader, not to miſtake this for a mere idle Paranomaſia. It was the Land to which Cain retreated with his family, when they had laid *Reaſon* (this *Centinel* of God) aſleep, and follow'd only the guidance of their Paſſions. SCRIBL. I crave pardon of Scriblerus: This is an abſolute *Paranomaſia* or *Pun.* But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the Character of Dulneſs than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* fear'd not to put a conſiderable quantity into the Mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the Devil was the Author as well of falſe Wit as of falſe Religion, and that the Father of Lies was alſo the Father of Puns. But this is idle; it muſt be own'd a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the Fathers, and in later by moſt of the Sons of the Church, 'till the debauch'd reign of

And yet the dulleſt brain, if gently ſtir'd,
Perhaps may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
440 Congenial object in the Cockle kind;
The mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.
445 O! would the Sons of men once think their Eyes
And Reaſon giv'n them, but to ſtudy *Flies!*
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the Whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
450 To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.

Charles the ſecond, when the ſhameful paſſion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the beſt Writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, under the name of the *Double entendre.*

VERSE 442 — *a wilderneſs of Moſs.*] Of which the Naturaliſts count above three hundred ſpecies.

VERSE 444. — Wilkins' *Wings.*] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has put ſome volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpoſe.

VERSE 445. *O would the Sons of Men,* &c.] This is the third and laſt ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her Supplicants, and compleats the whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this important occaſion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the firſt ſpeech, ver. 115, to her Editors and conceited Critics, ſhe directs how to deprave Wit and diſcredit fine Writers. In her ſecond, ver. 169, to the Educators of youth, ſhe ſhows them how all Civil Duties may be extinguiſh'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, ſhe charges the Inveſtigators of Nature to amuſe themſelves in Trifles, and reſt in ſecond cauſes, with a total diſregard of the firſt. This being all that Dulneſs can wiſh, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been ſaid of true Wit, that *She neither ſays too little, nor too much.*

Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſt'ry, yet divinely dark,
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
455 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
460 And laſt to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:

VERSE 451.—*a gloomy Clerk.*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may ſeem the ſame with that of dark in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Syſtems.

VERSE 454. *When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-Houſe. See *Craigs, Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that, if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray.

VERSE 463. — *the high Priori Road.*] Thoſe who, from the effects in this Viſible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the Firſt Cauſe, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet diſcover ſo much of him, as enables them to ſee the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happineſs; whereas they

465 Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space:
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his Laws,
470 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our *Reaſon* ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will.*

who take the high Priori Road (ſuch as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and ſome better Reaſoners) for one that goes right, ten loſe themſelves in Miſts, or ramble after Viſions, which deprive them of all ſight of their end, and miſ-lead them in the choice of wrong means.

VERSE 465. *Make Nature ſtill.*] This relates to ſuch as being aſhamed to aſſert a mere Mechanic Cauſe, and yet unwilling to forſake it entirely, have had recourſe to a certain *Plaſtic Nature, Elaſtic Fluid, &c.*

VERSE 467. *Thruſt ſome* Mechanic Cauſe *into his place,*
Or bind in Matter, or *diffuſe in* Space.] The firſt of theſe Follies is that of Des Cartes, the ſecond of Hobbes, the third of ſome ſucceeding Philoſophers.

VERSE 369. *Or at one bound, &c.*] Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philoſophy, deſcends to thoſe in Moral:

Make God Man's Image, Man the Final Cauſe,
Find Virtue local, *all* Relation *ſcorn,*
See all in ſelf—

Man was made according to *God's Image*; this falſe Theology, meaſuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image.* This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reaſon*; the next, of imagining himſelf the Final Cauſe, is the effect of his *Pride*; as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the impoſition of the Magiſtrate, is of the Corruption of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in *himſelf.* The Progreſs of Dulneſs herein differing from that of Madneſs, one ends in *ſeeing all in God*, the other in *ſeeing all in ſelf.*

VERSE 473. *Of nought ſo certain as our* Reaſon *ſtill.*] Of which we have moſt cauſe to be diffident.

Of nought ſo doubtful as of Soul *and* Will,

Two things the moſt ſelf-evident, the Exiſtence of our Soul, and Freedom of our Will.

Oh hide the God ſtill more! or make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our Merit or Default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,
While thro' Poetic ſcenes the *Genius* roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;

VERSE 476. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] Lib. I. ver. 57.

> *Omnis enim per ſe Divom natura neceſſe'ſt*
> *Immortali ævo* ſumma cum pace *fruatur,*
> Semota *ab noſtris rebus,* ſummotaque *longe*—
> *Nec bene pro* meritis *capitur, nec tangitur* ira.

From whence the two verſes following are tranſlated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRIBL.

VERSE 479. *Or that* bright Image.] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platoniſts to that Idea of *Nature* which they had formed in their fancy, Αὔτοπτον Ἄγαλμα, or the *Self-ſeen Image.*

VERSE 480. *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd Viſion ſaw.*] Thus this Philoſopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in theſe Viſions.

> " To-morrow, when the Eaſtern Sun
> " With his firſt Beams adorns the front
> " Of yonder Hill, if you're content
> " To wander with me in the Woods you ſee,
> " We will purſue thoſe Loves of ours,
> " By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:
> " and invoking firſt the the *Genius* of the
> " the *Place,* we'll try to obtain at leaſt ſome
> " faint and diſtant view of the *Sovereign*
> " *Genius* and *firſt Beauty.*" *Charact.* Vol. II. p. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apoſtrophized (p. 345.) by the ſame Philoſopher:

> "—O glorious *Nature!*
> " Supremely fair, and ſovereignly good!
> " All-loving, and all-lovely! all-divine!
> " Wiſe Subſtitute of Providence! *impower'd*
> " *Creatreſs!* or, *impow'ring Deity,*
> " *Supreme Creator!*
> " Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Iſaac Newton* diſtinguiſhes between theſe two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.] — *Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas & attributa, & per ſapientiſſimas & optimas rerum ſtructuras, & cauſas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium.* Deus *etenim ſine dominio, providentia, & cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* Fatum & Natura.

VERSE 481. ——— *roves,*

That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
485 Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of Fire:
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown;
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
490 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs *Dame*.
Then thus. From Prieſt-craft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd Son returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to Words, then Vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the ſame;

Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.]
“ Above all things I lov'd *Eaſe*, and of all
“ Philoſophers, thoſe who reaſon'd moſt *at*
“ *their Eaſe*, and were never angry or diſ-
“ turb'd, as thoſe call'd *Sceptics* never were.
“ I look'd upon this kind of Philoſophy
“ as the *prettieſt*, *agreeableſt*, *roving Exerciſe*
“ *of the Mind*, poſſible to be imagined.”
Vol. II. p. 206.

VERSE 484. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſopher, as appears ftom Virgil, Eclog. VI. where he ſings the Principles of that Philoſophy in his drink.

VERSE 486. *Seeds of Fire.*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms, Virg. Eclog. VI. *Semina ignis*, —*ſemina flammæ* —

VERSE 493. *Firſt ſlave to Words, &c.*] A recapitulation of the whole Courſe of Modern Education deſcrib'd in this book, which confines youth to the ſtudy of Words only in Schools, ſubjects them to the authority of ſyſtems in the Univerſities, and deludes them with the Names of Party-diſtinctions in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error, in Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole finiſhed in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *Self-love* for the ſole Principle of Action.

495 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen,
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
500 To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth;
Now, to thy ſhade from all their glory ſhrunk;
All melted nown in Penſion, or in Punk!
So * ſo ** ſneak'd into the Grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
505 Poor W ** nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt;
Thy *Magus*, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.

VERSE 509.—*his Cup, which whoſo taſtes, &c.*] The *Cup* of *Self-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of all the obligations of Friendſhip, Honour, and Service of God or our Country; all ſacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worſhip, or to yet meaner conſiderations, of Lucre and brutal Pleaſures. From ver. 512. to 620.

IMITATIONS.

VERSE 510. &c. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,*
Sire, &c.]
Homer of the Potion of the Nepenthe, Odyſſ. IV.

Αὐτίκ᾽ ἄρ᾽ εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ᾽ ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

With that, a **WIZARD OLD** his *Cup* extends,
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
A *Feather* ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but Homage to a King,
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs:
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

VERSE 515. *Loſt is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the Character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where, "(ſays he) *there is no ſuch thing as Love of* "*our Country*, the Intereſt, the Glory and "Service of the Prince ſupply its place. [*De la Republique*, Chap. 10.]

VERSE 520. —*ſtill keep the human ſhape.*] The Effects of the Magus's Cup are juſt contrary to that of Circe. Hers took away the ſhape and left the human mind: This takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

VERSE 521. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs*, &c.] The only comfort ſuch people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent; gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants; preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others; and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle pleaſures or ſenſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
525 Kind Self-conceit to ſome her Glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others, Int'reſt her gay Liv'ry flings,
530 Int'reſt that waves on Party-colour'd wings;
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And as ſhe turns, the Colours fall or riſe.
Others, the Syren Siſters compaſs round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
535 No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great Shades of * * * * * * *
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſts to ridicule!
440 The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool,
On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in Amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves at his touch at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn.

545 The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdure* of each Vine.
What cannot copious Sacrifice attone?
550 Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
With French libation and Italian ſtrain,
Waſh Bla* white, and expiate Ha**'s ſtain.

VERSE 545. *The board with* ſpecious *miracles he loads*, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Specioſa Miracula* (ſays he) according to Horace, were the monſtrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrigons, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty: why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table? Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before-mention'd of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay, it is expreſsly ſaid, that *all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight*. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *Prieſt*, and ſoon after called a *Sacrifice*, and attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with Libation and Song. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly *Pigeons en Crapeau* were a common diſh.

VERSE 547. *Seve* and *Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines. St. Evremont has a very pathetick Letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek Comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe Qualities in his Champaigne.

VERSE 552. *Bla—, Ha—s.*] Names of Gameſters. Bla— is a black man. Robert Knight Caſhier of the South-ſea Company, who fled from England in 1720 — Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables, frequented by perſons of the firſt Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

VERSE 552. *Bla*— &c.] The former Note of Bla— *is a very black man*, is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubleſs could only have been, *Waſh Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

Kn——t lifts the Head, for what are crowds undone
To three eſſential Partriges in one?
555 Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes take them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*,
Her Children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
565 Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt;
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

VERSE 554.—*three Eſſential Partriges in one.*] i. e. Two diſſolved in Quinteſſence to make ſauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excell'd by our native luxury, an hundred ſquab Turkeys being not unfrequently depoſited in one Pye in the Biſhopric of Durham: to which our Author alludes in ver. 585 of this work.

VERSE 563. *Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race.*] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a *Humming Bird* or *Cockle*, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where *Taciturnity* is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was one of the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

VERSE 568.—*a Gregorian, or a Gormogon.*] A ſort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the root of the Free-Maſons.

The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
570 Iſis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, bleſſing all, Go Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my Commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
575 Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquiſs lead the Race:
From Stage to Stage the licenc'd Earl may run,
580 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun:
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line:

VERSE 576. — *each* Privilege *your own*, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practiſe of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally render'd harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allow'd that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. And we ſee he was aware of this, by ſingling out one or two who aimed higher, but at the ſame time tells us that their aims muſt be unſucceſsful.

VERSE 582. *Arachne's ſubtile line.*] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſign'd, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſact.

The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball:
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye:
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soup.
Others import yet nobler Arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Strive to my Liſt to add one Monarch more——
But here, vain Icarus! thy flight confine,
Forbear! nor hope to make that Monarch thine:
Blind with Ambition! to think Princes things
Made juſt for thee, as all beſide for Kings——
  More ſhe had ſaid, but yawn'd——All Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?

Verse 590. *Teach Kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; tho' deſpis'd by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance,* either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Verse 593. contains a wiſe advice to all firſt Miniſters, but eſpecially to any unable one.

Verse 598. *What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?*] This verſe is truly Homerical, as is the concluſion of the Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we muſt conſider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of Nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of his Poem.

Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd,
St. James's firſt, for leaden G-lb--t preach'd:
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak.
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round;
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm;
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chief-leſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)

Verse 599. *Churches and Chapels*, &c.] The Progreſs of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which tho' extreamly deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is *loſt* (that is to ſay *ſuſpended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (tho' as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all publick affairs.

Verse 608, 610.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State-Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe wrote the Argument prefixt to this Book, where it is ſaid, “the effects of the Yawn are not “unfelt at this day.”

Verse 612. *Wits have ſhort Memories.*] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not

Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe compleatly bleſt;
615 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong. —
Oh ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!
While the Great Mother bids Britannia ſleep,
620 And pours her Spirit o'er the Land and Deep.

* * * * * * *

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Deeſt *FINIS.*

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to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad 2.

> Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
> Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
> Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ——

And Virgil, Æn. VII.

> *Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, & memorare poteſtis:*
> *Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.*

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe; that all beſides being *aſleep*, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

VERSE 620. — *o'er the Land and Deep.*] It was but neceſſary for the Poet to ſay this expreſly, that Britain might not be ſuppos'd to be in this condition alone, but in company with all other Nations of Europe. It had been a monſtrous impropriety, in ſuch a caſe, to have made any Nation keep awake, except *France.* But our Poet, tho' a Satyriſt, is an utter enemy to all National Reflections. SCRIBL.

It is impoſſible to lament ſufficiently the loſs of the reſt of this Poem, juſt at the opening of ſo fair a ſcene as the Invocation ſeems to promiſe. It is to be hop'd however that the Poet compleated it, and that it will not be loſt to poſterity, if we may truſt to a Hint given in one of his Satires:

> *Publiſh the preſent Age; but where the Text*
> *Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next.*

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